

children—children whose homes I knew were wretched—children whose scant clothing was scarcely enough for a summer's day—I saw one pale-faced child keeping her eye much upon him. The wild flowers were growing in abundance at our feet and the birds were piping their songs all the more noisy over our heads because of the stir and the noise, but all that was nothing to this poor child as compared to him. There she sat keeping herself a little in the background and eyeing him in silence while he was talking to her and the group around him. But after our little talks for the time were over she came nearer, and looking into his face she said: "How I wish you were my father!"

Back of these words lay a world of sorrow—of want and sin and suffering on which I do not care to enter. But this was a great day, a memorable day to her. Her joy was full, and in her ecstasy there is little wonder that she, in looking at her benefactor and listening to his words, should have expressed herself in these terms to him: "How I wish you were my father!" I once heard her sing, but this was shortly before her death, for she died young:—

I have a Father in the promised land, etc., and the pathos of that song lingered long on my ear. But on this high day all notions of sickness or sadness were far away from her and all those happy children. Not speaking of the ample refreshments provided, to which all were welcome, they had been enjoying themselves on the peaceful waters in little boats, swinging on the ropes prepared in the woods, rambling over rocks, gathering ferns and flowers and lichens, running races and taking to such plays as hide-and-seek. But there were children there wise above their years, sedate and serious, as if the hand of premature age had been laid upon them, and this child that so expressed herself was one of them; and to such a child, shut up in a tenement where lodgers and others crowded in at night, breathing the tainted air of a narrow lane where the song of a bird was never heard and a blade of green grass was never seen—where the only reminder of God's bright and beautiful world was such a thing as a plant on the window-sill—is it any wonder that such a child should feel as if she were in heaven?

(To be continued.)

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

VALEDICTORY MEETING.

The following communication bearing date Indore, April 14, 1891, has been received:—

Last evening the congregation at Indore bade their formal farewell to two of our much-loved missionaries, Miss Rodger, the pioneer school and zenana worker, and Miss Beatty, the pioneer medical missionary. Though the meeting was called by, and was more particularly to express the feelings of, our congregation, many outside friends, English, Parsee, Hindu and Mohammedan, were present to show their sympathy in our sorrow at parting. The schoolhouse had been very nicely decorated with flags, mango-leaves and palm branches by the boys of the "Home." The meeting was informal and brief; an occasion of so much feeling left but little to be said in words. Partings in the home land are grievous, when it is one friend leaving many, but this parting means the loss of two of our much-loved and much-needed ones, and from such a small company.

The Rev. Mr. Wilkie occupied the chair; the meeting was opened with prayer by Mr. Russell and the singing of a native bhajan. The chairman then, without remarks, introduced Mr. Johory, who, on behalf of the congregation, read an address to Miss Rodger, and Mr. John, who performed a similar office towards Miss Beatty. As a rule, such addresses in India express much in words, where there is but a paucity in feeling; too often, in fact, heart and voice are in inverse ratio. We append the following addresses with all the more reason therefore in that we know from their manner of preparation and the great esteem in which the recipients are held, that they are from the fulness of our people's hearts. The addresses themselves are a work of art, being most beautifully illuminated on parchment, the work of Mr. Johory, one of our elders. The following is Miss Rodger's address:—

To Miss Rodger, Lady Missionary Canadian Presbyterian Mission, Indore:—

DEAREST MISS SABHIA JI,—We, the congregation of the Canadian Mission, Indore, express deep sorrow at the departure from the field of missionary work of our oldest and pioneer missionary, who has worked faithfully for a period of seventeen years. We cannot forget that you had the honour of beginning zenana and school work both in Mhow and Indore, and as we realize how wonderfully the work has developed in both places, we feel grateful to you for laying so well at first the foundation.

