

At present there are three hundred and ninety-five members, but very few names have been sent since the Convention, and for those who have forgotten or do not know, we will give the object of our "Union." It is as follows:—

We, the undersigned, do band ourselves together to pray for missions, and we agree to endeavor to remember at twelve o'clock each day to offer up a prayer for missions, silent or expressed, to Him who hath said, "Ask of Me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." We also agree to induce others to join our Union.

MARION CLEMESHA, Sec.

Port Hope.

**CORRECTION.**—The estimated cost of the Akidu building which the Board was not able to undertake is \$1,200.

**ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTORS.**—The following sums were sent to our Treasurer, in the year 1891-92, to help to educate a medical student:

Nov. 9, 1891—Women of Hillsburgh Church... \$ 50

" 14, " —A friend..... 25 00

April 26, 1892—Small sums, per Mrs. Clemesha, .....

Port Hope..... 2 00

The contributors of the above amounts are requested to write the Treasurer, so that some satisfactory arrangement may be made.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treas.

109 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

### THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

"He touched her hand and the fever left her."  
He touched her hand, as He only can,  
With the wondrous skill of the Great Physician,  
With the tender touch of the Son of Man;  
And the fever pain in the throbbing temples  
Died out, with the flush on brow and cheek.  
And the lips that had been so parched and burning,  
Trembled with thanks that she could not speak;  
And the eyes, where the fever light had faded,  
Looked up, by her grateful tears made dim,  
And she rose and ministered to her household,  
She rose and ministered unto Him.

Whatever the fever, His touch can heal it;  
Whatever the tempest, His voice can still.  
There is only joy as we seek His pleasure;  
There is only rest as we choose His will.  
And some day, after life's fitful fever,  
I think we shall say, in the home on high,  
"If the hands that He touched had bid His bidding,  
How little it matters what else went by."  
Ah, Lord! Thou knowest us altogether,  
Each heart's sore sickness, whatever it be;  
Touch Thou our hands! Let the fever leave us,  
And so shall we minister unto Thee.

—London Christian.

A MEDICAL missionary is a missionary and a half.—  
Robert Moffat.

THE Koreans say that even the animals have had their feelings aroused by the benefits of medical missions in that country.—Ex.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, in his article on Li Hung Chang in *Review of Reviews*, says:—He rather spoke of missionaries as a great land owner would of some gypsies who had encamped on his estate. So long as they left his chickens alone he did not care. In medical missionaries he took a deeper interest, and among his contemplated reforms was the introduction of Western medicine. "If these people," he said to me one day, "ever come into the Chinese heart, the physician will open the door."

MEDICINE and religion go together in the thought of the non-Christian man. He is quite ready to receive them together from the Christian missionary. The recovery from disease is the kindest exhibition of Divine power, and the Christian medical missionary occupies a lofty vantage ground in his work. Of the twenty stations in the region of the English Presbyterian hospital at Swatow, China, seven or eight are said to owe their origin to hospital patients. In the hospital of the London Missionary Society at Amoy, twenty thousand patients a year—some of whom have come a hundred miles to it—are treated there, and hundreds of them have been led by it to give up idol worship. The story is the same in every land whither the medical missionary goes as to the effects in winning the people.—Ex.

### TWO ROYAL GIRLS.

BY LILLY RYDER GRACEY.

Sidon in Syria and Kusae of the Micronesian group can hardly be said to be in telephonic communication; they do well to have even a post connection. In fact there is nothing in common between them, save that two royal young women found each other at the International Conference of Missionaries at Clifton Springs last year, and then went their apostolic ways to be found to-day in these widely separated fields, but with one heart and one mind achieving the same ends.

Miss Theodora Crosby at Kusae is, as she tersely puts it, "three thousand miles from everywhere; three thousand miles from a yard of cloth, a spool of thread or paper of pins; three thousand miles from any store or grocery; Honolulu is the nearest post-office box—three thousand miles away." Thus isolated it is impossible for mails to reach her more than once a year. Her letters then arrive at the rate of two hundred or more.

Miss Crosby relates in illustration of the goodness of heart of the Micronesian people, an act of two of her boys. A reward of a pair of trousers had been offered to the pupil most faithful in attendance at Sunday-school. Two boys proved equally deserving. She talked of the impossibility of both receiving the garment, and told them to settle the matter between themselves. This they did with highly satisfactory results, and on the following Sabbath appeared with the trousers divided in half, each boy wearing around his respective neck a trouser-leg apiece!

"Who is God? Does he live in America?" once asked a Micronesian of Miss Crosby; and when hearing for the first time the story of Christ, excitedly left the house, exclaiming, "Somebody loves me! Somebody loves