

month, over and above what we now contribute; or, so combining it, that available funds for missionary work may be largely increased?

IN a recent address the Archbishop of Canterbury said: "I am certain that Christianity would soon die down amongst us if our mission work ceased; and I am perfectly certain that the more we increase mission work abroad, the more we shall Christianize all parts of our own land."

IN the memoir of Bishop Steere we are told that on one occasion he had a very small audience, and the clergyman of the parish was tempted to give up the meeting. But the bishop dissuaded him, and spoke so earnestly that one man who was present came afterwards and said, "I came to the meeting firmly of the opinion that missions were all humbug and missionary bishops too, but now I see my mistake," and he took out his purse and gave the contents, some £25, to the mission, to which, afterwards, he became a warm friend.

DR. EVINGTON, the newly consecrated English bishop of southern Japan, delivered an address in London shortly before his departure for Japan, in which he said: "I have seen the country change as perhaps no country on earth has changed in so short a time. What do we now see there? We find that Japan is in some things almost ahead of England. Last year I was living in a little town of only 40,000 people, and in that little town, with its garrison of 5,000 soldiers, its schools of different grades and other educational establishments, there were both the electric light and the telephone, which you would not find in many small towns in England."

IN British Bechuanaland in South Africa, there is a noble chieftain whose name is Khama. He will allow within his territory no ardent spirits. Spies are stationed on the borders to guard against its entrance. More than that, this enlightened African has stopped the manufacture of native beer. Gathering his people together, he said, "You take the grain which God has given to us in answer to prayer, and make stuff with it that causes mischief in you. Make beer no more." One of the South African chiefs who had to fight against Lobengula declared that that fierce savage never gave him a sleepless night, but that he dreaded, far more than all the warriors of the Matabeles, the rum of the white man. "Its wounds," said he, "never heal."

THE Bishop of Mashonaland, preaching recently in Southwell Cathedral, asked: Were the heathen nations of to-day benefited by Christianity? The best evidences he could give were

instances that had come under his own notice. The largest African tribe he knew as having been brought under the influence of Christianity was one of the bravest, richest, and most intelligent and most independent, in the whole country. *They numbered something over 210,000.* He once rode through that country with one of the greatest English officers, who turned to him and said, "What this country is to-day is in the main what the missionaries have made it." The largest native town he knew of in European territory was reputed to be the worst native town in the whole of South Africa. The Magistrate, however, said he must make exception in favor of Christians. Then take as an instance of individuals the great chief of Bechuana. Where would they find in the whole of Africa a chief like him? *Converted when fifteen years of age, he suffered ten years' persecution at the hands of his father.* He was never once heard to utter an unkind word. He left his hiding-place to help his father when the latter's enemies were too strong for him, for he was the best of his father's fighting men. Coming to the throne he was very unpopular. He stopped the making of all drink by his people. He prevented them carrying out many of their old cruel customs. He risked his throne in doing this and, what was harder still, spent a large part of his life in his efforts to keep European illicit drink-traders out of the country. *They could not trace this to heredity or environment.* The surprise was not that there had been failure in mission work, but that failures had been so few.

LINGER NOT.

The time is short!

If thou wouldst work for God, it must be now;
If thou wouldst win the garland for thy brow,
Redeem the time.

Shake off earth's sloth!

Go forth with staff in hand while yet 'tis day;
Set out with girded loins upon the way;
Up! linger not!

Fold not thine hands!

What has the pilgrim of the cross and crown
To do with luxury or couch of down?
On, pilgrim, on!

With his reward,

He comes; He tarries not; His day is near;
When men least look for Him will He be here;
Prepare for Him!

Let not the flood

Sweep thy firm feet from the eternal rock;
Face calmly, solemnly, the billows' shock,
Fear not the storm.

Withstand the foe;

Die daily, that forever thou mayst live;
Be faithful unto death; thy Lord will give
The crown of life

—Horatius Bonar.