

from the whole subject? What a sad cry the unhappy life of our sisters in India send to us, to "Come over and help them." May some of us go in person. May we all go by our 'ready help' at the throne of Grace, also by our free-will offerings to the Church of England



Zenana Society, which is doing so much for the temporal and spiritual wants of the children, the wives and the widows of India.

Our offerings will be sent by Mrs. Holden not later than the 18th of December, and they will be a fulfilment, in part at least, of the following pitiful prayers of some of the down-trodden women of India, translated from their own language:

"Oh Lord hear our prayer. No one has turned an eye upon the oppression which we suffer. We have turned our eyes on all sides with weeping and crying, and desire, yet no one lifted up his eyelids to look upon us, or to inquire into our case. Lord, thou art the only one who will hear our complaints. Oh Lord, enquire into our case. Oh Father, when shall we be set free from jail? Oh Lord, for what sin have we been born in prison? Oh thou hearer of prayer, if we have sinned against Thee, do Thou forgive; we are too ignorant to know what sin is."

"Oh great Lord, our names are written with drunkards, lunatics, imbeciles and infants; with the very animals, as they are not responsible, so we are not. Having not seen the world, we cannot know Thee as the Maker of it! Oh Father of the world, dost thou only care for men? Hast Thou no thought for women? Oh that this curse may be removed from India. Save us, Lord, for we can't save ourselves."

When we compare our lot with theirs, may our prayers unite with theirs and say "Amen through Jesus Christ our Lord."

THE Rev. D. C. Green, who has been at work in Japan for twenty years, says it may be questioned, whether in all its history Christianity has ever gained in so short a time a stronger hold upon the upper classes than in Japan during the last sixteen years.

BISHOP TALBOT'S EXPERIENCES.

I MEET with some strange experiences. Arriving recently at a busy mining camp, on horseback, a generous-hearted saloon-keeper extended his hospitality to me and my faithful cayuse. In a few minutes I was at dinner. Just opposite me in the dining room a poor fellow, quite drunk, yelled out "How are you, Bishop!"

I returned the salutation politely. He said, "Bishop, come over here and eat with a feller."

"Thank you," said I, "but I have just been served with all these dishes and to join you I'd have to carry them all across the dining-room."

"Then I'll come over and eat with you," he replied.

So over he came. "Now," said he, "Bishop, you are going to talk to the boys to-night, I believe?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, now Bishop, give it to them straight," he urged. "I heard you in Harley and Ketchum, and I hope you will give it to 'em like you did then. The boys don't live right here, Bishop. The trouble is they drink too much."

"Well, my friend," I ventured to suggest, "it seems to me you don't set them a very good example." He acknowledged it, but promised reformation.

That night about eight I was in Fashion Hall making ready for the service. I heard some one coming up stairs very vigorously. It was my dining-room friend drunker than ever. He said, "Bishop I came up to see if you were ready for me to 'round up' the boys."

"No," I replied, "not just yet; wait for about a half hour."

With this he went down stairs, returning soon. "I say, Bishop, are you ready now for me to round them up?"

"Yes," I said, "go ahead."

Down the stairs he went yelling at the top of his voice, "Oh yes, oh yes! boys! the Bishop is about ready for you! He is about ready to begin! Go right up! the Bishop is ready."

In a few minutes the crowd came — about 200 men. My old friend sat in a chair directly in front of me, and whenever I said anything that pleased him, he applauded me very heartily.

At another town in the famous Cœur d'Alene country, circulars were gotten out that read as follows:

A GREAT DAY.

Bishop Talbot is Here.

Services in George & Human's Hall.

Please leave your guns with the Usher.

That night before the large crowd was dismissed I secured nearly \$900 for a church, and the next morning the amount was swelled to \$1,055. I have only to add that our beloved Church is honored and respected in that region, and that so far as we may be said to enjoy the proud distinc-