

which includes the British Isles; or, forty-times larger than Great Britain and Ireland taken by themselves. Lay Europe on China, and you will have thirteen hundred square miles of the latter uncovered. It is one third larger. Lay China on the United States, and it will overrun into the Gulf of Mexico, and four degrees into the Pacific Ocean. Reverse the experiment, and lay the United States including Alaska, on China, and you may gem the edges with a half dozen of Great Britain and Ireland; that is, you will have a million-and-a-half square miles to add for good measure. Change it from its present shape to that of a belt of land a mile wide, and there would be room for a walking match from end to end, of thirty miles a day, continued through more than four and a half centuries!

IN ONE PROVINCE OF CHINA, seven millions of people recently died of famine, and in other parts of the country, the population is not one fifth of what it formerly was. So says Rev. J. Hudson Taylor. But Dr. Legge, forty years a missionary in China, and now Professor of Chinese in the University of Oxford, does not think that anybody can say anything more definite than the Chinese Ambassador in Paris, who recently stated the population at four hundred million.

The conclusion is "that there are ten times as many people in China as there are in the United States; one third more than in all the countries of Europe combined; twice as many as on the four continents, Africa, North and South America, and Oceania."

ONE THIRD OF THE HUMAN RACE IS IN CHINA! Every third person who lives and breathes upon this earth, who toils under the sun, sleeps under God's stars, or sighs and suffers beneath the heaven, is a Chinese. Every third child born in the world looks into the face of a Chinese mother; every third person given in marriage plights their troth in a Chinese cup of wine; every third orphan weeping through the day every third widow wailing through the watches of the night, is in China. Every third person who comes to die, or who sits in contemplation on his own dissolution, is a Chinese.

One can but ask, what catechism will this third child learn? What prosperity will follow this bridal pair? what solace will be afforded these widows? with what hopes will these multitudes depart?

Depart they must; and the ghastly arithmetic startles us, as we estimate how rapidly they go. Make your parallel lines with pall and spade and grave.

Thirty-three thousand die every day! We pale and shudder at the dim outline of the thought. And yet they stay not! Bury all the people of London in three months, and the rest of mankind would stand aghast at the grim event! Yet we record, and read with carelessness, the statement that four times very year that number die in China! It is equal to burying all the people of England in a year and a half; all of Great Britain and Ireland in thirty months; all of New York city in less than a month: all the people of the United States in less than a year and a half. Terrific ordeal of the imagination! We stagger at the ghastly arithmetic, and hide our face from the pallid ranks.

We turn to the living. Let us put them in rank, joining hands, and they will girdle the globe ten times at the equator with living, beating human hearts. Make them an army, and let them move at the rate of thirty miles a day, week after week, and month after month, and they will not pass you in twenty-three and-a-half years! Constitute them pilgrims, and let them journey every day and every night, under the sunlight, and under the solemn stars, and you must hear the ceaseless tramp, tramp, tramp, of the weary, pressing, throbbing throng for twelve long years, and eight months!

GOSPEL WORK.

MR. MOODY IN PAISLEY.

In our beautiful Town Hall about 1,600 Christian workers assembled on the morning of Sabbath, July 2nd, to hear Mr. Moody's first address which, he said, was meant to encourage and direct those before him in Christian work. He dwelt upon the qualifications of the successful Christian worker—e.g., courage, faith, enthusiasm, perseverance, sympathy, and love. If the spirit be manifested in that address could be caught up by those present, Paisley would speedily have good reason for thanking God for his visit.

The afternoon meeting was a great success. The hall was filled soon after the doors were opened, and many hundreds had to go away disappointed. Taking as his text, "Adam where art thou?" Mr. Moody grappled earnestly and lovingly with the consciences of his hearers; he compelled each one, professing Christian, backslider, and careless sinner alike, to face the question, "Where art thou?" A solemn awe stole over every heart as the preacher