

BOYS AND GIRLS

With Mary Reed and Her Lepers.

The many readers who sympathize with Miss Reed's work among the lepers will understand with what a special interest I drew near her lonely and lofty station at Chandag Heights, in India. Miss Reed had come down the hill a mile to meet me, and her warm welcome gave me an assurance that I should be rewarded for the seven days of mountain travel it had required to reach her. The new church stands on the very crest of the ridge (about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea), and is a landmark for many miles, as it stands out in spotless white.

Owing to the special conditions of Miss Reed's case*, the worker is of at least equal interest with the work, and many friends, if they could, would at once ask: 'What is the state of her health? How does she look?' In reply, I would say that my first feeling of thankfulness for her strong, healthy appear-

itual cleansing freely offered them, and to lead the Christians to an experience of the more abundant life. Our prayers were answered, and the Holy Spirit used our twofold testimony. It was a touching sight as our congregation bowed their marred faces to the ground, while, kneeling on the grass, and with tears in her voice, their friend and 'mother' (as they love to term her) pleaded for them. Our hearts were indeed gladdened, when, at the close of one of the services for the men, five of them definitely declared: 'I will open and let the Saviour in.' The address that morning had been upon, 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.' Among the Christians, both men and women, there were tokens of revival and restoration, some of the prayers and testimonials being very real and heartfelt.

The farewells at the close of our last meetings in the church were most touching. These poor afflicted ones are so grateful for kindness, and it means so much to them that

Nancy Joye's Experience.

(By Mrs. Ellen Ross, in 'Alliance News.')

'Nancy! Nancy! here's your Uncle Sam driving up,' called Mrs. Joye, from her wash-tub, in excited tones. 'What on earth brings him here now, and not a word to say he was coming, and me in the midst of my wash! Put the kettle on, child, we must get him summat to eat, to be sure, I'll be in directly.'

Nancy bustled about, and just managed to get the kettle on, and then ran to the door to welcome the big, genial uncle as he got out of his trap, and hitched his mare to the garden fence.

'Hullo, Nancy!' he shouted, 'how be ye? And how d'ye like this frosty weather? It brings rare roses to your cheeks, my lass, and you're as bloomin' as the flowers in May!'

Nancy grew more rosy at this flattery, and led the way in, putting the biggest arm chair by the fire, and helping her uncle to take off his great-coat.

'And how's the mother?' he inquired, gazing at his pretty niece with a critical air that rather confused her. She was a shy, pretty girl of about seventeen, with a lovely complexion, wavy auburn hair, and deep blue eyes.

'Mother's all right, thank you, Uncle, and she's in a wonderment about what's brought you over so sudden like. There's nothing the matter is there?'

'Nothing the matter, my lass. It's bisness that's brought me over, as you shall hear by-and-bye.'

Mrs. Joye soon came in, having turned down her sleeves, and put on a clean apron, and gave her brother a hearty greeting. She was like himself, rather portly, slow-moving, slow of thought, and of speech.

Well, it's many a day since you came over, Sam, but you're kindly welcome, and I be real glad to see ye. How be things goin' down at your place? Is the missis well?'

'Things be going right well, Polly,' he replied, with his sister's southern accent. 'So well,' he added, 'that we finds ourselves short-handed for Christmas, and that's what brings me over to-day; so I might as well come to the point at once, for I haven't much time to spare.'

'Well, get tea for'ard, Nancy. Yer uncle must have tea afore he goes back.'

Nancy moved about quickly and quietly, her uncle's eye following her with appreciation. Mrs. Joye sat down to await further information.

'Well, ye know,' Uncle Sam went on, 'things have been pretty prosperous with us this year, and business is increasing. A factory's been started not far from us, and as ours was the only proper, respectable house about there, I thought it 'ud be good bis to go one better, and have a new front put on. And my! it'll take the shine out o' your eyes when ye see it; all white and gold and plate-glass, reel spiffin', I can tell ye. The game was worth the candle, for business has nearly doubled since. And the fact is, I want another hand for Christmas, and thinks I to myself, why shouldn't the grist go to our Polly's mill? So I've jest come to ask Nancy to come and help us for a few weeks through the holiday season, and I des-say she'll know what to do with the few pounds as she'll get.'

As Mrs. Joe did not at once respond, he went on, 'You needn't be afraid to let Nancy



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ance had to be considerably modified in the eleven days during which I was her guest. On many of those days she looked, I regret to say, far from well or healthy, and I most earnestly entreat prayer for continued health to be granted her. I may not reveal much of what passed between us on this point. I may say, however, that Miss Reed informed me that she has been during the past few months very conscious of the presence of the disease by which she has been dedicated to the work in which she has been so graciously used.

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The many services we held for her afflicted people will live in my memory as among the most precious experiences of my Indian tour. Miss Reed welcomed my help, and gladly, as well as, I am sure, ably, interpreted the addresses in which I endeavored to set before the Hindoo lepers the spir-

Christian people in far-away England should love them and pray for them and speak to them as representing those who support and care for them. Among many other expressions of gratitude they thanked God that he had given them such a comfortable home and so kind a 'mother.' Having heard that my departure would be early in the morning, they were sitting out on the cold grass before daylight for a last word, and as I at last wound down the valley I could see them waving their 'chuddahs' as long as I was in sight. In none of the fourteen asylums I have so far visited have I been enabled to get into such close touch with the lepers as here. I seemed to quite know them, and they me, by the time our closing service came round.

Miss Reed accompanied me down the hill when I left, and our final farewell was said as I rounded the bend in the road, which hid her from my view. I called back to her across the ravine, 'Hitherto—Henceforth'; and she replied, 'Yes; and all the way, too.' —J. Jackson, in 'The Faithful Witness.'

*Miss Reed, an American lady, contracted the disease of leprosy while working among the lepers.