

**Subjects for Thought and Discussion.**

The unrest among women of non-Christian lands—by what is it caused? Is it contact with Western civilization and thought, or with Christianity?

Missions in non-Christian countries—what is their relation to the governments of those countries?

"If you cannot be the watchman,  
 Standing high on Zions' wall,  
 Pointing out the path to heaven,  
 Offering life and peace to all;  
 With your prayers and with your bounties  
 You can do what Heaven demands;  
 You can be like faithful Aaron,  
 Holding up the prophets' hands.

BESSIE CHURCHILL STILLWELL.

**GIRLS AND BOYS.****MISS PRIEST'S JOURNEY.**

Dear Boys and Girls:

Here we are at Singapore, our next port of call. On Thursday morning we had such pretty views of islands. The first one I noticed is called Guano. They say it is covered with white birds. No one lives there, but valuable land fertilizer is taken from it. As we neared Singapore the scenery reminded me more of the Thousand Islands than anything I have seen elsewhere. Here and there a light-house reminded us of the dangers that were concealed, and warned us to beware.

At one place, between a large island and our ship, we saw a large number of little flying fishes having a gay time. At least, they looked a merry party to us, as they popped up out of the water, and after skidding along a short distance, cleared the water and flew for awhile, then took a dive and hid from us. But perhaps it was not fun for them, for someone told me a story from a Reader about these small fishes getting very discouraged at being food for the big fishes, and praying for wings that they might be able to fly away from them. Their request was granted, and they felt quite proud of themselves until they found that now the birds were after them. Then they prayed for their wings to be taken away, but their request was not granted. They can only fly as long as their wings are wet.

We were so interested in all about us, and at the same time there was a feeling of awe; for though the passage is wide, the safe channel for the ships is very narrow, and we were glad our Captain is a very careful man, and that it was not a windy, rough day. We passed by the place where that French boat went on a sandbank and keeled over about six weeks ago. Once our ship was curved almost right round to miss something; but we must never ask any questions. If we do, the officers do not answer them. They are under orders not to these days. Miss Blackadar asked the first officer how long we should be at a certain wharf, and he answered, "That I cannot say. We are under orders not to tell, for many a good American life has been lost through less than that information." We thanked him and said we were glad there was so much care taken. A little tug