

beautiful houses of worship." Let God be praised, and saints encouraged. Some of our own missionary brethren have sent us a beautiful photographic view of the palace of Kinedy, and it is especially interesting to us, because at that station, Mrs. Avery's Bible-class bought a piece of ground, and it is called the Tabernacle Home, being used for a native preacher. We thank the senders of the photo. and feel an increased interest in the spot and workers.

CHINA—In the report of the English Baptist Missionary Society in the year 1875, they had only one missionary there and 48 members. In 1876 another missionary was sent out. Last year in the same field 13 missionaries are reported, and a membership of 1,414. The history of the China Mission has demonstrated that the work of evangelization must be mainly done by natives. Eighteen evangelists are already at work. Besides these quite a little army of native soldiers of the Cross go forth to do battle for the Lord.

One of our brethren, from the pastor's C. H. S. College, the Rev. C. Spurgeon, Medhurst, of Teing Chu Tu, writes to the "Missionary Herald" a description of a visit to the Chinese temple, Yen Wang, which contains representation of the punishment inflicted in the hells. According to the Taoist and Buddhist writings, there are 16 hells. TAOUIST HELL.—The various kinds of punishments exhibited were, my teacher informed me, not so numerous as he saw in a larger temple in Pekin, but those I saw were quite enough for me.

There was Yen Wang, of gigantic stature and forbidding countenance, sitting in state, trying the newly arrived spirits, who were kneeling before him to receive their sentence. Here were the various sentences passed, being remorsefully executed.

Those who during life reviled their parents (a very serious crime in China) were being broken and crushed in a sort of mortar. Dealers in short weights and measures were swinging in the air by hooks fastened in their backs. Adulterers were clinging to iron tubes filled with fire, devils with pitchforks were pressing them closer to the fiery pillar. Liars were having the tips of their tongues cut off. Murderers were thrown on to the mountain of knives, while other criminals were wandering shivering, half naked, among the ping shan or mountains of ice.

There were other tortures even more ghastly than these—such as men being sawn asunder, disembowelled, boiled in oil, pounded in mortars, etc.; but these will be sufficient to show what means are relied upon by the natural instructors of the people to hinder them from vice. Is there not in all this more than enough to excite compassionate pity for this deluded nation, who not only know nothing of such recreating, inspiring influences as the love of Christ supplies, but to whom the future is dark and unknown, or, if known, only known to be feared. One thing certain—that missionary enterprise is the Lord's cause. He is the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. After He, as the Propitiation for the whole world, had died, so making peace, the Lord Jesus Christ sent His apostles forth to disciple all nations to Himself. There is no work so obviously and entirely the Lord's as this work, and, therefore they who give to it, cast their money into His treasury. The Lord Jesus gave His life

for the world's salvation. What do we give? He sacrificed Himself for us. Love so amazing, so divine, demands that we—who are the lights of the world—should so shine that men may take knowledge of us. Shall we whose souls are lighted by wisdom from on high. Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny? No, never! Let us go and buy oil and trim our lamps, ere the bridegroom cometh. Lest some who might have been gathered are not ready when Jesus comes to reward His servants.

God's Work must be done, or the Negro's Offering.

It was somewhat early in the present century when missions to the West Indies were enjoying that bright morning of promise and hope which, notwithstanding all the difficulties that have been encountered, have been so blessedly realized. The station at New Amsterdam had enjoyed such a large accession of members and dependants that a larger chapel was imperatively demanded. How was it to be accomplished? There would be no government grant; there were no wealthy residents disposed to assist; therefore the work must be done, if done at all, chiefly by the self-denying efforts of the negroes, who were then, of course, slaves. Accordingly a meeting was summoned for the purpose of ascertaining how far help might be relied on. On the evening of the meeting the missionary took his place at the table-pew, and began to call over the names of the members. At length he came to the name of "Fitzgerald Matthew," and a voice said, "I am here, sir," and, at the same time, an old man with a wooden leg came hobbling through the crowd to the table-pew. The minister wondered what he meant, for the others had answered to their names without leaving their places. He was much struck, however, by the man's apparent earnestness. All eyes, of course, were on the lame negro, though no one knew his purpose. On coming up to the minister he put his hand into one pocket and took out a handful of silver, wrapped in paper, and said, "That's for me, massa."

"O," said the missionary, "I don't want it now; I only want to know how much you could afford to give. I will ask for the money another time."

"Oh, massa," said the negro, "God's work must be done, and I may be dead." And, so saying, he plunged his hand into another pocket and took out another handful of silver, adding, "That for my wife, massa."

The minister, of course, could not object, and was no less pleased than amused, especially as the old man thrust his hand into another pocket, and took out a smaller parcel, and said, "That's for my child, massa," at the same time handing the minister a piece of paper, which somebody had written for him, to say how much the whole amounted to. The sum was only a little less than £3—a large sum for a poor field negro with a wooden leg.

In 1860 there were 358,883 "public-houses" in France. Now there are 386,185. This is one establishment where drink is sold to every 97 inhabitants.

Friend, are you on the Lord's side! If not, why? Jesus came into the world to save sinners. It is a faithful saying, why not believe it?