

"Burdens or Wings, which"? by Miss Emma Jackson; "Reading the Promise of the Father and the Word," by Miss Annie Chesley; Essay, "What a Christian woman can do in the Church," by Miss A. E. Parker; prayers were then offered by Deacon E. J. Elliott after which addresses were given by the pastor, the President, Mrs. S. N. Jackson and others, the whole being interspersed with appropriate music by the choir with Miss Annie Marshall as organist. A collection was taken up amounting to \$15 for Home Missions, \$25 for Foreign Missions the latter being given by Miss A. E. Parker constituting herself a life member of the Union.

Owing to the prevalence of la grippe in the community the audience was not as large as anticipated, and there were also blanks in the programme, but a very agreeable as well as profitable evening was spent by those present. May the work prosper.

ALBERTA A. MARSHALL, Secretary.

Clarence, Anna. Co.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

"BRING ME A PENNY."

(MARK XII. 15).

Just a penny a day
For the sad and the sighing,
In lands far away.

Just a penny a day!
O give while you may,
In darkness they're dying.

Just a penny a day
For the sad and the sighing.

Just a penny a day!
You have sympathy: show it!

O give while you pray
Just a penny a day.
Think of souls far away,
Redeemed and don't know it--

Just a penny a day,
You have sympathy: show it!

Illustrated Missionary Magazine. S. S. McC.

MISSION BAND LESSON NO. 6.

CEYLON.

What, another island? Yes, we are not half through with our glimpses at the mission fields on the islands of our world. The LINK for February told us of Dr. Paton's work for God in the New Hebrides. If we take a steamer from there, sailing across part of the Pacific Ocean through many groups of islands to the Indian Ocean, and then just before we reach the Bay of Bengal, our sail ends at the beautiful island of Ceylon. The breezes blowing through these groves of cinnamon trees near its coast, remind us of the missionary hymn beginning,

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Do you remember what Bishop Heber said about Ceylon in it? I think it would be a good plan for every member in our Mission Bands to learn the whole of this hymn, and then ask somebody its meaning. Its earnest words have awakened an interest about missionary work in many hearts. This is one verse:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile.
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone."

Ceylon is a pear-shaped island, 266 miles long and about 140 miles broad. The traveller here is often reminded of the scenery of Switzerland, (the most beautiful country in the world). We find high mountains with many beautiful streams running down their sides, uniting into broad rivers and flowing through the fruitful valleys. There are nearly three thousand different kinds of flowers and ferns growing in Ceylon, but the chief beauty lies in her trees. Perhaps the coconut tree is the most useful, for the natives eat its fruit, build their houses with its wood, make the roof with its leaves, and make dishes out of the empty shells. Then did you ever hear of the jack-tree? Its fruit is too large to hang on a stem, so it grows right out of the trunk or large branches. One of these would be a good load on a native woman's head as she goes to "bazaar" or market as we would call it. Inside the prickly shell are found kernels something like beans. Then the large groves of cinnamon trees are very useful. The bark is peeled off, dried, and sent in ships to other countries. Children in Ceylon help to gather and prepare this bark for sale. But I was reading to-day of a still more wonderful tree growing on this island called the talpot tree. It is very tall, and the top is covered by a cluster of round leaves so large, that one would carpet a good sized room. One single leaf cut into three-cornered pieces would make a tent. Fans and books are also made out of these leaves. This tree bears no fruit until it is fifty years old, then a large bud is seen rearing its head in the midst of the crown of leaves. This bud bursts with a loud noise, and a yellow flower appears so large that it would fill a room. It ripens into fruit, and that same year the tree dies. We may also pay a visit to the sacred "Bo Tree," which people say was planted 288 years before Christ was born, so how old would it be now?

Many thousand dollars worth of precious jewels are found in Ceylon every year. This island now belongs to the British Empire, and is under the rule of our gracious Queen Victoria. Colombo is its chief city, where the English Governor has his residence, but away up in the mountains lies a city called Kandy, where the heathen kings used to live. Very cruel and wicked they were, and delighted to witness human beings suffering. One king had a verandah built out over a large court-yard, for the purpose of watching the dying agony of his wretched victims! Many of the people worship Buddha, one of India's idols, and large, beautiful temples are erected in his honor all over the island. His image is kept in an inner dark room of each temple. In the city called Kandy more than two thousand years ago, a temple was built for the express purpose of worshipping a sacred tooth out of Buddha's head. There it is to-day in a box of gold, gleaming with precious stones. On certain days this tooth is taken out by the priests and admired by thousands of its worshippers. The priests are dressed in long yellow robes, have their heads shaven, and go about in their bare feet begging from door to door, exchanging their