

day long, and have had their husbands' dinner and their own to get after returning home, besides putting the children to sleep, they cannot help being somewhat late. I simply wonder that they are there at all. Shantamma is greatly honored of the Lord in seeing the fruit of her labors. She lives by doing *cool* work in the fields, and talks to the women as they go back and forth to their daily labor, or at other times when work is slack, and she has leisure. Though upwards of forty, she is also trying to learn her letters, so as to be able to read the Bible for herself. She has much natural eloquence, and her manner, too, is quite dramatic. After I had expounded some portions of God's Word one day, she rose to speak, and said, "Do you not see, my sisters, that we have nothing? We are all poor, we are all worthless, but the missamma comes and scatters among us diamonds, and rubies, and pearls, and corals, and all manner of precious stones, and we have but to stoop and pick them up," and she suited her actions to the words. So precious is the Word of God in her eyes. Like the Thessalonians, the people of her village, Kaleru, are ensamples to all that believe, their faith to God-ward is spread abroad. A Christian preacher who visited one of their religious meetings, and heard one after another relate his or her experience there, testifies that his heart was thrilled, and a certain awe came over him, and he began to wonder whether to him had been given the same spirit of consecration or not. God bless the people of Kaleru and Shantamma their leader!

No. 2. *The Faithful Martha.* Let me take you now to visit the school of Martha, a graduate of the Cocanada Boarding School. How neat everything looks! In this school-room where the school is held; there is a leaf-roof with mud floor, and mud pillars whitewashed, but no walls. Around the room are earth settees, upon which mats are spread, where some fifteen boys are seated. There are also two chairs with crocheted lace drapes. Some of the boys are reading in the third standard, and among them we see Sudras and Mahometans a marvel certainly for is not this school in the Nealapilly? Martha takes the higher classes, and her husband the lower, and they take turns in going out to preach. Martha herself has taught her husband, for he didn't know his letters when she married him. We have seen the school, and before we go out for the afternoon, we will enjoy our lunch that we have brought with us, and will take our noon siesta in their one room opening off the school room. Here are two inviting cots of teakwood, with clean sheets or more definitely speaking, panchas or quakas, spread over them, and lying down we take a look at the surroundings. We cannot see very well, for when the door is shut, the only other way for the light to come in is where the wall does not quite touch the roof between the rafters, but there in one

corner are a few black pots for cooking. On a box on one side are a few brass cups and bowls; relieving the dullness of the mud wall, are a few bright prints within frames; on a shelf are two or three books, besides the Bible and hymn books, one or two old photographs, and a couple of dim tumblers. These all, with two tea-boxes for clothing, constitute the furniture of the luxurious dwelling, for luxurious it certainly is, to the rest in the Malapilly.

In the afternoon, Martha dons her white ravana and pretty purple silk quaka, which her husband had brought her from Rangoon, and we start out. The Christian houses, which now number seven, and where we have a word of prayer in each, are first seen, and then we go to the Caste women. There we can only visit three houses, but the women of twenty houses must have heard us, for all sent for their friends and neighbors to partake of the feast of good things which they feel we are ready to give them. In the last house, it is getting quite dark, and the crowds who come, beg us to come outside that they may the better hear and see us. This is only one of the six villages Martha visits.

SARA I. HATCH.

BENEFITS, INTELLECTUAL AND SPIRITUAL, FROM ENGAGING IN MISSION WORK.

An address by Miss Olive Copp, delivered at Galt, May 19th.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure pressed down, and shaken together, and running over shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

There was a little hymn that we used to sing in Sunday school, years ago, that went something like this:

"Give," said the little stream,
As it hurried down the hill,
"I am small, I know,
But where'er I go,
The fields grow greener still."
"Give," said the gentle rain,
As it fell among the flowers,
"I uplift the drooping heads again,
And refresh the summer bowers."

In these simple words we find illustrated one of the great laws of the Universe. All created things have their definite object, *nothing* has been made for itself alone; in all life is to be found "the direction of activity to definite ends," the giving out of stored energy for the production of more life.

Look into the wondrous book of Nature, and what do we see? Far above us the great Sun is lavishly pouring down upon our world, in myriad golden rays, the blessed light which brings life and beauty to all created things. All around us are countless examples of the operation of the same law. The trees have robed themselves in their beautiful garments of living green, but in a few short