

and all our goods were damaged. There were tears shed when we left Trinidad and there will probably be tears shed when we get back, but we don't want any here."

REV. MR. MATTEER

said:—"I went to Northern China in 1881. Myself and a companion were sent to open a station two hundred miles in the interior. There was a community of 15,000 Christians there but no pastors. My companion was taken sick and left. And soon after my wife was taken sick and we laid her away. I was planning to go out in the country with a company of fifteen preachers but my colleagues told me I must come home and I came. I expect to go back in the Fall. There has been a great famine in the region where I have been and the missionaries have fed 150,000 people every day and that has increased our opportunity to help them."

REV. T. J. PORTER

said:—"There was no necessity of presenting these brethren to you. You know them. But you might be pardoned for doubting whether I really am a missionary, if you judged by my boyish looks. I thank God that He has counted me worthy and has permitted me to enter the missionary ministry of Christ. Five years ago we went to Persia and on account of Mrs. Porter's health were obliged to return. We go back again this Fall not to Persia but to Brazil.

All these were Presbyterians, while the two following were congregationalists."

REV. DR. BRUCE

said:—"I am going back next October to my work in Western India. We use the Maratha language. Twenty-six years ago we first sailed for India, going around the Cape, and in that time we have made one visit home. This is our second. It has been a very pleasing work to me and I am glad to renew it.

The programme was here varied by a song from Miss Bruce in Marathi, which excited much heartfelt applause.

REV. DR. PORTER

said:—"I have in my pocket three Chinese letters pleading for me to come back to the work that is so interesting to them and so pleasing to me. Therefore I am going, and I ask your prayers.

REV. DR. PACKER,

who is a Baptist Theological Professor in Burmah, asked to be excused from speaking, and instead sang a Karen song. It was a translation of the hymn "Nearer my God to Thee," and was beautifully rendered.

Dr. Nicholas, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in which the convention met, was then invited to the platform and said good-bye on the part of the citizens of Binghamton.

"As chairman of the local entertainment and in behalf of all the citizens I want to say to you that I'm glad you came and I hope that you will come again. Binghamton has received a blessing by your presence. Now as you go hence we want to give you a Christian Goodspeed. You've asked us to pray for you. Will you not remember us?"

Rev. Samuel Dunham offered prayer, after which Dr. Wood said farewell to the missionaries in behalf of the Union:—

"If I were not fully confident that what God appoints is better than any change we could make, it would be in my heart to wish I were one of you who are about to return to a work which I love with all my heart. O, to be a messenger of Christ—a herald of the good word of salvation! My heart is full. I can only say God bless you."

Dr. Wood was for many years a missionary. He is now returned on account of age and infirmity. Let our young men read the above statements attentively. Has any one ever met a missionary who, after ten years work in the field regretted his choice? At Binghamton there were forty-seven missionaries assembled, many of whom were fast growing old in the work. The only regrets heard were uttered by those whose health prevented them going back. Those who expected to return soon, were almost envied. There is a call now made by the Master for men, for Couva and Demarara. Who will go? Those who volunteer for life, giving their best to the work, need not fear to lose their life. They will surely save it in the best and highest sense.

JOHN MORTON.

August 21, 1889.

LETTER FROM MISS BLACKADDER

As School is closed for a few days, we have two weeks vacation, I thought perhaps we would jot down a few items for our dear home friends.

I left New York Saturday July 7, on Sunday we were tossing on the deep. We will draw a veil over the suffering of that sad time, all who have suffered from sea sickness will feel for us, and understand our feelings, for nothing more need be said on that head.

We had a very pleasant voyage in the Bermuda, Capt. Fraser is a personal friend of us all, and his kindness added greatly to the pleasure of our voyage.

A fortnight from the day we left New York, we were in Port of Spain. I confess we did miss the dear home faces, but we got into our boat, and seated among boxes, trunks, deck chairs, and all the small bun-