

sooner declared than the pressure of a magic button caused the Union Jack to fly to the mast-head in every town and village and station to which the telegraph can reach throughout the whole continent.

Just here, dear reader, I laid down my pen, and leaning back in my chair I have been thinking, thinking of the flight of time; and as we look far into the past it seems to me that it moved slower than it does now. It seems hard to realize, when we think of New Zealand, Australia and our Canada, also the United States, that three hundred years ago they were the hunting-fields of Indians and the homes of the beasts of the forest, where now we have cities, towns and villages peopled by many nationalities, though chiefly by the Anglo-Saxon.

Twenty years ago Uganda was a very unsafe place for a white man; it was there that Bishop Hannington and thirty of his native followers lost their lives. But now things are quite different; the little native king is only five years old and the British flag flies over his palace—he is being brought up as a Christian. They have a church, a bishop, nice residences, schools, hospitals and mission houses. The natives are peaceful, living in their own huts and building their own churches. Think of the change in twenty years and what may be in twenty years more if we were only more earnest in our prayers and in our mission work.

I will now give you the substance of the answer I sent to Mr. C.

His question was, "Do you not think it was less difficult to believe in God in the old times, when He spoke personally to His people, than it is now?"

I might simply answer, Yes! and there would be many people ready to object.

I might simply answer, No! and there would still be people who would object.