

that thus my heart might be comforted, encouraged, warned, reproofed, instructed. . . .

The first thing I did, after having asked in a few words the Lord's blessing upon His precious Word, was to begin to meditate on the Word of God, searching as it were into every verse, to get blessing out of it; not for the sake of the public ministry of the Word, not for the sake of preaching on what I had meditated upon, but for the sake of obtaining food for my own soul. The result has been invariably this, that after a very few minutes my soul has been led to confession, or to thanksgiving, or to intercession, or to supplication; so that, though I did not, as it were, give myself to prayer, but to meditation, yet it turned almost immediately more or less into prayer. . . .

It often now astonishes me that I did not see this point sooner. In no book did I ever read about it, no public ministry ever brought the matter before me, no private intercourse with a brother ever stirred me up to this matter. And yet now since God has taught me this point, it is as plain to me as anything that the first thing the child of God has to do morning by morning is to *obtain food for his inner man*. Now, what is food for the inner man? Not *prayer*, but the *Word of God*. And here again not the simple reading of the Word of God so that it only passes through our minds just as water through a pipe, but considering what we read, pondering over it, and applying it to our hearts. When we pray we speak to God. Now prayer, in order to be continued for any length of time in any other than a formal manner, requires, generally speaking, a measure of strength or godly desire, and the season therefore when this exercise of the soul can most effectually be performed is after the inner man has been nourished by meditation on the Word of God, where we find our Father speaking to us to encourage us, to comfort us, to instruct us, to humble us, to reprove us. . . .

I dwell so particularly on this point, because of the immense spiritual profit and refreshment I am conscious of having derived from it myself, and I affectionately and solemnly beseech all my fellow believers to ponder this matter. By the blessing of God I ascribe to this mode of help and strength which I have had from God to pass in peace through deeper trials, in various ways, than I have ever had before; and after having now above fourteen years tried this way, I can most fully in the fear of God commend it.—*Life of Trust*.

THE ST. PAUL OF UGANDA.

WHEN Stanley urged Christendom to send missionaries to Mtesa's kingdom, Mackay joined a party of eight to found an industrial mission to the Victoria Nyanza. In three years he alone survived. For fourteen years, in jeopardy every hour, he was yet the soul, the hand, the head of this great and model movement. The London *Times* called him "the St. Paul of Uganda."

"He built, cut type, translated, painted, engineered, navigated, diplomated; he denounced crime, preached the Gospel, acted as schoolmaster and doctor; he befriended Emin Pasha, Junker, and Stanley, and strove, also in vain! to save Hannington from the results of unconscious but heroic folly; he controlled the court so far as it could be controlled; he protected the brave Christian boys, and, in a word, through baptisms of blood and fire, won a church in the wilderness for the dear Lord and Master whom he served with an absolutely single eye. No such story of Christian heroism has ever been told in our day. The boys of Uganda who died in horrible tortures rather than deny their faith will rank with the noblest martyrs of Christian history. Every line in our Lord's Sermon on the Mount finds its illustration and confirmation in this extraordinary

history. The latest phase of the Uganda revolution—the flight of Mwanga, his appeal to the church he persecuted, the victory of the Christians, the return of Mwanga, and his re-establishment in the kingdom surrounded by chiefs and councilors professing the Christian faith—is a chapter in praise of meekness and mercy. In Uganda to-day the 'meek inherit the earth,' and forgiveness is proved to be the noblest revenge."—*Missionary Review of the World*.

ENCOURAGEMENTS.

THE whole world is now open for the reception of the Gospel.

The Bible is printed in 250 languages and dialects.

There are 150,000,000 copies in circulation.

Twenty-five Woman's Boards in England and America are actively engaged in foreign mission work.

The Young Men's Christian Associations are now formally inaugurating foreign missionary branches.

The number of missionary societies is ten fold what it was eighty years ago.

The number of converts is nearly fifty fold.

The increased facilities for inter-communication.

The diffusion of the English language.

Wonderful revivals, with Pentecostal power, are frequent in heathen lands.

The increase in membership in heathen lands is thirty times greater than at home in proportion to the number of ministers employed, although the tests of discipleship are of the most trying nature.

But above all other encouragements are the precious promises of God:

"Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers keep not silence and give Him no rest till He establish and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."—Isa. lxii. 6, 7.

AMONG THE MONGOLS.

ON one occasion I was living some weeks in a Mongol's tent. It was late in the year. Lights were put out soon after dark. The nights were long in reality, and, in such unsatisfactory surroundings as the discomforts of a poor tent and doubtful companions, the nights seemed longer than they were. At sunrise I was only too glad to escape from smoke and everything else to the retirement of the crest of a low ridge of hills near the tent.

This—perhaps the most natural thing in the world for a foreigner—was utterly inexplicable to the Mongols. The idea that any man should get out of his bed at sunrise and climb a hill for nothing! He must be up to mischief. He must be secretly taking away the luck of the land! This went on for some time, the Mongols all alive with suspicion, and the unsuspecting foreigner retiring regularly morning after morning, till at length a drunken man blurted out the whole thing, and openly stated the conviction that the inhabitants had arrived at—namely, that this extraordinary morning walk of the foreigner on the hill-crest boded no good to the country. To remain among the people I had to give up my morning retirement.

The Mongols are very suspicious of seeing a foreigner writing. What *can* he be up to? they say among themselves. Is he taking notes of the capabilities of the country? Is he marking out a road map, so that he can return guiding an army? Is he, as a wizard, carrying off the good luck of the country in his note-book? These, and a great many others, are the questions that they ask among themselves and put to the foreigner when they see him writing; and if he desires to conciliate the good-will of the people, and to win their confidence, the missionary must abstain from walking and writing while he is among them.