

LITTLE HELPERS.—The Women's Society in connection with the American Baptist Missionary Union have commenced the publication of a monthly paper for Mission Bands. It is printed on pink tinted paper, embellished with woodcuts, and each number will contain lessons and exercises for the meetings of the young people. The price is 20 cents a year. It can be ordered from W. G. Corthell, Mission Rooms, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

"She Hath Done What She Could."

AT the last annual meeting of our "Woman's Missionary Circle," a poor Swedish widow brought to the president a little iron bank. Handing it to her with a screw-driver, she said, "Please open it and count the money."

The president opened it, and found it contained just six dollars.

"How did you get so much, and what do you wish me to do with it?" she inquired. Then the widow told this story. I wish I could give you the broken English, and the expression with which it was told.

"At the last quarterly meeting, a young lady read a paper entitled 'Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee.' The paper said, 'Every one can give two cents a week, if she will only try.' So I said, Dear Lord Jesus, help me to do something for the heathen.

"On my way home, I bought this bank. When I reached my room, I knelt down and consecrated it. I put my hands on it and said, My Jesus, put thy hands on mine, and help me to fill this little bank for thee. A friend wrote on it, 'For the heathen, for Jesus' sake.'

"When the Lord sent me a dollar, I put in ten cents. Sometimes I only had one cent to put in, but I prayed the more, and put it with the rest. When kind friends came to see me, and asked could they do nothing for me, I said, Will you put two cents in this bank? Sometimes they put in ten or twenty-five cents, and then I thanked them, and Jesus too.

"When I was sick in the hospital, I had it beside my bed. Some of the doctors laughed at it, saying, 'You need the money far more than the heathen,' but I told them, Not so: it is to tell them of my Jesus who has saved me. Others put pennies in, and it was a silent preacher.

"Always, when I left my room, I hid my bank away, lest it might be stolen. That Friday night, when I came to the prayer meeting and you gave me one of those circulars, asking for a thank-offering for the 'Home for Missionaries' Children,' I went away feeling sad, for I thought I had no money to give. When I reached my room, I knelt and told Jesus all about it. Then it seemed as if he stood close by me and laughed, saying 'Why, child, where is your bank?' And then I was very glad, for I had forgotten all about the bank, and rising from my knees I brought it, and felt how heavy it was, and knew I could give something."

"Do you wish to give it all to the home?" asked the president. "Give it where you think it will do the most good." "But I prefer you should decide, and we will leave it till the close of the meeting."

After meeting, she came and said: "I have made up my mind. Send four dollars for the work among the heathen, and give the other two to the Home. It was not my money. The Lord Jesus sent it to me, and he shall have it all."

Will not he who still sits over against the treasury say of this widow as of one of old, "Verily I say unto you, This poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury."—A. L. P.—*Helping Hand.*

A November Night.

The wind to-night is very cold and high,
And moans in piteous gusts. Across the sky,
Is spread a pall of darkness. I can see
No light but *that* which brightly burns for me,
Beyond my windows all is dark and wild,
I gaze and shudder like a timid child,
But oh! this tempest stays not at my door,
But reaches far across to India's shore,
These winds are moaning like a babe in pain,
And, wailing blindly in the dripping rain,
The people cry for light, and reach the hand
For one to lead them to a better land.
I sit within my pleasant home to-night
And hear them calling, calling for my light.
My lamp is trimmed anew, but all in vain,
Its rays can never reach across the main.
Then oh, my Saviour, I would take my light,
And journey forth into the dreary night!
Of sin and sorrow that is reaching far
To those who've lost the light of Bethlehem's star,
Oh! fill my lamp, dear Lord, forevermore,
With oil that springs from thy eternal shore.—IDA.

Learn To Give.

1. From habit. This can be learned in youth; therefore teach your children to put something in the plate whenever it is passed.

2. From a feeling of obligation and duty to God, who commands it, and whose command you promised to obey. Teach this duty to your children.

3. From an overflowing love to God, who has given you so much. Give to him lavishly, as you would give to a beloved wife or child or parent, only in a proportion as much greater as your love to him and his love to you exceed all human love. Teach this also to your children.

4. Give from love to the needy and suffering. As soon as you see a want, or hear of one, try to relieve it; and teach your children to do likewise.

5. Give especially to those charities for which you are responsible. As a member of the church it is your bounden duty to give to those missionary operations which are carried on by it and dependent on it.

6. Give in such a manner of your money, your time, and efforts, that you may continue the work of mercy to the bodies and souls of men which our Saviour began on earth, and teach your children to imitate his blessed example by ministering to the needy and suffering.—*Christian Worker.*

FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN KATTYWAR, BOMBAY.—A terrible tragedy has just occurred in the village of Kherali, close to Wadhwan. The corpses of five Kohls, father, mother, and three grown-up sons, were discovered, in each case the head being nearly severed from the body by a sword cut at the back of the neck. The fourth and eldest son was missing. On search being made his dead body was found in a neighbouring well. The whole family was thus accounted for. The bodies of the parents and one son were found in their own house, those of two other sons laid out on their side of the entrance of the temple of Khodiar Mata close by. It is supposed that the whole family devoted themselves as willing victims in sacrifice to the Khodiar Mata, an incarnation of the blood-thirsty Kali, and that the eldest son, after slaying his parents and brothers with the sword, threw himself into the well where his corpse was found.