

India. While engaged in this work, which occupied several months, I was traveling much and met with many very convincing proofs of the educating power of the Missionary Concert. One of these I wish to cite, because it illustrates how the regular observance of this monthly meeting tends to plant the habit of cheerful giving, one of the hardest habits, so the pastors tell us, for Christian disciples to acquire.

The committee sent me to some strange spots for money. Every one who has done such deputation work among the churches on either side of the Atlantic knows what surprises, pleasant and otherwise, drop into this line of service, and some of these become the salient points of the scene as you look back upon it in after years. One week day evening I had an appointment in a village of Central Ohio. On stepping off the train, and looking over the place from the railway station, and there learning that the church to which I was sent was without a pastor, I wondered how this appointment came to be made. The outlook was anything but bright.

The hour for the missionary lecture found about seventy people seated in a plain house, the women on one side and the men on the other. They listened admirably to what was said about gospel work in India, and the demand for trained native helpers. A stranger minister had offered the opening prayer, and no one volunteering to take pledges or the collection for my endowment, I asked my brother to wait upon one side of the house, while I did on the other. Catching up paper and pencil, he straightway went for the men, fancying no doubt that the pocket-book belonged on that side of the house. For once it wasn't so, for in cash and pledges together more than ten times as much came in from the women's side as from the men's side of that small congregation. I shall never forget the very first woman whom I asked for money that evening. Her quick answer to my question, "Would you like to help our Bible School?" was significant and cheered me so. Looking up through her glasses squarely into my face, she said:— "*Indeed, I should, sir,*" and she gave me fifty dollars. Another little woman gave me twenty-five dollars, and still another ten. On reaching my lodgings I learned from my kind hostess that these three women were sisters, and naturally I was curious to know their history. One of them lived close by, so the next morning on my way to the railway station, I called upon her and thanked her and her sisters for the good cheer they had given me at the meeting. And from this humble Christian woman I learned these facts. Their childhood home was in Western New York, and they used to attend a Presbyterian church. Their pastor never failed to observe the monthly concert of prayer for missions, at which service he regularly brought before his people the conditions and claims of the pagan nations, the freshest news from the front ranks of Christ's advancing army in all lands, and also the duty and the privilege of helping on this grand movement for the world's evangelization by earnest prayers and cheerful offerings. That faithful pastor had reached his rest and reward in heaven, and I, a stranger from the opposite side of the earth, had been permitted to reap some of the golden harvest for which through years of patient toil he had sown the seed.

Another incident of more recent date illustrates the other side of the benefit that accrues from this missionary concert, that is the cheer it carries to our brethren across the seas. On the 6th of March, 1887, the concert topic in quite a number of churches was New Fields, and particular mention was made in the addresses and prayers of a little station recently opened on the Orissa coast. The young missionary planting this station had met with serious obstacles. A cyclone had blown down his first buildings, there had