

birds of wondrous plumage sport amid the rich foliage of the jungles, or sing among the branches of the trees.

The tiger has crept away to the thicket, and hid himself from view; and man walks forth securely in the light of day. Man, did I say? alas, and is it so! those half-clad savages, with their stupid, meaningless faces, the flush of intemperance burning their swarthy cheeks, and its fires glaring in their bloodshot eyes—are these men?

You have seen filth, it may be, among civilized nations, but nothing like this; idleness, it may be, but nothing like that of the besotted Karen. Speak to him. Ignorance such as you have never before dreamt of meets you in the answers of the poor heathen—no letters, no books, no God; and yet, dimly floating in that dark mind, not yet buried and utterly lost in the rubbish of a brutalized intellect, is the idea of a God—once His God.

Long, long ago—so he dreams—this God, or unknown being, whatever He might be, gave a precious Book to his poor earth-children, and with it the promise of a Deliverer, who, riding on a white elephant, shall yet come to save. Sometime, from the remote west, shall come a white stranger, of rare beauty and wondrous wisdom, who will restore that lost book, that precious book, to the poor Karen. For ages he has waited, and yet the hope dies not. The white stranger will come; he will teach true words, he will tell of the Deliverer.

Another morning—it is a Sabbath morning in Christian lands—rides gloriously up the mountains of Favo. Again the early sunshine rests like a mantle of beauty upon the rich valleys and on the winding streams. The white clouds float dreamily away before the sun as he rides proudly up the heavens, and scatters far and wide his rejoicing beams.

Again the bird dresses his rich plumage amid the cool branches of the trees; again the notes of woodland melody float out upon the fresh air; the tiger has again crept away to his covert, and man is once more abroad in the light of day.

But what is this? Yonder, on a green eminence, I see erected a substantial building. Around its doors are gathered eager faces, and towards it, with quiet serene countenances, move numbers of those same Karens. They are cleanly in their attire to-day; the traces of intemperance have disappeared from their swarthy cheeks, its fires have faded out of their dark, thoughtful eyes, the step is firm and the bearing is manly.

Woman, too, is there; not the crushed, stupid, cringing creature we saw before, but woman with calm, earnest face and hopeful glance; and at her side her little ones. They enter the house, and in a few moments are seated in the attitude of listeners.

A Karen, with the manner and bearing of a Christian minister in our own land, steps forward, opens a book, and reads. *A Karen reads, in his own language, that Book, the Book of Heaven, the long lost Book, restored at last by the white stranger from beyond the Western waters!* Can it be? A language, a book, a religion, a Sabbath, a God! Hark! what NAME is that which floats in music upon the air of this Sabbath morn? It is the name of Jesus; and at that name knees are bent, and eyes are raised in reverential worship. He is the Deliverer, the Promised, the hoped for! "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to man!"

And now the board is spread; and we hear the voice of the Karen preacher pronouncing those hallowed words—"As oft as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me!" and we know by this simple utterance that we are in the midst of a Christian church, a congregation of worshipping believers.

My sisters, these are no fancy sketches. Fifty years ago, or a little more, my first picture was the only one the Christian's eye could contemplate in the wide region of the Karen. To-day, scores of such scenes as my second sketch presents may be seen there! Will you, shall I, help to spread abroad the name of Jesus? Shall we labor and pray, and sacrifice, and toil—or rather shall we

not do so—in view of what God has wrought, in view of what He will yet do in the fulfilment of His promise, and in answer to the prayers of His people?

A few years ago, a returned missionary from the Karens, Mrs. Vinton, who for years had toiled among them, after a brief stay in America, travelling, lecturing, pleading for the perishing ones in that heathen land, visited our Institute in Woodstock, just previous to her return to her former field of labour, and talked to us about this interesting people. She told us of their long-cherished faith that teachers would come from the West, bringing back to them the Book that ages and ages ago had been theirs—the Book that would tell them of a Deliverer who would sometime come to them; and lift them up out of their degradation, and that, while to many of the Karens this beautiful, long-cherished dream had become a blessed reality; while many hundreds of them were then rejoicing in Jesus as their own living, loving Saviour and Deliverer; thousands were still stretching their hands beseechingly towards us, and still sending to us, over the intervening continents and oceans, the same old cry for the bread of life.

I remember well how our hearts were touched by the simple appeals of that grey-haired, widowed missionary, who, having already spent weary years of toil and privation among the heathen, was about to return to them in all the freshness of her sanctified zeal for God, there to finish her toil, and thence to ascend to her reward.

How much that visit did towards turning the tide of missionary effort of our young churches in Canada towards India, and of rousing and impelling our young men and women forward towards those heathen lands, we cannot say; but there is no doubt that that woman's hearty appeal and heroic example lie far back in that chain of hallowed influences which produced the results in our own special mission-work over which we to-day rejoice, and which we to-night are met to encourage and advance.

