

they lead us all to the shall-be-dones in the year to come? 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'—*Life and Light for Women.*

"What Can I Do To Help You?"

BY DR. JAS. L. PHILLIPS.

It was one of the dark days. Pestilential fever was raging throughout Bengal, and Midnapore had been invaded. Several of the native Christians were ill; there had been a number of deaths, and now one of the missionaries was prostrated, and with anxious hearts we watched by day and night over that patient sufferer. Rest seemed out of the question, and all through the long days of that desolate rainy season, our little band was working on, always tired yet trustful, cheerfully looking ahead for the cool north breeze that the last October days are sure to bring.

It was almost noon, and the Dispensary patients were all gone, and breakfast announced, when a *chaprasi* entered our compound gate, and walking quickly around the cactus hedge of the front garden stepped up on our south veranda, where I stood watching the rain fall in torrents. He brought a brief note from an English neighbor—one of so many noble Christian men England now has in the East—who had heard of the illness at the missionary bungalow. The seven little words, "What can I do to help you?" were in that note, and I can never half tell how they helped me there and then. His brave father fell at the gate of Delhi or Lucknow,—I forget which,—in the Sepoy mutiny of 1857. I've heard him tell the story; and didn't the Calcutta mail bring the sad news but the other day that he, royal good fellow and friend indeed, had passed on to the majority "beyond the river"? What is there that so cheers one, when worn and weary, as help sincerely and heartily proffered?

One of the very saddest things I ever had to do was to tell a heroic volunteer, whose soul was too big and brave for her shattered body, that she could not go to India. To my dying day I'll never forget how grandly the little woman took it, saying with smiles and tears together, "Then I'll stay at home and work for India." And if there was one salient and shining trait in the life too early ended here, of my sweet sister Ida Orissa, it was her eagerness to help others. From childhood this trait was prominent, and how precious it makes her memory to many on both sides of the great sea. But I cannot trust myself to speak of her, only to illustrate the topic of which I am writing.

The Women of our churches can ask no more significant question than this, "What can I do to help on the work?" In this day, this calls for no proof, only for illustration. Since Eve, the helpmeet of Eden, and Miriam and Ruth and Phoebe and Priscilla and the Marys and "the beloved Persia," of Old Testament story and Now, what a host of helpers has God raised up in His Church. Mothers, teach your children to be "succourers of many." In the home, the church, the parish, the world, there is no brighter badge of honor. The chief glory of Christianity is what it has done for woman; and how can the women of the church more fitly or more effectively prove their gratitude than by toiling always and everywhere for the amelioration of human want and woe? God grant that we all may be able to say from our hearts, in the presence of destitution and distress, and in the face of the many profound problems for alleviating suffering, checking crime, and lifting mankind towards hope and heaven, *what can I do to help?*

THE WORK ABROAD.

A Day at Home in the Mission Bungalow, Tuni.

7:30 a.m. The "boy" comes in from the back veranda where he is churning the day's butter—which, when done, will be about the size of a silver dollar—takes down the boll and rings it, puts it back in its place, then turning anything that he happens to see upside down over his churn, which, by the way, is only an earthen jar, hurries away followed by the sweeper, who has thrown down her broom (a bunch of dried grasses tied with a string), and the water-boy who has left his two brass pots, just filled, by the well; from the study the school-girls can be seen passing the window, followed by the Bible-women, teachers, and preachers; soon all have disappeared into the little chapel, shaded by the great tree near the gate; then the sound of clear, shrill singing, and the morning service is begun; when ended, the cook may be seen running along the veranda after the cat, who, during his absence, has knocked the cover off his churn; the water-boy, before he can go back to his water-pots, goes after the cow and drives it out of the "woe bit garden" that in the raising season grows native beans, in the cool season some of our well-known vegetables, and in the hot season gets baked hard as a brick; the sweeper takes up her broom and sweeps industriously in the middle of the room. Now, round the corner of the house comes a woman, old, wrinkled, broad and dirty, a water-pot on her head. She is the caste woman who draws drinking water from the well in the town (a caste well,) she comes up the steps and disappears along the veranda to fill the jars at the farther end; a scream, the servant who went to lift the covers for her has come too near, she does not like to spoil her caste by rubbing her dirty rags against his snowy white, fluttering robe. Passing on her way back she looks in, down goes her pot, "Mother, your pot is broken, your rope and little bucket are in the well;" she lifts her pot to her head when down it comes again. "Mother, my wages, the month ended yesterday, see please," but after understanding that there are still seventeen days in the month to work and wait, she is off. Now comes half-an-hour of looking and unlocking, provisions for the day, for house, horse and cow must be given out; the school-girl's rice and curry stuffs measured and handed over to the old lady who, for her food and clothing, looks after the children and goes to the bazaar for them.

9 a.m. It is prayer-meeting, so the bell must be rung, and soon the Christian women are gathered in the little, round sitting-room, the prayers are long and earnest as the worshippers, covered, and with head bent to the ground, prayed for the heathen, for their "Mother" (the missionary's wife), and for themselves.

11 a.m. Breakfast is ready. "Salaam," it is only Nancy, the preacher's wife, passing through to get the school-girls sowing from the next room. "Salaam," it is only Martha, the Bible-woman, to say that it is time to give Mary (one of the school-girls who is sick with the fever) the medicine. Now, there is a little, thin boy on the front veranda, breakfast ended, we go out to him. His father rents the garden opposite from the Rajah, and he has just run over to "Salaam," and bring this pretty red flower.

12 a.m. The sun is high, the venetian doors are shut, the servants are gone, the travellers have lain down under the tree by the road-side, and the great glare of an Indian sun whitens all the landscape, whitens even the green fields and hills, till color itself seems lost in a glare of