

manners and customs of the heathen people among whom Mrs. Logan was for the second time to make her home.

Another evening an original paper was read on the hopeful "signs of the times," giving short sketches of some of the organizations for Christian work in our large cities—the Newsboys' Home in Brooklyn, the Young Woman's Christian Association, and the Loyal Legion of New York—industrial schools and kindred benevolences, beside some account of the results of individual work.

Another evening thought was entered on the Flower, Easter Card and Christmas Letter Missions. At one time the story of the "Shut-In" Society was given, and some of the beautiful cards read—"The four anchors," "Perfect through suffering," and "I shall be well again." Each one had a card given her, and nearly every one at once thought of some "shut-in" friend to whom one of these cards would be a messenger of peace and love in homes of pain and suffering. The address of the publisher was taken, and thus a new fountain of blessing was opened.

"Happy Nancy's secret," "You lovely man," "They went and told Jesus," that touching story of light dawning in a home missionary's dwelling; Miss Eddy's "The beginning of it," Miss Child's "Legend of Maizeen," "Aunt Mehitabel at the annual meeting," the "Story of Mrs. Van Silver" and "Aunt Martha's giving," "Thanksgiving Ann," "A grain of mustard seed," Miss Gilman's "Am I needed?" and "The first prayer at the new parsonage," were some of the things that were read and talked over in those nine Monday evenings. Who shall say those hours were spent in vain?

Dear reader, is it not possible your sitting-room might be made as attractive as "little Mrs. Gray's"?—*Woman's Work for Woman*.

## Women and Missions.

[The following is from Dr. R. S. Storrs' great address entitled "Seventy-five Years of Missionary Progress," delivered at the recent meeting of the American Board in Boston.]

We must have again the early enthusiasm, only exalted and intensified in us, if we would do the Christian work for which our times commandingly call. We must rise to the point of rejoicing consecration which our fathers reached; of which our missionaries give inspiring example; which some of the Middle Age conspicuously showed; of which the Apostles gave supreme illustration. We must have again the vision of him upon whose head are many crowns, and in devotion to whom is the splendor of life. It is largely the function, I cannot but think, of Christian women to inspire and sustain such an enthusiasm in the service of One to whom their sex has owed so much. Woman represents, and largely is, the conscience and the heart of Christendom. Conviction in her has spiritual efficacy. Love kindles judgment, and high purpose is sublimated in passion. More than man she beat down slavery in this country. More than man she is to mold the future of the world.

It is no mere figure of speech which presents the church as the Bride of Christ; and which shows the Women, seen in heaven, arrayed with the sun, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. Now, more than ever before, the earth of the prophecy helps the woman, and gives to her immense opportunity. The shining and stimulating fervor of spirit in matrons and maidens, to whom was revealed the heavenly Lord, has been to this Board a

beauty and a power from the beginning; never more than in the late years. Their delicate hands hold at this hour, I firmly believe, the levers which must lift the moral and Christian civilization of the world. It is theirs to set in swifter motion the wheels of beryl, vivid with life, which are under the throne. It is theirs to open for tribes and peoples the gates of light. With that intense and exhilarating temper of which we already have felt the blessing, universal among them, and subtly diffused through homes and congregations, the appearing brightness will be as the appearance of the bow in the cloud in the day of rain, for the one thing wanting to the church of our day will at last be supplied—its desire will equal its power, its zeal will match its mighty occasions.

Then nothing can check its triumphant advance. Then the vast progress of Christendom in the past, since the text was uttered, will be to us full of energetic incentive. Then the majestic movement of Providence, as evident around us as ever in history, will be as the mystic supernatural column which marched before Israel, lucid by night as well as by day, never arrested by crest or chasm consecrating the path along which it guided. Then we shall enter an unspeakable fellowship, unknown before in its sovereign fullness, with Him whom we victoriously serve, whose death has been the life of the world, whose cross its diadem; in whose Ascension, for us as for apostles, the heavens bloom, and who, as surely as night and day succeed each other, will bring the work which he still watches from unseen heights, to its majestic consummation.

For this, then, let us labor and pray—that we may be ended with the power from on high which God can supply, which spirits, whose life was hid in him, have exultingly felt. May this very city, of the Puritan's love and of our pride, be the Jerusalem in which the supreme energy shall be felt; this meeting the Pentecost from which hearts inspired and interpreting tongue shall go afresh to all the earth. And unto Him who arose from the world, blessing it as he went, whom its arts and kingdoms have always to serve, and who is surely to come again for universal dominion in it, be now and ever all the praise! Amen.

## THE WORK ABROAD.

### Among the Telugus again.

By the blessing of God Mrs. Craig and I arrived here safely on the 1st of this month, and Mr. and Mrs. Stillwell arrived to-day, after a week or ten days in Madras. At present this house contains our whole force of missionaries, Mr. Currie having been here for some time, and Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin having come from Samulcotta this morning to see the new arrivals and attend a welcome meeting to be held this evening.

Those to whom everything here is new have one advantage. They do not feel the shadow that falls on us who look in vain for our beloved fellow workers of former days. Perhaps by-and-bye I shall become used to his absence.

Another loss has fallen on our Mission in the death of Isaac of Gunnanapudi. I was looking forward with pleasure to an early meeting with him and Peter, but a few days ago a letter came to say that he died on the 1st, the very day that Mrs. Craig and I landed here. He was one of the finest young men in the Mission; in fact there were few equal to him. If he had lived he would have been ordained soon. All these losses here are a call for more