

quaint talk and the knowledge that he showed of the Bible. He had his own Bible by his bedside, given him by Dr. B., and would busy himself looking for texts; one of the texts he knew was "Surely I come quickly, amen, even so come Lord Jesus." Mrs. H. said to him, "Do you know who said that, Zosie?" and as he hesitated, she said, "Was it not Jesus?" "No," said Zosie, quickly, "it was John said that."

On the following Tuesday Soney and I crossed by the ferry to Dartmouth to attend an evening meeting in that town, and on Wednesday afternoon we left little Zosie behind and started for Windsor. The little fellow seemed to have perfect confidence in Mrs. H's kind, motherly care and was not at all afraid to be left alone. We told him that in a few days, when he got better, he should be put on the train and come after us. Happily we had to go down to the very end of the peninsula and then back again a part of the way before crossing the Bay of Fundy back to St. John. This would occupy several days, and we hoped that by that time Zosie, if his attack of measles proved to be a light one, would be able to rejoin us. I felt that, so far as could be foreseen, it was unnecessary to put off the projected trip to England, especially as the scheme had now begun to assume definite shape and I had already written to my English friends to say I was coming; so, just before leaving Halifax, I purchased our tickets, myself and the two boys cabin passage, by one of the Allan line steamships, to sail from Quebec for Liverpool Thursday, May the 22nd; according to my original programme we had to be in Quebec for Sunday, May 18th, so this would fit in very well. I had written to my friends in England to expect us in London June 1st, and asked them to kindly try and arrange for my time to be filled up with meetings for the first ten days after arrival, so that no time might be wasted, and there would be time to make additional appointments after we got across.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND says that the prize men, the brilliant men, of our universities, are wanted for foreign missionaries. The missionary is no longer a man who stands under an umbrella, with a Bible under his arm, and preaches the Gospel all day long. Half his day must be given to the study of philology. He must be able to translate the Scriptures; he must contribute to the science of ethnology; he must be a man of culture. As regards those who think they are not orthodox enough, Prof. Drummond declares that the missionary needs but little theology no more than a servant girl would teach to her Sunday school class down in the Cowgate, or a father would tell to his children gathered round him at the fireside on a Sunday evening. At the same time, he holds, that the time is coming when the

missionaries in some fields, for example in China and Japan, will have to be theologians.

NORTH TINNEVELLY MISSION.

A LETTER FROM INDIA.



THAT portion of the Tinnevely District of South India known as North Tinnevely, is a large tract of country stretching to the Western Ghats on the one side and extending beyond the railway on the other. It contains, roughly speaking, a population of 500,000, most of the people being agriculturists engaged in tilling what is known as black cotton soil. Cotton, tobacco and the dry grains are the chief products of the soil. Besides the large agricultural population, there are large towns famous for their temples and Brahmins. In particular, the town of Strivillipatur is the largest in the whole of the Tinnevely District, and is a typical Brahminical town. Missionary work in this district may be said to have been vigorously begun with the famous itinerant mission of Messrs. Ragland, Fenn and Meadows. For some years these devoted servants of God preached the Gospel systematically in all the towns and villages of the district, and good fruit has been gathered from their labours "after many days." Mr. Ragland's memory is still fragrant in the district, and many stories are told, illustrative of his zeal and self-denial. Space forbids the narration of more than one, which is a good sample of the rest. As a result of the labours of the itinerants, a little Christian congregation had been formed in a village named Kalbodhu. Over this Mr. Ragland watched and prayed with incessant care. One day it was reported to him by a catechist who had visited the village that the Christians had used language quite inconsistent with their holy profession. On hearing this evil report, Mr. Ragland immediately started off on foot, without servant, without horse, without food. He walked many weary miles, and on reaching Kalbodhu stood in the middle of the village, lifted up his voice and wept. The people crowded round him in evident distress, seeing him unaccompanied and in this guise of sorrow. He told them what he had heard and again wept over their sin. They were greatly distressed and promised amendment for the future. In spite of all their entreaties, however, he would take no food. Refusing shelter and an offered cot, he lay all night on a heap of rubbish, on the confines of the village. It may be hoped that this object lesson was effectual, for he left the following morning amidst the vows of the people that they would no more disgrace their holy vocation.

The Greek Testament in the library at