Permit me, in conclusion, to read you a little poem written at that time, under the strong impression her words produced; and while it pertains to another people than our own Telugus, yet the whole force and pathos of the appeal comes as truly from them to-day, as it did fourteen years ago from the Karens of Burmah.

THE CRY OF THE KARENS.

A voice from the distant East—
A voice from a far-off shore—
A voice from the perishing tribes of Earth
Has wandered the blue seas o'er!
It comes with a lingering cry,
With a wail of anguish and pain—
"O brothers, our brothers—
Do we look for you yet in vain?"

"We are weary, we droop, we cry—
We grope in the deepening gloom;—
We look above with despairing eye—
We drop in the opening tomb!
Our children stretch their hands,
And call o'er the waters blue,
Vainly and long from our darkened lands—
Alas, how long, to you!"

"Brothers, do ye not keep
Our law of the olden time,
For which, through ages of woe, we weep
In darkness, and guilt, and crime?
There are sails from your beautiful West
Dotting our waters blue,
And the feet of strangers our shores have pressed,
But they came not, alas, from you!"

"We know there's a God above,
We know there's a land of rest,
But there's naught that whispers of pard'ning love
To our spirits by guilt oppressed.
We call to the Earth below,
To the calm, unanswering Heaven,
But no voice replies to our cry of woe
To tell us of sins forgiven."

"And yet we look and wait
With sorrowing hearts and sore,
If, haply, we may behold, though late,
Your sails from the Western shore;
Oh, come with that precious word
We lost in the far-off years,
And tell us the voice of our cry is heard,
And God has beheld our tears!"

Millions.

It is easy for the peasant to look up at the orbs of heaven, but he has a very imperfect apprehension of their multitude; while the astronomer, with all the aids of science, revels in the knowledge of worlds that utterly defy by their number his power of apprehension. And so it is when we speak of millions. Talk about the four millions of people that inhabit London! Do you know how long it would take for those four millions of people to pass before you? If you could take your position at any given spot, and if they could pass you at the rate of sixty a minute, it would take you well-nigh a fortnight, twenty-four hours per diem, for a single million of people to pass you. If it were possible that the inhabitants of China should pass any one of us, or all of us, in review, thirteen years would be required for the marvellous procession to pass by, even at the rate of sixty persons every minute. The millions of China! Oh! how hard it is to affect great multitudes of people!—*China's Millions.*

A Halfpenny a Day.

One million of persons contributing *one half-penny a day*, would raise daily a mission fund of £2,000. In one year this would amount to nearly £750,000. At a salary of £100 a year, this would keep in the field 7,500 missionaries. Or two millions of Christians contributing *one half-penny a day*, would keep in the field 15,000 missionaries.

This system adapts itself to the poor, and gives to all and every one alike opportunity of glorifying God with their substance. It asks not for rich nor great gifts. Could the yoke of Christ be made more easy, or his burden more light, than this system makes it? Who through the day would feel himself the poorer for the want of the halfpenny which in the morning he dropped into the mission-box?

One halfpenny a day would preach the Gospel to every creature. Shall it not be given?—*Missionary Herald.*

"In all Christian enterprise, we should work as if there was nothing to depend on but our own arm; and yet we should pray as if our own arm had no strength at all. There must not be effort without prayer. It is the casting ourselves on the Lord and then going forward which is the best way to work."

AN EXCELLENT PATTERN is set by the Baptist converts at Bassein in Burmah. They have concluded to raise a sum of money for the endowment of their Academy, equal to an average of twenty rupees (ten dollars) a member.

Fiji ISLANDERS.—Only forty years ago Fiji Islanders feasted on human flesh. Now no less than forty thousand children attend Sunday school, and thousands of people are earnest Christians.

WOMEN'S BAPT. FOR. MISS. SOCIETY OF THE CONVENTION WEST, ONT.

Receipts from Aug. 27th to Sept. 24th.

Yorkville Circle, \$14.75; Toronto, Jarvis St., \$14.40; Paris, \$12.00; Paris Children's Auxiliary, \$2.55; Timpany's Grove, \$5.00; Uzbridge, \$5.00; Cheltenham, \$3.00. Total \$56.70.

Specials.

From a number of friends, for the purchase of the "Gold Chain," and to make the donor a life member, \$25; Mrs. John McConnel, Timpany's Grove, \$2. Total receipts, \$83.70.

EMILY LAIRD, Treasurer,
232 Carlton Street, Toronto.

CANADIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rev. Rufus Sandford, A.M., Bimlipatam.
" George Churchill, Bobbili.
" W. F. Armstrong, Chicacole.
Miss Carrie A. Hammond, Bimlipatam.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Rev. John McLaurin, at-home.
" John Craig, Cocanada.
" G. F. Currie, Tuni.
" A. V. Timpany, Cocanada.