

another door in Upper Burma and has thrust in upon us four or five million people, and methinks I hear Him saying! What are you going to do with them? Are you going to sit at ease in Zion while they perish? Ah, let us answer this question by making some sacrifice, and give an extra dollar this year, and say with David, neither will I offer unto the Lord my God that which cost me nothing. E. W.

[We fully sympathize with our sister in her desire, that the Baptists of Canada should have a part in the evangelization of Upper Burma; but it would require a very large increase in the income of our Societies to justify the starting of a new mission. Let all of us do this year all we can, and make the income so large that the General Boards and the Women's Boards of the Dominion, shall feel that the time has come for launching a new enterprise. Ed.]

New Circles.

RICHMOND, YAR. CO., N.S.—Woman's Aid Society, formed in Oct. by Mrs. Eaton of Ohio, N.S. A reading society also, under the direction of the Aid. Pres., Mrs. Thomas Philips. Sec., Mrs Cynthia Crosby.

GEORGETOWN—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle was formed at Georgetown, in March, by Mrs. MacVicar, of Toronto.

CLAREMONT.—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle was formed at Claremont in March, by Mrs. Dadson, of Toronto.

CAMPBELLFORD.—A Foreign Circle in connection with the Home Circle already existing.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

A Boy's Band.

Want to hear about our Missionary Society, did you say?

Well, to begin with, its members are all boys. It originated in the remark of a dear faithful minister's wife who, off on the summer vacation, still carried her parish on her heart. At a social tea she said, "Our girls are trained in missionary work; but, oh! what is going to become of our boys?"

We had never thought of it before, but looking about our own little village—lo! it was just so there—Ladies' Auxiliary, Young Ladies' Society, Children's Mission Circle—they were for all ages, but only one sex. Our boys, from whom must come the men to lead in every missionary field; our boys, whom we expect to carry the Gospel into the jungles of Africa and to the savages of the South Seas, opening the way where ladies may follow, they were neglected. We treated them as if their hearts did not begin to grow till they went to college, then they had a Missionary Band. So our L. A. H. Society is for boys.

"Lend a hand," that is our motto. Our object, "to do with our might what our hands find to do." And these are written upon one side of a correspondence card, for each member; upon the other, the constitution of the society. Each member has also an unpretending little badge of ribbon, and a pasteboard bank. At every monthly meeting the contents of these banks are given to "General Fund." You don't exactly think that title, "General," appropriate for the money-holder of a missionary society, do you? but it sounds stirring, and suits the

boys. The "General" is a big iron bank. He unlocks his door only when there is to be an expenditure.

Last summer we had a "jam." I wish you could have seen the energy of those boys in the preparation. No matter how backs ached, they picked every strawberry themselves; no matter how attractive the sound of the ball-batting on the lawn, they hulled them all; and later, when the currants were ripe, no sun was hot enough to prevent their gathering them. Friends, of course, helped about the stewing; but what's that? Don't friends help fill out the fancy table at the girls' fairs? And they cut and baste the work that little fingers are said to do? Beside, did you never hear a lady say that she considered her jam as good as made when the fruit was ready? The crab-apple jelly was cooked, strained and all, by one of our oldest—he is ten; mother was in the kitchen and made suggestions, but he did the work.

They sold everything, and cleared \$24; and they could have sold twice as much if the fourteen little hands could have made it. How do we conduct our meeting? O, yes! I was going to tell you. We open with a familiar song; then a few words of prayer, so short that the boys cannot grow restless, so simple that they cannot fail to understand. Then business matters are presented. We vote on all questions that arise. If a present is to be carried to a sick child, we appoint a committee for it, and at the next meeting said committee report. Often there is something interesting to tell them, or we read of work some one else is doing. Everything is very informal and social; the boys talk, and so do we. "We," includes three—two young ladies and one older one.

It was at one of our meetings that the jellies were protected with nicely cut circles of tissue, and covers clasped on, and labels pasted. At another, placards were made to hang in the sales-room, by cutting large letters from old posters and arranging fancifully on sheets of drawing-paper. A few dashes of paint added, made them quite artistic.

Our meetings are always short, and we always close with refreshments; a cookie, some fruit, or a glass of lemonade, not enough to raise objections on the part of careful mammas, but just a little support for the home walk.

Just what we are doing now, I am not going to tell you, for it is not done yet, and we never count things till they are finished; but we are having just as spirited times as ever, and don't know how a rut looks.—S. C. S. in *Woman's Work*.

A Map Exercise on our Telugu Mission Field.

In the year 1867 Mr. and Mrs. Timpany left home and friends and sailed away 11,000 miles to India to become missionaries among the Telugus, whose country lies on the eastern coast of Hindustan, in the Madras Presidency on the Bay of Bengal. It extends from Madras on the south to about 225 miles north of Cocanada. Its 17,000,000 inhabitants are rather a superior race physically and intellectually to the other inhabitants of the Indian peninsula, but they are degraded by superstition and idol worship, their gods are innumerable. Besides worshipping idols made by their own hands, they worship animals, their ancestors, in short anything and everything, except the true God. But the greatest obstacle against which the missionaries have to contend is the system of caste.

At the time of Mr. and Mrs. Timpany's departure the