

tral station, where they would be associated with the general missionary.

THEIR WORK.

They would not have full charge of a station, neither would the care of the churches depend upon them. The men, accompanied by two or three native teachers, would go from village to village, from town to town, preaching the Gospel, healing the more common diseases of the people, talking to the people about the insanitary condition of their streets and houses, and especially teaching cleanliness of body and dwellings to the native Christians, the necessity of wholesome and well-cooked food, and at certain seasons of the year the need of covering for their own and children's bodies, not only for decency, but for health as well. Here, then, is a practically unlimited field for any number of the right kind of men, and how much there is for the lady medical missionary to do along this very line! To help introduce the light of day into the dark, damp, vile-smelling, postmortal hut of the Paria women, at the same time that she is shedding the light of truth into a mind and heart as vile and dark and forbidding as the house. To sit by the side of the fever-stricken mother or daughter, and, with gentle hand and soothing voice and healing draught, charm away the disease. To bring back again the swiftly-ebbing life of the child wife and mother who has just passed through her first great sorrow. To save her little life from the cruel, stupid, ignorant, stubborn clutches of that egotistical fraud, the native doctor. To show the Christian wife and mother how to train her children and keep her house. To teach her the new relations she sustains to her husband, her child, her neighbors. To do all this while teaching her the Word of God, the value of her soul and the duties she owes to her God. With her would go the Bible woman, who would soon learn the simple remedies of her blessed art and be able to help her materially.

FOR WHOM.

We must not give up direct medical work, hospitals, dispensaries, etc., for the cities and towns and for the higher classes. But I am convinced more and more that the force which is to revolutionize India is to come from the lower classes and not from the higher. The Christian Paria and the Christian Ryots are to form the lever which God is going to use to turn India upside down. We must pay more attention to the men and women, the boys and girls, who live in these mud huts scattered all over the land. It will not do to gather them in by tens of thousands into the churches and then leave them to their fate. We must send abroad among these people the healer of the soul, the preacher of the Gospel, the healer of the body, the physician, and the healer of the mind, the schoolmaster. For the regenerating and upraising of these vast masses, we need more and more of the kind of men and women whom I have described. "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest," etc.

JOHN McLAURIN.

Woodstock, Aug. 2nd, 1891.

Gleaning.

"It must have seemed a wonderful position, that of the twelve Apostles of the Lord. Twelve men, and the fields whirled for harvest; and the world the field for their labor. What a first-sickle-sweep was that which gathered into one swathe, 'about three thousand souls!' But for us, in our day, toil as we may, we 'seem to gather only a grain here, and another at a long interval. Had but the

first love and zeal lasted, how different the world might be! But now the harvest, long neglected, seems too vast for any reapers we can bring, and those who should be of the reapers are, alas! more often of those who mar and trample the grain. How much has perished ungathered, perished under the onward rush of commerce, under the iron heel of war? The Spaniards and America. The British and India. Those millions of souls in the dark, and the Government of India would not for long, so much as allow a messenger of the Gospel to set foot on the land. Then the sad neglect, till some seventy years ago, at home. So the harvest, God's harvest, was left to God's foes—and it is hard to win lost ground now; and we must, in our awakened earnestness, rank ourselves rather as gleaners than as harvesters for God. And so we go on, doing not what we would, but what we can yet do. Seeing the goodly stacks that others have garnered, and ourselves going about the field, gleaners after the harvesters. Picking up, of means whereby to live, a few scanty ears, for the dreamed-of harvest of wealth, of fame, of world-delight; pulling down the great barns of falacy to build smaller. Yea, mostly living from hand to mouth, with no need of any place of store. Great harvests for others. Ears of scattered grain for ourselves. And doubtless better so. Better so in the world's matters. Aye, but we cannot think better so in our great expectations of success-crowned labor for God. So much purposed, such ripening-breadths of grain spreading out before the virgin sickle. And now, later life has come, and whose has the harvest been? Oh, the granaries of the world and the flesh and the devil seem full. But the toiler for God seems but to glean in the well-reaped field. In this soul and that he may rejoice, with this mind and that he may enjoy spiritual free-masonry. But the many! And are these few ears which he faithfully gathers indeed all that he can show for a life-time of more or less earnest labor? So it often seems. Yet he must (if it must be so) glean on, and not lose heart. It may be that more of the harvest has been secured than it appeared, for the Master. At any rate, the bundle of the gleaner grows.

"Painful gleaning it may appear to be, with but small results, but even gleaners sometimes bring big bundles home. And it is good for God's gleaners to do so even as wheat-gleaners do—to place the growing bundle behind their back. Let them keep adding, it may seem ears but rarely found, and few and far between, but let them keep adding. And let the day's end show the size of the bundle. Aye, let the gleaner stoop, painfully stoop, intent on his work, careless of backache and of hot sun beating down. It is good for us, the Master knows, not to see the result of our toil for God. It is good for the gleaner to work with bent head, and in the sweat of the brow, and find no time, in the intentness of work, to scrutinize what has been done. Downcast of brow and downcast of heart, let him toil on. It may be that some handfuls will be left full of purpose in his way. At any rate, let him scrutinize the field for every ear of wheat. Unseen to him, the bundle is growing all the while."—*Sunday at Home.*

THE working of the marriage laws of India is illustrated in a recent incident. A marriage was arranged between an educated young girl of twelve and a lawyer of twenty-three, who was suffering from white leprosy. The girl was kept in ignorance of the disease of her purchasing husband, and learned it only when she met him at the marriage service. She merely looked up with tearful eyes to her father, and then submitted to her lot with a resignation characteristic of the Hindu maiden.—*Missionary Review.*