

arms, "it is because I want you to understand that we are as helpless in ourselves as these tools. I want my little sunbeam to give herself to the Great Master, that He may work through her; and I want her to know beforehand, that there is no credit to her for what He will do; so she need never despond, nor feel proud, over any work, for, like these tools, she is by herself *powerless*.

"Now, my darling, kiss me, and run away to mother, and never forget the text learnt to-day: 'Without Me, ye can do nothing.'"—*E. C. D.*

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WE cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes up the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone; for God, the eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—*Spurgeon.*



THE needs of the home field deter a great many. Only facts can dissipate the false idea that the "heathen in our own land" need us more than the untold myriads of the regions beyond. Here it is the light of day, with here and there a dark valley; there it is the darkness of midnight, with only a few streaks of light to relieve the blackness. If the reluctant volunteer could hear for one hour the wail of suffering humanity, a suffering relieved only by Christian medical missions, if he could imagine himself for one night in that darkness of superstition, ignorance, and sin—a darkness that can be felt—surely he could no longer allow the "heathen at home" to turn him aside from the urgent call in other lands.—*The Intercollegian.*



THE heathen doctrine of salvation from sin is by good works in this world, or by penances, fasts, or humiliations, or self-inflicted tortures. Among the heathen, all classes and varieties of them, the consciousness of sin is often acute for the reason that the natural conscience, though it may be stifled and persecuted, cannot be killed off. So when death comes on there must be expiations, and lustrations, and offerings to gods and goddesses, with oftentimes a horror of great darkness."—*Gospel in All Lands.*