

as ushers at the church, and although she objected a little at first, I was surprised to see how eager she grew to be at every meeting, and to stay them through. At last the closing service was to be held. Even I, who had doubted if foreign missions paid, and wondered how near home charity could keep and still be charity, even I was filled with wonder at what God had wrought, an enthusiasm that surprised myself.

I was superintending the finishing touches to the supper-table, and my darling May was fitting about arranging some dainty vases of chrysanthemums, and putting a few in her belt. I thought she had never looked so bright and beautiful, never seemed so dear.

"Blessed child!" I thought, "she little knows that I put a \$5 bill into that box this morning—one I had been saving up for a new bonnet—just because I was so thankful for her, that I had her all to myself"; and what made me think of it especially was seeing those young missionaries the night before standing up before us all, so bright and cultivated, so graceful and attractive. How could their mothers let them go. So I said, "If I never was thankful before I am this time, to think that May isn't one of them, and here goes that \$5 into my thanksgiving box." As this ran through my mind I saw May come toward me slowly, a great light in her dark eyes, and a look of intense longing in her upturned face.

"Mother," she said with a little catch in her breath, "mother, can you put me in your thanksgiving box?"

I felt myself turning to stone, but making a desperate effort, said: "Child, what do you mean?"

"Mother, dear," said she, "I mean it. I believe that I have heard the call to go; that I'm needed. I am young and strong. I have my music and my voice—and there are so many to help at home. I believe I am truly called in His name, for I have prayed and prayed and asked for light—and, dearest mother, can you put me in your thanksgiving box?"

In my anguish of soul I called upon God, and a form of love seemed to stand beside saying, "Fear not, the child is given to me." A hush of peace came over me, and I kissed her softly. Our dear friends came in to supper and in a strange inner stillness I got ready and walked beside my darling to the meeting where in a simple way, she offered herself and all her bright young life to the foreign work.

As the days went by I proved many a promise. My strength was as my day. May was to go soon to Persia with some returning missionaries. She was much needed there in one of the schools. Meantime we shopped and sewed and planned. Letters were put in here and there among her things, to be opened on certain dates for a year or more to come. Mysterious packages, too, for all the holidays. May said she believed it would be the first time in her life she would have a Fourth of July present. As we passed out of the store one day, talking cheerfully, I was accosted by Mrs. Brown.

"You do seem mighty chipper," she said, "for a person who is going to send her baby off to the cannibals, or just as bad. Any one would think she was just going off to get married by the way you take it."

"O Mrs. Brown," I managed to say, "If I was marrying her off to some rich or titled foreigner, you would think it all right that I should be proud and glad. How true is that

To God we give with tears,

But when a man like grace would find.

Our souls put by their fears."

Mrs. Brown shook her head and said, "Some folks have queer notions," and passed on.

The pleasure and the pain of that preparation were over all too soon, and it was only the strength made perfect in weakness that sustained me daily until the last glimpse of that sweet face faded in the distance. As I entered again the home sitting-room, so bereft of its chief beauty and joy, I walked to the thanksgiving box and with a silent prayer for help put in my largest offering.

"That," I said, "is because I am so thankful that God let me have a missionary all my own."

Dear mothers, if you have sons and daughters that God does not call to go from you to serve him, put in your thanksgiving offering for that; but if you have those that hear the spirit call, "Come from home and friends," and who answer, "Here am I Lord," still put in an added offering—for "Verily I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time and in the world to come life everlasting."—*The Advancer*.

### TRAVELLER'S BUNGALOWS.

Frequent reference is made in the missionaries' letters to travellers' bungalows. That we may know what they are Mr. Booker describes them:—

These are lodging houses built by the government for the use of travellers at intervals along the highway and in the principal towns and cities of India. They are in charge of native keepers, who become for the time being, the travellers' servants if desired, procuring for them whatever the market affords at printed prices regularly received by Government Inspectors. The rooms are furnished only with chairs, tables, bedsteads and mattresses, so the travellers must provide all table and bed linen, dishes, and necessary things of that kind. For the use of the bungalow, its servants and furnishings we pay a certain amount daily. These houses are a great convenience to the missionary as well as other Europeans going over the country. But, of course, no one is allowed to remain in one any great length of time. Sincerely, J. T. BOOKER.

TO-DAY there are 40,000,000 in Japan, and not 40,000 Protestant Christians—that is one in every 10,000. For every two Christian there are five Buddhist temples, not to mention Shinto temples. If all the Christians were congregated in the city of Oshu (500,000), there would be in that one city four times as many heathens as Christians, and not a single Christian in any other part of the country.

PONDER this concerning India. "Since 1881 the population has increased by 29,000,000—that is to say, almost as many souls have been added to the people of India in ten years as are comprised in the whole population of England and Wales. The total is now 286,000,000. India contains more people than all Africa and South America combined, more than all Europe, excluding Russia. Or take the provinces, Bengal alone has more souls than the United States and Canada combined; the Punjab, more than Spain and Portugal; the Madras Presidency equal to Italy and Belgium together. Each missionary has on an average 250,000 souls to reach." And then as for China, "not one in 10,000 has as yet even heard of Jesus Christ."—(*Condensed from Missionary Review*.)