Your motherly affection towards us, kind offices of help and advice, and your exemplary, pious and humble life have gained our highest esteem and admiration. You have been to us a ready helper in our affliction and a soothing comforter in our sorrows and sufferings. We cannot express how much we are indebted to you for all the efforts you have put forth to educate the young and weak minds of the females of Central India, whose condition is naturally a sad one, surrounded with temptation, in an atmosphere of ignorance and superstition. You have taught us to live as Christians, you have pointed out to our women their duties and responsibilities, and they will always remember those instructive lessons which they have received from your lips. May our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in whom we are united, bless you more and more with His grace and mercy.

When you have arrived safely among your relatives and friends, the people of your native land, kindly express how much we are indebted to them for sending amongst us work-

ers like yourself for this part of the Lord's vineyard. We have not forgotten the ready help which they have given so disinterestedly through you towards our material and spiritual welfare.

We thank God our Father that He has caused the hearts of your people to think and act for us in our great need. They will be constantly remembered in our thoughts and in our prayers as friends and brethren in Christ.

Now may the God of truth, justice and mercy carry you safely through all the dangers of the voyage to your home and people, and to their greetings of joy and welcome. We cannot speak our sad farewells but with that hope that we shall all meet in heaven where there is no parting.

Signed on behalf of the congregation,

REV. J. WILKIE, M.A.,
REV. N. H. RUSSELL, B.A.,
MR. W. JOHORY, M.A.,
MR. W. S. JOHN,
MR. J. CALEB,
MR. K. SINGH,

The Deacons' Court.

Miss Beatty's address was as follows:—

To Miss E. R. Beatty, M.B., Lady Medical Missionary, Indore:—

DEARLY BELOVED SISTER,—When, after a period of more than six years of incessant loving ministrations, you are about to revisit your native land, may we, the Christians at Indore, take the liberty of giving expression to a few of the feelings which at this moment rise in our bosom.

Justly estimating how much good can be done by a lady medical missionary among the multitudes of women in Central India, you voluntarily offered your services to become the pioneer medical missionary. During the time you have been with us we have learned to know, to esteem and to love you. In your eagerness to render deeds of mercy to the suffering, to be a ministering angel where pain and anguish wrong the brow, your large unselfish heart was ready at any time to sacrifice comfort, strength, money, yea, all, at the call of distress—all for love, and no reward.

Your straightforward, frank manner, your transparent honesty, your clear judgment and well-balanced mind, your untiring energy and perseverance, and above all your earnest Christian spirit and apostolic zeal that sought to follow the Master is outspoken condemnation of evil, and yet in love and pity sought to relieve, elevate and point the way to the "Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world"; all these have won for you records that defy the tooth of time. We that know you are not surprised that your earnest efforts have succeeded in not only breaking down prejudice, opening doors barricaded by ignorance and superstition, and winning the confidence and esteem of the people, but, as you specially desired, have commended the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, supported, as you have been, by the earnest words and loving works of Miss Dr. Oliver, who became your beloved yokefellow and co-labourer two years after you reached the field.

We rejoice that the new hospital is completed ere your departure. Its great need is a proof of the earnest work done and its erection marks a new era in the medical work here, now so visibly established amongst us. And we yet further rejoice to believe that the intention that you and your colleagues cherish is to make it a centre from which many trained workers will go out to our sadly-neglected sisters in the dark and untrodden regions beyond.

Our sincere regret is that your strength was not equal to the strain that a large and unselfish heart laid on it; and many longing hearts will follow you on your journey, and earnest prayers rise to the throne of grace that you may, after a well-merited furlough home, return invigorated in body and spirit, supplied with fresh zeal to carry on this grand work of ministering to the sick in body and soul, thus following the noble example set by the Great Physician.

Signed on behalf of the congregation,

REV. J. WILKIE, M.A.,
REV. N. H. RUSSELL, B.A.,
MR. W. JOHORY, M.A.,
MR. W. S. JOHN,
MR. J. CALEB,
MR. K. SINGH,

The Deacons' Court.

