

Mrs. Nalder, County Secretary for Hants, organized the Avondale Society. Twelve sisters present. The following officers were elected:—President, Mrs. Lockart Dimock; 1st Vice-Pres., Mrs. Manning Knowles; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mrs. John P. Miller; Secretary, Mrs. Daniel Parker; Treasurer, Miss Annie Dill. Committee of Management:—Mrs. C. Chute, Mrs. Wm. Knowles, Mrs. John Young, Miss Annie McKenzie. Auditor, Mr. Manning Knowles. Mrs. Fred Knowles was unanimously chosen organist. Mrs. Manning Knowles was appointed to take charge of Missionary Literature, get subscribers for the LINK, etc. In the devotional exercises that followed, we felt that we had been drawn very near to the Master, and that in working for Him there is great reward.

BESSIE A. KEES,
Sec. pro tem.

P.S.—At their second meeting six new names were added.
"To God be all the praise." B. A. K.

In October the Society at St. Mary's Bay was re-organized by Mrs. P. R. Foster, with twelve members. Mrs. Hiram Harcom, Pres.; Mrs. John Smith, Sec.

A new Society has been organized at Chelsea, Lunenburg Co., N. S. Five members.

The Society at Smith's Cove, Digby Co., celebrated Crusade Day for the first time this year. Two new members and an inspiring meeting.

CLEMENTVALE.—Here the Society has been re-organized with ten members. Paes., Mrs. Prudence Chute; Sec. Treas., Miss Minnie G. Potter. This was one of the first Societies organized by Miss Norris, and should never "go down."

Young People's Department.

THE MAISTER AND THE BAIRNS.

The Maister sat in a wee cot hoose,
Tae the Jordan's waters near,
An' the fisher-folk crush'd and crooket roon,
The Maister's words to hear.

An' even the bairns frae near han streets
Kept mixin' in wi' the thrang,
Laddies and lassies, wi' wee bare feet,
Jinkin' the crood amang.

An' ane o' the twal at the Maister's side,
Ris up and cried aloud:
"Come, come, bairns, this is na place for you,
Rin awa' hame out o' the crood."

But the Maister said, as they turned tae go,
"Let the wee bairns come tae Me."
An' He gathered them roon Him whaur He sat,
An' liftet ano up on His knee.

Aye, He gaithert them roon Him whaur He sat,
An' He straitket their curly hair,
An' He said to the wonnerin' fisher-folk
Wha croodet aroon Him there:

"Send na the weans awa' frae Me,
But rather this lesson learn—
That nane 'll win in at Heaven's yett
Wha is na as pure as a bairn."

An' He that has ta'en us for kith an' kin,
Tho' a Prince o' the Faur Awa',
Gaithert them roon Him where He sat,
An' bleaset them ane an' a'.

—Selected

Dear Boys and Girls.—In the dim light between the moonrising we could see that he was quite an old man. He took off his headcloth spread it on the bank and stretched himself thereon.

Annamma and I were sitting on the front deck talking over the day's work, wishing for a bit of a breeze, and waiting for the moon to rise. By-and-bye Annamma ventured to ask the old man who he was, and whence he came, and he in turn began to question—"Had this boat (the 'Glad Tidings'), come from Akidu, and did we know the Akidu Miss-amma," he asked. Annamma motioned me to keep still, and replied in the affirmative, "Yes, the boat had come from Akidu, and she knew the Miss-amma quite well," and added, "But why do you ask about the Miss-amma, do you know her?" "No," he said, "I don't know her, only saw her once, that was in this village (Tadinada), on a Sunday. She had a picture of an old man with whitened hair and beard, making prayer to his God, while all about him were tigers and lions."

"And what did the Miss-amma say about the old man," Annamma questioned. "Why," said he, "she told how the king or some other great man had commanded that he be thrown to the lions and tigers because he prayed to the One God; and do you know," he went on, "do you know, always when trouble comes, or things don't go straight, I remember that old man, and how God kept the lions and tigers from pulling him to pieces and eating him."

Annamma went on to tell more of God's love and care for His children, while I stepped inside to look up my old daily record, and found that lacking a month it was five years since I gave that lesson on Daniel to the Christians in this village. Then was my heart glad, and I remembered that beautiful passage in Isaiah: "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not lither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth, it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

What if the old man had gotten tigers mixed up with the lions! and what if he hadn't grasped all the points! Even so much of God's holy word had found a place in his heart and memory all these years, and confessedly had been a help to him.

Don't you think my heart sang for joy; and don't you think I went out to tell the message of salvation next day, with new hope!

F. M. STOVEL.

Boat "Glad Tidings,"

India, Sept. 23rd, 1895.