

for chest diseases. The use of plasters is very common, generally made of pounded, sometimes chewed roots, applied to the seat of pain. Amongst the Sioux the doctors near me conceived a great liking for some whole ginger in my possession, and some wonderful cures were attributed to it, when applied externally.

One of the most formidable obstacles to mission work amongst Indians is found in the implicit confidence people have in the practices of these men. Many believe that only Indian medicines can cure an Indian, and often after trying a few doses of the missionary's medicine, their faith in it fails, and the native doctor is called in.

If the patient recovers, the spirit dwelling within the medicine man has been merciful and has forgiven the backslider and granted him a further lease of life. If he dies it is because he was angry and would not exert himself to drive out the opposing demon in the sick man. As they not only profess to have great power with the demons, but undoubtedly can and do use poisons to remove their enemies, it is no wonder the people dread to offend the medicine men. Many are the stories of vengeance wreaked on innocent men and women. Around their camp fires the more credulous listen with bated breath to highly spiced stories of such deaths, brought to pass by simply taking a hair from the victim, bewitching it with "bad medicine," and then burying out of sight, or by many other methods.

Living by their art, can it be wondered at that these men oppose the Gospel. Like the silver-smiths of Ephesus, they see their craft in danger. Even when they have lost all faith in themselves and have come to me for medicine to heal their own sickness, I have known them for years to trade on the credulity of their fellows.

But this does not always last. Many have thrown away rattle, drum and medicine bag. Like the sorceress of Ephesus, many of these men "which used curious arts," have brought their stock in-trade, and publicly made confession of their folly and sin. (Acts xix., 19) And amongst these, as amongst those of olden time, it can be said, "The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified." May God grant that His word may still mightily grow and prevail, until throughout this whole land the power of the Indian conjuror and doctor shall be forever broken.

### STORY OF A MISSIONARY BOX.

**W**HEN I burst my bonds, a beautiful blossom, in the far away sunny South, I first saw the light. In this form I existed but a day. Again, after days of confinement and solitude, I found my way into the sunlight, a mass of snowy cotton. With many others of my family I was pressed into a bale, carried in the ship's hold to the North, carded and spun, woven and sold, cut into cloth-

ing, made up on a sewing machine, worn and thrown aside at last as worthless rags.

In a dingy mill I was picked over by weary hands and cast into a terrible pool, when writhing and foaming, I was cut with knives, pushed over sieves, bleached and torn to a pulp. The iron rollers, some cold, some hot, were passed over me, and I came forth at last a sheet of this pink pasteboard, smooth and clean. My trials were not yet over. A sharp instrument divides me from my family and another printed words upon me. On my four sides were, "Missionary Box." "Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him," 1 Cor. xvi. 2; "Our gifts for Jesus;" Parochial Missionary Association, No—; Mission Box given, in charge to —; "Speak to the children that they bring me an offering." At last, purified from all uncleanness, I had found my special duty. Foolish creature and blind had I been to murmur at all these trials. I might have known that these pains and sorrows were intended to prepare me for some new service.

I remained some time uncalled for, and began to grow weary of this life of idleness. At last I was taken to a missionary meeting by a clergyman, given to a lady after it was over, and brought home by her in safety. How well I remember the cosy parlor into which she introduced me! Through the open windows came the autumn breezes. Sweet birds twittered in the branches of a pear tree just outside, and beyond, as far as the eye could reach, green fields and grand old mountains were spread out before my eyes. Every one seemed happy. A young father and mother were there, and a sweet, bright baby, with laughing eyes and dimpled chin, was in the mother's arms. I was placed in the baby's hands and a little silver piece was given her. It was beautiful to see her earnest look as she was taught to find a narrow opening in my side and with her soft fingers to slip the dime in. How glad I was that it had fallen to my lot to be the companion of this lovely child, for just then I heard some one say, "Every Sunday morning give her a dime to put in the missionary box. Heathen children are taught from infancy to bring offerings to their dreadful idol gods. Why should not Christian parents put gifts into baby hands to help bring the world to Jesus?"

And so it came to pass that I had a place on the parlor table, and baby and I were soon fast friends. She soon learned what was to be done with me, and would turn me around, her sweet breath upon my face, while she found the place in my side to put the money in. Often friends and relatives gave her silver and cents, but all were dropped into the box. Thus three happy years passed. Summer was drawing to a close. The bright leaves began to fall; song birds took flight, and insect voices ceased as the night grew chill. One day they folded the little dimpled hands of my dear little owner, and placing rose