

or land. Archdeacon Collison has set a band of Church Army workers to labor among the heathen encamped up the Naas river. The following account gives us an idea of what the bishop is expected to do, as told by himself:—

"At intervals the steamer stops to load fuel from the long stacks of firewood cut by the Indians, and at every village, wherever there are Indians, I am recognized in a moment, and as the fuel is piled on the ship's deck I am dispensing medicine on the river's bank, surrounded by the sick or their attendants. Time is most precious, as the steamer cannot afford to linger. So the Indians press around me, pouring a clatter of woes into my ears. 'I have a hacking cough; I have ulcers; my eyes are nearly blind; I want Epsom salts; I want eye lotion; give me ointment; my child is dying; look! give liniment, all my joints are swollen; this man's arm is broken; my mother is withering; my heart is sick, etc.' I call out: 'Bring bottles, cups, cans, or any vessel at hand.' The wise who had them at hand are first served. With as much precision as under the circumstances is possible, I dispense and direct as rapidly as I can, praying in my heart all the time. To each I try to speak, if but one word, for Jesus.

"Scream, scream goes the steamer's whistle. I look round in dismay, for many are still waiting anxiously. I roar at the top of my voice, 'Hold on, captain; wait a bit.' Taking grace from the stopping of the whistle, I work faster than ever. The captain is a man of heart and takes in the situation; but time is precious, so at last the whistle screams again. I bundle the drugs into my convenient cassock, a sailor standing by picks up the medicine chest and rushes for the ship. We are off and away from the downcast remnant, who are wailing because I left them without the help hoped for. God help them."

INDIA.

The following stirring words, which we hope will find an echo in the hearts of many of our Canadian women, come from the Rev. G. Tonge, secretary C.E.Z.M.S., who had been hearing from Miss Spiller, of the Woman's Auxiliary, several meetings of which she attended last autumn when travelling through Canada:

"We think it would help our cause very much if an appeal could be made to the young ladies of Canada, showing the urgent need of whole-hearted, spiritually-minded women workers among the women of India, who are wholly inaccessible to ordinary male missionaries. There is scope both for ladies of average ability, with the love of Christ in their hearts, with common sense and tact, and for those who can endure hardness, for the ordinary Zenana visitation and village itineration during the cold season. Then there are openings in such in-

stitutions as the Sarah Tucker in Tinnevely, the Alexandra High School at Amritsar, and the Normal School at Calcutta for those who have taken university degrees, or had advantages in the way of higher education, to carry on in a Christian spirit the training as teachers of native-Christian young women, and perhaps, most of all, fully qualified lady doctors, of a true missionary spirit, are needed to take the double healing to the poor suffering and ignorant heathen and Mohammedan sisters."

We spoke of these phases of woman's work for women in the January number, when the Zenanas were the foreign subject of our cycle for the month, and would again urge our younger members to think seriously whether it may not be a privilege open to them, this witnessing for Christ among the women of India or China, and one not to be overlooked. "Inasmuch as ye did it *not*," etc.

The population of India is 287,000,000, and it is increasing at the rate of 33,300,000 in ten years. In 1891 there were 18,000,000 more Hindus and 6,000,000 more Mohammedans than in 1881. Roughly speaking, the Hindus now number 207,000,000, the Mohammedans 57,000,000, and the Protestant native Christians only about 584,000. Is not the disparity fearful to contemplate, and can we quietly fold our hands and not strive to wipe out this reproach to our Christianity, either by going ourselves to help these poor darkened souls, or making it possible, by giving liberally, for others to go? Surely not!

STRAIGHTFORWARD.

CHAPTER XI.



H, Perran, why were we afraid? Has not God been good to us?"

Night had fallen on that little village in New Guinea; the restless native tribe were all in their huts; the chief had paid a good-night visit to his white son, as he called little Jesse; Molly was sound asleep in a corner, and all was peace.

The reason why the European party had met with such respectful treatment was soon made clear to them. It was entirely due to Jesse. The Patira tribe had a rude religion of their own, consisting of a superstitious regard of certain days, states of the moon, etc.; and the white child falling into their possession at a happy conjunction of seasons became at once "sacred," and everything belonging to him was, therefore, sacred too, and to be treated with the utmost reverence.

"They must have been very kind to the lad, or he would not seem so much at home with them all," said Perran.

"Yes, I am sure he has been given the best