

own native missionary in some outlying district in which there is no resident foreign missionary. Nearly all the church members may be found teaching in Sunday schools whose members are children brought together from the outlying districts. Instead of a second service the native Christians go into the villages in groups to work among their heathen neighbors. Early in the afternoon one may see bands of Christian women and girls starting out in different directions, to hold cottage meetings among the women, and Christian men and boys going to villages one or two miles distant to hold village Sunday schools, or open air preaching services. In this way the Gospel is being widely disseminated. If Christians in America would pursue a similar plan, giving up their Sabbath afternoons or evenings to work among the unevangelized, one would not much longer hear the old cry, "There are so many heathen at home."—Condensed from *Missionary Review*.

## Young People's Department.

### THE WAIF.

*My Dear Young Friends,*

You have heard of people being so thin that they cast a shadow only one way, as thin as a wafer, as lean as a match. Well, there are plenty such all over India in these famine times.

One day in March, Malakshmi, one of the Bible women, brought me a little girl that seemed as thin as that. She had a deep bass voice, more like a man's than that of a girl not yet ten years old, a voice that came up from a low hollow chest, that echoed like an empty barrel. And such a cough! I could hear her a 100 yards away. Cough, cough, cough; there was no sleeping in the same room with her at night, Malakshmi said.

"Well, what do you want?" I asked the Bible woman, for our people seldom come to us uncalled without a petition of some sort. She then told me the following story—"Sir, the child has no father, no mother, no relatives, no friends," here the woman's voice filled up and began to choke. "Turned out to die or be ruined," she continued, "with no protection. God has turned the little one's feet in the direction of our door, we would gladly keep her, we have no children of our own, but Benjamin has been out of work for a long time, and how could we on the ninety cents a month I am getting. If you can only help, sir, in some way, I would gladly look after the little one. No father, no mother, no—" and here she broke down completely, while the child mingled her sobs with those of her protector and new-found friend, and they cried together. As I watched the great salt tears coursing down the woman's cheeks, I remembered a letter written by Mrs. Currie then at Tuni to the LINK 15 years ago the 18th of this month of Aug.

In that letter are the following words—"The first year we spent at Tuni, the last year of the famine, when

all about us poor people were suffering from want and starvation, among the number of those who sought relief at our door were two little girls, aged respectively about eight and eleven years. Clothed with a few rags, altogether looking miserably poor without father or mother, alone in the world, they appealed very strongly to our sympathies. It had been their custom to beg during the day, and at night to find shelter with a kind hearted poor woman among the Malas, who allowed them a corner in her mud hut. All that time we had no funds in hand for school purposes, but the probable future of those girls was fearful to think of, so we determined to take them on trial. Their names were Malakshmi and Papamina, (sin). The latter name I changed to "Hope" for she seemed such a merry little thing. A girls' Mission Band in Wolfville, N.S., just then sent us some money they had earned by a yearly sale of fancy work. With that these girls were supported. On the first day of 1882 Malakshmi was baptized."

After 15 long years that little girl, Malakshmi, now a fine tall woman stood before me with her arm around that poor orphan waif, pleading for protection to the helpless. Soon after her baptism Malakshmi married and left Tuni. Her husband afterward became a preacher for years on the Visianagram field, where his wife was Bible woman.

Hope is now married to a preacher on the London Mission field that lies between our two Canadian Missions to the Telugus, and is now living with her husband at Annakapilli, not 15 miles from my old station at Yella manchilli.

So remembering, and being forced by the woman's tears, I took council with the Father, laid the case before Miss Baskerville, who is in charge of 85 little ones in the boarding school, and took the child on faith. Her name is Chellamma. She is a caste girl. She is now after four months in school looking like a different person. It will be years, if ever before she is over the effects of this pinch.

Now after three months, Miss Baskerville comes to me and says she must send a lot of the girls home, or away, wherever that may mean, for the high famine prices make it impossible to support all on the funds at her disposal. But I am sure God will not let little Chellamma drift. He doubtless has now put it into the hearts of some other little girls in some Mission Band to help her. The money is doubtless now on the way, though they who have sent it knew not what it is for, and we here have an idea that it is coming, but by the faith we have in all God's blessed promises. "Thou hast been an helper to the fatherless," Psalm 10: 14. "For in thee the fatherless findeth mercy," Hosea, 14: 3. God has a very long arm, just think of Him reaching all the way from Tuni to Wolfville N.S., over 10,000 miles to touch