

adds much to the *pleasure* of a meeting, and whose keen bright thoughts add greatly to the *profit* of a meeting.

If every one came a few minutes *before* the hour, with this preparedness of mind, desiring to *please*, rather than to *be pleased*; with earnest prayer for the presence of the Lord, there would be an opportunity for collecting the thoughts, and concentrating the mind, which is aided by the quiet restfulness of an accustomed room, then greeting one another with gladness, full of mutual interest, the company will be of one heart and one mind.

Let the meeting begin promptly at the appointed hour, with joyous and hearty singing, reading the word of God and prayer. The Secretary must read her minutes, a *brief* pointed record of business done, and also read the latest letter from Indore or Tamsui (always promptly forwarded from Toronto), and if possible a bit of the latest news obtained from the Central Board. A few of the selected items may then be read, or a portion of some Missionary book may be read aloud in turn, such as Sherring's Protestant Missions in India, or the Memoirs of Dr. Geddie, or any work bearing upon the countries or people in which our ladies are more particularly interested.

At a signal from the President, the volume should be laid aside, the offerings presented, or any membership fees handed to the Treasurer. The closing prayer should be uttered, and the parting hymn sung, without delay, that the meeting may not be prolonged beyond *one hour*, which experience proves to be the limit of time likely to be really enjoyed.

But, says one, "Is this all! could we not read at home? or send our gifts by post?" We might, but at a loss! there is a helpfulness in social life, an inspiration in the human voice and face, that is not found in the printed page, and our Lord requires not only the consecrated life, the perfume concealed *within* the alabaster box, but the vase must be broken, and its contents poured forth, that the fragrance fill the house; reserve must give way to loving kindness, for the ointment is of more value than the vase, *love expressed* is the requirement of the Master.

It is encouraging to think success does not depend on great knowledge, or talent of any kind, or on any thing that cannot be acquired by patient endeavor, but rather upon the *homely virtues*, order, method and forethought, good sense and discretion, which always grow by use.

We are directed to add to our faith, knowledge, and is not this most valuable knowledge, this wonderful study of heroes and martyrs—the continuation of the Book of Acts, and the additional verses of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews? As we individualize the different people and places, and become familiar with distinct details of each country, its people and its teachers, ought not our interest to increase? Should those who attend regularly need *anything* to make the meetings attractive? If each one does her part, seeking her neighbor's good to edification, not thinking so much of being entertained herself, as endeavoring to make the occasion cheerful and useful to others, can a meeting fail to be both profitable and agreeable?

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada

Mr. Timpany writes on the 30th July:—

Our mission work so far this year has been more successful than ever before. Some forty-five have been baptized, and others are waiting. I expect to baptize again next Sabbath. Just now, as I write, an old Brah-

min has come to me bringing his wife and daughter, a girl about fourteen years old, to see Mrs. Timpany, who is talking with them. They would all like to become Christians if some way for them to live could be pointed out. I do not know what to do about it. The old man has been living by reciting stories. Years ago, for some time, he was a teacher of hymns and tunes in a Christian girls' school in Masulipatam. Many a time I cannot sleep at night for some case like this. What I am to do is the question. On the one hand I should not get in those who have no heart in the faith, and on the other, I may shove away some souls feeling after the truth. What am I to do?

Good News from Tunj.

I know that you will be glad to receive good news from this station. The work of grace is going on in several parts of the field, and we are rejoicing over some who have very recently "cast in their lot" with us. Malliah's work has been much blest, and this morning we gathered to witness the baptism of two men, one of whom, a Sudra, first, heard the truth from H nnama, the Bible-woman, while passing through her village, and yesterday walked more than twenty miles in order to receive baptism. Thus within five weeks nine have been added to our number by baptism, and nearly all are from different villages. We believe there are others ready or enquiring. So the Lord answers the prayers of His people. None but those who have been encompassed by the darkness of heathenism can appreciate what all this is to us. The waiting time has *seemed* long to us, though really it has not been very long for a new station.

Now we need more men of the right sort to help care for these lambs of the flock. And we ask the people at home to pray more earnestly for the work and workers on this field, that this may be but the beginning of a great work!

M. A. CURRIE.

From the Akidu Missionary.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE PORT HOPE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Three months ago I received at my home in Akidu the album quilt you so kindly prepared for me. Perhaps I ought to have sent you my thanks sooner, but my time has been much taken up since then with other business. I have found on the quilt many names that are quite familiar to me, but some I cannot recognize as old acquaintances.

Quite a large sum of money was raised by the quilt, and yet only a little was paid for each name. I hope you will never forget the value of little things. I'm sure you must all know that piece which begins thus:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land."

Let me tell you about the little things and people we have out here. Our work lies for the most part in little villages, where we have little congregations, composed of people of little or no education. These people, moreover, often seem to have very little minds and little or no conscience. And yet in spite of all these drawbacks we continue to preach to them, asking God to enlarge their minds and quicken their consciences. We try not to despise the day of small things. Then in those little villages we have little schools, and in the schools are little children. Day by day they learn only a little, but