After the reading of these addresses Dr. Gompat Singh, who has been associated with our medical ladies in several serious cases, expressed in a few words the regret he personally and the people of Indore would feel at the departure of our ladies. The evening might have been spent in expressions of regret had all hearts been allowed to speak, but most were content with a hearty handshake and a still heartier expression of the hope that a period of rest would soon see them restored to full health and to Indore. The girls of Miss Rodger's school then arrayed the guests with garlands of roses and Jasmine, and the meeting closed with a hymn and prayer by the chairman. The above words but feebly express the deep regret which will be felt throughout all Indore at the departure from our midst of Miss Rodger and Miss Beatty. Faithfully yours, NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

"A STITCH in time saves nine," and if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla now it may save months of future possible sickness.

STAND YOUR GROUND.

When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Clerks may claim that "ours is as good as Hood's," and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes, and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and building-up medicine.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

is named Catarrh. It dulls the hearing, impairs the power of speech, deadens the faculty of smell, injures the organs of sight, and often permanently destroys the vision. Its first appearance is with a cold. At this stage it should be met with Clark's Catarrh Cure, price 50 cents, and its further progress is stayed. If your druggist cannot supply you with this life-saver, send the price to Clark's Chemical Co., Toronto or New York, and a package will be sent to your address.

PALE and sallow girls and prematurely-aged women should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; they come as a boon for all those ills which afflict the female system. Build up the blood, restore shattered nerves and convert sallow complexions into rosy cheeks. Sold by dealers, or sent post paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, or five boxes for \$2—by addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

The subject of health. Good health depends upon good food. It is not what we eat that nourishes the body, but what we digest. To study what we eat and why we eat is important. It was by eating the wrong food that the curse came upon mankind at first. Thousands are miserable with indigestion and dyspepsia from eating the wrong kind of food now. Some eat the same kind of food in hot weather that they do in cold weather, and consequently they suffer and are cast out of the paradise of health. It is always safe to eat Desiccated Wheat, but be sure you get the proper article with the name and trade mark of the Ireland National Food Co. (Ltd.) on the package.

FROM TORONTO.

WEAKNESS, POOR APPETITE.

The following is from a prominent business man of Toronto, Mr. W. H. Banfield, in business at 80 Wellington Street West, as machinist and die maker, and residing at No. 14 Montague Place:

"TORONTO, April 18, 1891.

"One of my children was afflicted with general weakness and poor appetite, and I got a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to see if it would have a beneficial effect. I am glad to say that it has done more than was claimed for it. I might also say that all my family enjoy the benefits of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we are glad to recommend it to others." W. H. BANFIELD.

FOR THE BLOOD.

"TORONTO, April 18, 1891.

"Having tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I wish to state that I have found it excellent. I have used about four bottles and have proved the virtue of it for the blood and appetite. I have found no equal to it and cheerfully recommend it to others." F. LOACH, Engineer for W. H. Banfield, No. 80 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

BELIEVES IT UNSURPASSED.

"TORONTO, April 17, 1891.

"From my own experience and from the experience of others to whom I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla, I have proved it to be one of the best blood purifiers and Spring medicines extant. I believe it to be unsurpassed by any other remedy on the market." D. L. JONES, 345 College Street, Toronto.

HERE IS A POINT

To remember—Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, originated by thoroughly competent pharmacists, and still prepared under their personal supervision. Every ingredient used is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. All the roots and herbs are carefully selected, are ground in our own drug mill, and from the time of purchase until Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared, everything is watched to attain the best possible result.

THE distinguished man in one department does not even know what the great man in another is doing. "Dr. Lindley surprised me," Crabb Robertson wrote, "by saying that he knew Goethe only as a botanist, in which character he thought most highly of him, he being the author of the 'New System of Botany.'" That is a characteristic story, and equally so is the tale of the old Cumberland dame who said, upon hearing of Wordsworth's death, that no doubt his widow would carry on the business. When Sir Walter Scott was living, there were lawyers in the Courts of Edinburgh who knew him only as Sheriff of Selkirkshire and Clerk of Session; of the other and larger world in which he lived they knew nothing. Scott, by the way, was at home everywhere, and his large heart and comprehensive intellect found food for thought and joy in every kind of social life. To live in more worlds than one needs imagination and sympathy, and these are rare gifts.