

A NEW MISSION BAND.

On October 3, three young women sailed from Montreal for our mission in India.

One of them was Miss Sinclair, who has been home on a furlough, to whom so many of the young people have listened with delight, and who is now returning to her field.

With her were Miss Weir, of East Oxford, Ont., and Miss Lick, of Oshawa, Ont., the latter to be married to Dr. Thompson, who is now one of our missionaries there.

A week later, October 10, two more young women sailed from the same port for the same field. They were Miss Leyden, of Almonte, Ont., and Miss Thompson, of Scarborough, Ont. All will meet in London, and will go together to India.

A bright and happy party they will be, for there is no life so peaceful and restful and happy as in the path of duty with God's smile upon it, whether that duty be at home with parents or in the far off mission field.

It would be very interesting did we know how each of them was led to go as a missionary. Let me tell the story of one.

One day some fourteen years ago, Rev. Dr. McDonald, now of Dundee, Que., who was then pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, was addressing a missionary meeting in St. John's Church, Almonte. He said to the pastor that he would like to have the children at the meeting as well as the older people, and the children came.

He spoke very earnestly to them, telling of the sad state of the heathen without the Gospel. He said that the older people were too old now to train as missionaries, and they had duties at home that they could not leave; but he asked the children if some of them would not give themselves to this work.

Among the listening children was a little girl by the name of Leyden, whose heart was touched, and who with childhood's earnest purpose thought she would like to be a missionary.

The wish grew stronger with her growth, and like a true missionary she did not wait until she got to the heathen, but did what she could at home.

For two or three years she was in Montreal, working as a type-writer, and did much good work, in her evening and Sabbath hours. So hard did she work that health failed, and she had to go home. There with rest she got well again.

Then the way opened to go to India; and now she goes as one of our missionaries, with that devoted young band that is on the way there.

Miss Weir, another of this youthful band, says that when she was a little girl, the *Children's Record* was one of the influences that helped to turn her mind towards the mission field. For this the *Children's Record* is very, very, thankful.

I wish I knew something more of what led the others to give their lives to the work, but I can only give what I have got.

Pray for this mission band that they may be kept from sickness and danger and death, and may be able to bring happiness and hope into many a dark sad heart, and life among the women of India.

THE CHILD WIFE.

A STORY FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Rev. Fred. Paton, missionary on Malekula, a large island in the New Hebrides, near where our own missionaries Mr. and Mrs. Annand are, writes to a missionary paper the following sad story of heathen cruelty:

Lately a husband shot his wife—a little girl of thirteen years—through the leg, and then broke her arm. The sole cause of this murderous attack being that the poor child had not worked so regularly in the garden as the wretch thought she ought.

The little wife, with broken arm and wounded leg, actually walked six miles to Pangkumu, the mission station, to find in the missionary the tenderness that was sadly lacking in her savage husband.

She received careful medical attention. The bullet had penetrated her leg above the knee, and her arm was broken in both bones. She is now able to use her left arm quite freely again, and will soon return home recovered.

What strange new ideas of God may have arisen in that little child-wife's breast as she painfully tolled over that weary journey! Perhaps she would say, "The Missi will receive me. He is so kind to everybody. How different to our men!

"But then he is a white man, and perhaps that is the reason of his kindness. Yet no, there are white men as cruel almost as our men.

"He says it is his God—the Jesus God. That this God loves us and pities us. I hope some one loves us. It is so hard to be always badly treated."