

Q. How large is the field?

A. The town has a population of 10,000. In the whole field are about 212,000 people scattered over 500 square miles, in 470 villages.

Q. Are there many Christians among them?

A. About half a dozen or so, who are members of the Chicacole Church.

Q. Are there many native helpers?

A. There is but one evangelist, one colporteur, and one Bible-woman.

Q. What sort of a picture does this field present?

A. A very black one indeed; a little light like a small ray appears, which we trust shall, ere long, send its rays of glorified light to every corner of this hitherto much neglected part of God's vineyard.

Q. Shall we not think and pray very earnestly for the darkened minds on this field? Shall we not give our prayers and our money from our abundance to do what we can for Palconda? Will you, boys and girls of the Bands of these Provinces, think about those dear children in Palconda and our other fields in India? Will you give your hearts to God who loves you so much, and will you each pray for some one boy or girl in India? Pray for some one most earnestly. Listen to Mrs. Gullison's letter and see what one man and his son have done for Jesus. The one who prepares your Mission Band lessons, as well as other persons, is praying very earnestly that God may reveal Himself to each one of you members, especially those of you who have not already given your hearts to Him, and that your work may be a great blessing during the next three months.

A MISSIONARY'S PRAYER.

Make me to share thy patient love, O Lord,
That yearns to save the scattered sheep, abroad
Unshepherded, far wandering in the night
Midst perils dire, in helpless, hopeless plight.
Oh! for the love to follow on their track,
And to the Shepherd's arms to bring them back.

Too few the labourers, Lord, the work so vast,
So great the issues, and so sad at last
The loss of souls. E'en though I bless thy grace
For those redeemed, yet Satan holds his place
In cruel power, o'er multitudes enthralled—
My heart sinks down, before his strength appalled.

Uphold thy servant, gracious Lord, do Thou
Draw nigh: and unto victory my brow
Shall crown, sustain my strength; yea, hear my prayer,
Thrust others forth the strife and toil to share;
Not for Thy sake, Thou hast not left me lone,
But that "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done."

If thou wouldst hear Him speak to thee, be silent.

If thou wouldst have Him move thee, be still.

If thou wouldst have Him lead thee, forsake thine own desires.

If thou wouldst have Him impress thee, forsake thine own thoughts.

If thou wouldst have Him control thee, be slow to speak.

If thou wouldst have Him mend thee, accept His discipline.

Young People's Department.

AH FAY.

(Condensed from "The Lady of the Lily Feet.")

Fay was only a laundry boy. He had been something better. He had for one whole year worked as janitor in the mission in Chinatown. He was pretty small to be a janitor, for he was only twelve years old, but he could sweep, and clean windows, and scrub as well as anybody. But his great joy was his Sunday usefulness. On that day, in his youthful imagination, he was the great factotum of the place. For it was Fay who stood at the door and gravely shook hands with every one that came in, and who ushered all to their places. It was Fay who looked out for strangers, who reserved the best seats for them, who hung up their hats, who found the hymns for them and pointed out the end at which to begin.

Certainly he was a model for sextons and janitors. But he not only attended to the mechanical part of his duties well, he was also the best exponent of the mission's work that any visitor ever saw, for Fay was a convert from heathenism of whom any church might have been proud.

But Ah Fay did not come to this state of perfection without difficulty. Indeed, no! At the outset, when the missionaries offered him the position of janitor, his uncles objected. Now Fay was only a little Chinese waif, whose father was dead and whose mother did not count in the reckoning of the Chinese mind masculine, and Ah Fay was therefore an orphan under control of his two uncles. They brought him to America at the age of nine, and he spent two precious years at the public schools. Then he went to work in a restaurant, where the pay was fairly large and the duties were larger. Being only eleven years old, Ah Fay could not endure it, and his health began to fail and his cheeks to sink in ominously. Then his uncles took him out and waited for him to get well.

Meanwhile the missionaries offered him a situation, being strongly attracted by the personality of this black-eyed Confucian. Fay wanted to go, but his uncles forbade him, and told him several facts attested by all the well-informed Chinamen of the colony, viz.:

"That association with the foreign people produced a peculiar madness on the part of the Chinese. That such Chinese invariably forsook the old customs of their ancestors, the true sons of heaven, and forgot their land, the empire of the sun and most favored of the nations of the earth. Moreover, these ignorant foreigners, as all Chinamen of learning knew, gave the Draught of Folly, a cup of foreign medicine, which caused every Chinese to imme-