



SAD THINGS.

At the annual meeting of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society, held in Albany, N. Y., while the seven young ladies who are under appointment for the foreign field were telling of the leadings that had brought them to the happiest decision of their lives, some one in the audience was heard to say, "How sad!"

"Sad?" said a veteran now doing good work here, but longing to go back to her dark-skinned sisters because of their greater need.—"Sad! It is pure joy—the greatest joy a human being can know."

There are sad things. It is sad to see men made in the image of God, possessing the noblest attributes, capable of the grandest achievements, heirs, if they will, of the kingdom of heaven, deliberately, with their eyes open, turning their backs upon all these riches and glories, and walking straight down to wretchedness that has no end.

It is sad to see women, with all their grand possibilities, expending their whole energy in the effort to obtain and hold mere social position.

It is sad to see fathers instilling into their sons the love of gold rather than the love of souls.

It is sad to see mothers preparing their daughters to shine for a day in society rather than as the stars for ever and ever.

It is sad to see our young men striving with all their God-given powers for the fleeting honors of earth, or worse still, caring for self-gratification.

It is sad to see our beautiful young women, with all their nineteenth century endowments and advantages, contenting themselves with lives of pleasure, or at best making a compromise with conscience, expecting—though Christ himself said it could not be done—to serve God and mammon. O girls! our question is not, "Can I squeeze into heaven if I do this?" or "Will this thing that I like so much turn God's face entirely from me?" but, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" "How can I most serve Him who gave His life for me?"

Is it sad to see sheep closely following their shepherd? Is it sad to see the heirs going forth to possess their kingdom? Will it be sad in that last day to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant," or to receive from the hand of the Glorious One the star-jeweled crown? or to hear the elders say, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?" and to know that you helped to show them the way?

"Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it."—*Helping Hand.*

Mrs. C. W. Forman, of Lahore, says: "The women of India in the cities are not touched by the preachers of the Gospel; some have never seen one. I do hope we shall soon have ladies here in Lahore to take up the Zenana work. If we had nine or ten ladies visiting in the city, they might never meet each other at their work, and yet there would be portions left untouched. Oh, indeed, we want no curtailment of the work amongst the women; it is when they are reached that a bright day will dawn for India."

Deeds unfinished will weigh on the doer.—*E. B. Browning.*

Work Abroad.

A COMMON-PLACE LETTER.

MY DEAR LINK.—I have wasted several sheets of paper and some precious time in trying to write you something that critical editors may be pleased to accept as "copy," but as yet I have produced nothing; and therefore beg to write a mere common-place, every-day-kind of letter instead.

The weather during the last month we found very close and oppressive, and this with plenty of work has claimed from us all we could spare. The Seminary opened on the 1st of July as usual and we had about the usual number in attendance. The first days were crowded with all kinds of work, and the following days have been filled with the regular routine work characteristic of such a school as this. Besides routine work there are also a good many things to do that one cannot very well classify, and therefore of which it is difficult to write. I have already spent the morning in the Seminary, and am writing this to have it ready for the mail before the school opens this afternoon.

The dash means that so much time, as it represents, has been spent between this and the former sentence. And how? One of the students came in with an ailment, no matter just what, but it needed attention, and therefore the dash. Another boy will come in shortly and will want to buy an envelope. The postmaster is not very genial nor ready to sell a single stamped envelope costing one cent, and so I supply the boys with what they want. Another will come and ask for a newspaper with which to cover his school books. The students cover their books with care and try to keep them in good condition. Another will come wanting a bamboo pole of which there are some tied together and standing up by a tree near my window, or he will want to buy a slate—we give one slate only, and in case that is broken or lost, the second must be bought. This time we refer the student to the teacher in charge of such articles.

A cooly man approaches with most profound salaming—very respectful he is indeed—and says he wishes to join the religion. But why do you wish to join is the answer? I have no rice, is the response. He does not understand and we have scarcely time to explain it to his dull mind. We have Christians in the village, and as there is a railroad just now building, they wish me to secure them a position of some kind on it. I have not the time just this minute, and so, intending to do what I can at the first suitable opportunity, I dismiss them saying that I shall see about the matter.

And just now a beggar crowds his way to the front. Those in the village are instructed to appear at a certain time; but there are wandering characters that we cannot thus regulate. And then a few minutes ago there came along a pakka (real) Englishman seeking employment on the railway; and he needs just a trifle to help him forward. I cannot tell his story, it would take too long, but I give him six annas, about twelve cents, and send him on his way. My rule is to give such four annas, Eurasian people two annas and Telugus two duts, that is eight cents, four cents and one cent respectively.

A workman employed in the compound watches for a spare minute and comes in to enquire something, or to get new orders. I know what some critical reader—you will remember this is a common-place letter—I know what he will be thinking. He will say, have a