

deposited with the treasurer, making a total for missions, including library, of \$173.49.

Notwithstanding this large contribution for missions other departments were by no means neglected, the following amounts being raised for other purposes: \$30.26 for League purposes, \$36.50 for Mercy and Help Work, and \$59.75 for Sabbath School renovation; making a total for all purposes of \$300.

This brief account of the work of the Parliament Young People's Society is given with the hope that it will inspire those societies who are not yet thoroughly aroused to greater effort, and that the same faith that characterized the few energetic members of that Missionary Committee may be exercised by others in the Master's service. The membership of this society is 140, and owing to the activity of the young men it has been made an exception to the majority of societies, fully half of the members being young men earnest in work.

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To our knowledge the members of the Parliament Street Epworth League have done a great deal of work for missions which is not hinted at in the above. They have talked missions to their friends, they have addressed meetings when away from home, and have come in bands, night after night, to the home of the CAMPAIGNER, to paste, fold and address our paper. In fact, it is impossible to tell all they have done.

Parliament Street is not the only League which is working as above mentioned. There are many societies so active and enthusiastic that only those intimately associated with them in their work can know of their widespread and strong influence.

Giving—Receiving.

ONCE there was a large pond of clear water. Beside it ran a happy little streamlet. The pond said to its neighbour: "Why do you run so rapidly away? After a while the summer's heat will come and you will need the water you now are wasting. Take example by me. I am saving all my forces, and when summer comes I will have plenty." The streamlet did not reply, but continued on its way sparkling and bright, rippling over white pebbles, and its waters dancing in the sunlight. By and by the summer came with all its heat. The pond had carefully saved all its strength, not allowing a drop of water to escape. The rivulet had never changed its way, but had continued, making happy all that it had met, on its winding course. The trees locked their green boughs overhead and did not allow a sun ray to fall upon it. Birds built their nests and sang in these boughs and bathed themselves in the pure water. Cattle drank of the living stream and delighted to stand upon the cool banks. But how was it with the pond? It was heated by the fierce rays of the sun. Its waters bred miasma and malaria. Even the frogs spurned it, and it became bereft of every sign of life. The cattle deserted it and refused to drink of its waters. The little stream continued its journey, carrying its waters to the larger stream, to the rivers, and at last to the ocean, where God took it up in incense and kissed it and formed it into clouds. He harnessed the winds and hitched them to the clouds, and they journeyed inland until they came to this happy little streamlet, and then the cup was tipped, and as the streamlet got back its own again, a still, small voice might have been heard saying, "It is better to give than to receive."

Which would you rather be, a Christian and give liberally to missions, and be in a position where you can give and give, or a professed Christian, and ever withholding and treasuring for yourself the money you might give toward the salvation of the nations that are without Christ, or to be a poor heathen Chinese, who is in the position only to receive and receives? Look at the living stream bearing its cupful of water generously on to the river, giving life as it passes, and receiving back the water from the sea through the kindly agency of the clouds, as contrasted with the pond which, seeking to hold all it had, spread pestilence among the people until the sun dried it up. *Selected.*

Pray, Study, Give.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

ONE of the most remarkable results of the modern missionary revival is the "Students' Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions." It has accomplished much, and will yet accomplish more. But time, which tests all things, has revealed a weak point, perhaps a missing link. An agency was wanted whereby the grand enthusiasm evoked by the Volunteer Movement could be focussed, and made to supply motive power for denominational work, especially among the Young People's Societies.

This agency we have in the "Students' Missionary Campaign." Its organization and methods show how the enthusiasm of the larger movement can be utilized to the fullest extent in actual missionary work. Its aims are eminently practical. It seeks to combine the young life of the Church in prayer, study and giving for missions, and so prevent this vast reservoir of spiritual energy and financial strength from running to waste. In the following pages will be found a full account of the Plan of Campaign, with ample suggestions how to proceed in the matter of organization. This movement has in it unmeasured possibilities of good, and deserves the prayerful and sympathetic aid of all who pray for the coming of the kingdom. Get this little book and read it carefully; then go to work on the lines which it recommends.

A. SUTHERLAND.

TORONTO, July 10th, 1897.

When word of Henry Lyman's cruel murder, by the cannibals in Sumatra, reached his mother, she, with an unselfish Christian heart, exclaimed, "O what can these poor people do without the Gospel of Jesus Christ. . . I bless God who gave me such a son to go to the heathen, and I never felt so strongly, as I do this moment, the desire that some other of my children may become missionaries and go to teach those savage men who have slain Henry."—*Student Volunteer.*

"I AM growing old," said the father of a scholar of the French Protestant Mission on the Congo, "and before I die I want to have my boy back for a time, that I may tell him all about our quarrels, so that he may know who they are *who owe us corpses.*" This cutting is from *Regions Beyond*, and we add a rider from the same magazine:—"Every few weeks these people go out hunting for human meat. They travel one day, reach Bosingatote, a very fierce tribe, a fight takes place, the victors return with the slain, and these are eaten. I was told that they would never think of going to hunt for animals while meat was so plentiful; by meat they mean men."