

Amounts sent in to the Foreign Miss. Board St John, for the year ending July 31st, 1883.

For Quarter ending, Oct. 31st, 1882.....	\$157 35
" " " Jan. 31st, 1883.....	235 85
" " " April 30th, 1883.....	313 52
" " " July 31st, 1883.....	565 07

\$1271 79

Examined and found correct.

L. M. SMITH, Auditor.

Nettie's Dollar.

DEAR LINK,—It gives me much pleasure to tell all those who are interested, that I have received the twenty-five dollars necessary to support Lukshinamma, for that is the little girl's name. I received a post card from Mr. Craig telling me the name, but no more particulars, except that she is ten years old instead of eight. All those who have been interested enough to contribute to Lukshinamma's support, will I am sure continue to pray that God will bless her and give her a heart to learn and to love, and make her a blessing to her people.

A. MUIR.

To the Boys and Girls.

As the boys and girls have been reminded that fruit time has come, I would like to ask those who gave their cup-full of fruit or corn last year to the missionaries, if they regret having done so? I think all will say No, because in so doing we have made others happy.

I will tell you of another way to get cents to give to carry the Gospel to the heathen. A little boy named Winton (nine years old), thought he would raise something he could call his own. So his papa gave him a little spot in the garden. He has six cabbage plants and a few celery heads. A lady friend told him she would buy the cabbage. So you see there is twenty-five cents for mission work. He is a great lover of candy, but he thinks it will not do to spend so much for sweets as he has done. It is too late, however, to make garden now. But if your lives are spared until spring opens again, I am sure you will not forget the heathen boys and girls. As long as we live we want to do something for them, as you all know it was the Saviour's last command to carry the Gospel to every creature. Before that is accomplished, many of us may be taken to that sweet home above. Then let our motto be, "Work for Jesus while we can; for the night cometh when no man can work."

E. F. MC.

Whitevale.

Letters to Missionaries

BY REV. J. R. HUTCHINSON OF CHICAGO.

It would be an interesting thing to ascertain how many ministers alone have received letters from their missionary friends which are still unanswered. It would be of equal interest to know how many have ever written a letter to a missionary, whether acquainted with him or not, expressive of a hearty interestedness in his work. Such letters are to their recipients worth their weight in gold. They need not be frequent, they need not be long, they need not be particularly pious, and especially they need not be sad. Letter partake more largely of the cast of the face

than of the mind. A sanctimonious letter is merely the reflection of a sanctimonious face. Whether we are regarded with extreme pity in our lonely homes, or viewed through our great grandfather's glasses, proverbial for making missionaries holier than other people, or are thought likely to become worldly on a thousand-dollar salary, or corrupted by association with an ungodly race, I am at a loss to determine. Whatever the cause may be, missionaries get some very pathetic letters. Can we not laugh? Can we not enjoy a cheery letter? In view of the fact that a sad heart reacts on the liver; in view of the additional fact that livers are very apt, in this country, to get disarranged without melancholy letters; and in view of the further fact that the one grand agreeable cure for this state of affairs is

"Laughter holding both his sides,"

in view of all these facts, I ask, is it not the duty of every Christian man to put on his "foreign note" as broad a smile as he can produce? One thing that renders our present Secretary dear to us all is the unvarying cheerful hearty tone of his correspondence. Why, every burden seems to be lifted off our shoulders by such letters. They are stimulating. Now, we are all "teetotalers," but, believe me, we can take just as much such stimulant as you are pleased to send us. It can be done up conveniently in a newspaper, a new pamphlet, a two-cent postal card, or—which is the best way by far—in a ten-cent letter. Once get it into the receptacle in which you propose sending it—be it newspaper, card, or letter—and it will not spill or get broken like the contents of a missionary box. It will keep perfectly fresh all along the 12,000 miles of journey, and for months after reaching us.

A Relic of Dr. Moffat.

That is a very quaint and precious relic of the late Dr. Robert Moffat which has been found in a lady's album. It was written by him when on a visit to Kelso about seven years ago:—

My album is the savage breast,
Where darkness broods and tempests rest
Without one ray of light.

To write the name of Jesus there,
And point to worlds all bright and fair,
And see the savage bent in prayer,
Is my supreme delight.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—JESUS.

In language of the Bechuana:—

Dan hastin yealle lo reerele bathu baile evangelis.

ROBERT MOFFAT.

Born in Ormiston, December 21, 1795.

ZENANAS.—On leaving America I supposed I should never see a Hindu woman; but I was surprised beyond description on arriving in Madras, and travelling for hundreds of miles among the Telugus, to see women in the streets' bazaars. Now, the zenanas are principally kept by Mohammedans (and then they ought to be called harems), and by Hindus of the Rajah caste. In Ongole are about a hundred and fifty zenanas; of these only ten are Hindu zenanas, the rest are Mohammedan. Of course this is not the proportion in many other places. But there are thousands of women not living in zenanas where there is one living in a zenana.—REV. G. N. THOMSSON, in the *Journal and Messenger*.