

missionaries, and to perform the duties and obligations placed upon it by the Baptist denomination in the Maritime Provinces.

JOHN MARCH,

Sec. Gen. Miss. Board.

St. John, N.B., March 18, 1882.

ST. JOHN, N.B.: The annual meeting of the Women's Mission Aid Society of Brussels Baptist Church, St. John, N.B., was held in their vestry on Tuesday evening, February 14th, 1882; the Pastor, Rev. J. E. Hopper, in the chair. A literary and musical programme was provided, as follows:—

An organ voluntary, by Miss Alice Estey, most beautifully rendered. Historical sketch of Missions and Mission work in the Maritime Provinces, by Rev. J. E. Hopper. Music Solo, by Miss Ella Clark. Welcome, by a little four year old boy—so sweet and winning, beginning thus early to work for Missions—his name, Walter Havelock Golding; Recitation, "Millennial Day," by Harry Hopper,—a grand old poem, which sounded a note to many hearts present; after which a missionary dialogue, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," by six children in the costume of heathen nations, was something we shall never forget. The eye and ear were both taught, and then simple appeal in aid of the benighted was wonderfully sublime, the young girl representing Lipan was born there.

It was followed by a Musical Solo from Miss Estey. Recitation, "Lone Star," by Miss Hopper, then our Pastor spoke a few words on the Telling Mission. A Solo by a little boy, "The fields are white with harvest." An address by J. A. Estey, Esq., and the Secretary's report, with the nomination of our Officers for the ensuing year, closed a very enjoyable literary entertainment. Refreshments were served to the audience, which was a good one, and as a slight entrance fee had been charged, instead of taking up the usual collection, we raised \$146. We have constituted our President, Miss J. E. Hopper, a Life Member, and trust that the ensuing year may be one of work and consecration to our Master.

In behalf of the Society, S. LOUISE ALLWOOD, Secy.

FOUR LITTLE GIRLS connected with Brussels St. Sunday-school, with the assistance of kind friends here and elsewhere, held last week a children's bazaar. They made about \$50, of which \$35 are for the continued support of a heathen boy in school at Chicaco, under the tutelage of Miss Hammond. The balance they donated to the library fund of the Brussel St. Sunday school.

Missionaries' Servants.

Let us once for all explain this matter. When a missionary enters India, he at once learns, that, if he is to give his time and strength to missionary labors, he must have the usual help which the climate and the circumstances call for.

Servants, then, must be hired. But how many, and at what cost? The caste habits of the people prevent them doing more than *one* thing; and, on whatever its wages may be, they manage to live accordingly. The man who supplies you and your neighbours with water, in a land where there are no water-works or pumps, and who has to pull up every gallon of it by a string from a depth of fifty or sixty feet below, is willing to serve you for four rupees (two dollars) per month, and he finds himself certainly you would rather pay two dollars for the thirty

days than do it yourself. But this *bheestee* will not do anything else, nor will the *dhoobe*, who washes your clothes, do anything but that (and he does it well); and you pay him three dollars. So the *khasama*, who goes to the bazaar to buy your marketing, and then cooks and serves it, will not do anything else; but three dollars and a half satisfies him. The *netho*, who sweeps twice a day in and around your house, attends to its sanitary condition, and keeps out the white ants, scorpions, and other unwelcome visitors, is satisfied with his two dollars, and so on to the end of the chapter. If you expect to sleep during the hot months in the sweltering air of a closed house, you must entertain two *punka wallahs*, who, for two dollars each per month, are glad to sit on your veranda, and alternate in pulling the rope which keeps in motion the great fan over your bed, which makes you feel grateful for the refreshment it gives your poor body in the hot night.

Well, now, here we have nine of these "servants," and ten missionaries are more "abundantly supplied." What does the whole staff cost? Just forty-one rupees and eight annas per month, without board or any further expense to you, that is, twenty dollars and fifty cents. How does this compare with the one servant in an American family, that is, if she does what the nine out here accomplish for you—cooking, washing, ironing, etc. Not to talk of the *punka*? You pay "Bridget" two dollars and a half, or perhaps three dollars per week, if she does all this, and her board probably costs you as much more, so that the expense of having her is about twenty-four dollars per month, or about three dollars more than the "abundant supply of servants" in India. You could probably keep ten of them on what she alone costs you. How harmless is the truth in this matter when it is fully stated and understood? *Zion's Herald.*

Martha.

Yes, Lord! Yet some must serve!

Not all with tranquil heart,
Lest at thy dear feet,
Wrapped in devotion sweet,
May sit apart!

Yes, Lord! Yet some must bear

The burden of the day,
To labor and its heat,
While others at thy feet
May muse and pray!

Yes, Lord! Yet some must do

Life's daily task-work; some
Who tan would sing must toil
And earth's dust and soil,
While lips are dumb!

Yes, Lord! Yet man must earn,

And woman bake the bread!
And some must watch and wake
Early, for other's sake,
Who pray instead.

Yes, Lord! Yet even Thou

Hast need of earthly care,
To bring the bread and wine,
O Three, a guest divine
Be this my prayer!

—Julia C. K. Dorr.

THAT best portion of a good man's life, his little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love.