

is that which has happened in India during the last two years. In no country has there been more suffering among the people, especially among the hundred and twenty millions of the women, than in India, for the want of proper medical practice. In 1870 the first female medical missionary was sent to India. Other lady physicians have been successively sent there from the United States and Great Britain. In 1885 there were some twenty-two lady physicians in different parts of the country. In 1885, Lady Dufferin, the wife of the Governor-General, took measures, by the special suggestion of Queen Victoria, for the organization of "The National Association for Providing Medical Attendance for the Women of India." Lady Dufferin stated in the prospectus which was published explaining the object of the proposed Association, and urging all to co-operate in its formation, that this effort was the direct outcome of the labors of the female medical missionaries among the women of India during these fifteen years; for their success had established the facts and made them known, showing that the proposed object was entirely feasible. The work of female medical missionaries had shown that the women of India were willing to be treated according to Western science by physicians of their own sex; that they were willing to receive lady physicians in their own houses, go to the hospitals and dispensaries which were under female doctors, and take Western medicines. Though men physicians had been in India for more than a hundred years in common practice, and medical missionaries had been there for more than fifty years, yet it was not till the results of the efforts of female medical missionaries had made known the above-stated facts that the formation of such an association was possible. The universal concurrence of all classes and all professions and nationalities in its formation shows what a God-send such attendance for the women of India is considered. The Queen of England is the patron of the Association. The wife of the Viceroy of India is its president. Among its members are enrolled, not only many of the highest dignitaries of church and state in England and India, but also many native princes and native gentlemen of wealth and position. All lovers of mankind will wish and hope that with this great effort to give the women of India the benefit of a rational and beneficial medical treatment, there may also be combined a more extended effort for the introduction of the glorious gospel of the blessed God among those who have been so long secluded from its blessed light and comforts.

With these numerous testimonies to the many and great advantages from obeying our Lord and Saviour's command to heal the sick, may we not hope that there will be increased numbers who will go everywhere preaching the gospel, and, at the same time, relieving bodily suffering and distress?

Of the large number of Moslem girls taught in the mission-schools in Syria, in the last fifteen years, who have married, not one—so far as is known—has been divorced, and not one of the husbands has taken an additional wife. This is remarkable. The girls have been able to win and retain the love of their husbands, so as to escape the usual fate of Moslem wives.
—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

Our Young Folk.

THE LITTLE MAID'S AMEN.

A RUSTLE of robes as the anthem
Soared gently away on the air—
The Sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair;
When close, in a half-lighted corner,
Where the tall pulpit-stairway came down,
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled*was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke,
When, at the first word, the fair damsel
With one little gasp straight awoke.
"What brought you here, fair little angel?"
She answered with voice like a bell,
"I tum tos I've dot a sick mamma,
And want 'oo to p'ease p'ay her well!"

"Who told you"—began I; she stopped me:
"Don't nobody told me at all;
And papa tan't see tos he's cryin';
And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small.
I's been here before with my mamma,
We tummed when you ringed the big bell;
And ev'ry time I's heard you prayin'
For lots of sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway,
As humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back her health to the mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour,
I finished the simple petition,
And paused for a moment—and then,
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisped softly a gentle "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward;
The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
She prattled, and mimicked, and caroled—
The shadow was gone from her breast;
And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif—
We found that the dearly-loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—and safe.

They listened amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast;
With eyes that were brimming and grateful
They thanked me again and again—
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "Amen."

—*Gospel Expositor.*

DO YOUR BEST.

THERE is a fable told about a king's garden in which all at once the trees and all the flowers began to pine and make complaint. The oak was sad because it did not bear flowers; the rose-bush was sad because it could not bear fruit; the vine was sad be-