

public meeting presided over by Mrs. Brown, was held in the evening. Recitations, addresses, music, and the collection formed the programme—and, adds the sister who kindly sent the notes, "Closed an afternoon and evening meeting of unusual power and interest."

NEWS FROM THE FIELD WHICH IS THE WORLD.

"North India is the scene of a stirring and powerful religious interest. It began last year and shows no abatement. It is largely among the lower caste, they are said to be 'both physically and intellectually, the equals of the members of the higher castes.'"

Fifty years ago there was not a native Christian in the Fiji Islands; now there is not a heathen. Recently fifteen missionaries were required for dangerous and unhealthy work in New Guinea, and forty volunteers responded.

When Lady Dufferin began her scheme for the improvement of the physical condition of the women in India, seven years ago, it was hardly expected that in so short a time such striking results would be achieved. Last year 466,000 women received treatment. The staff now consists of nine women doctors and thirty-one assistants, and the number of native and Eurasian women under instruction steadily increases. Last year there were 207. The fund has at present an income of £5,000 a year, after having erected hospitals and dispensaries at a cost of £120,000.

"A native preacher, working under Mr. Thompson, of Amoy, one of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church of England, gave him lately some interesting indications of the breaking up of idolatry in China. He said, for example, that in one of the temples in the district where he was laboring there were ten large idols which had been objects of much veneration. But one day the temple took fire, and all the idols were burned to charcoal. It was a market day, and there were crowds in the town, who made very light of the loss of the idols, saying, 'They couldn't run away or call any one to save them. Why they were less able to take care of themselves than rats, or chickens, or dogs!'"

Curious facts are revealed by the census regarding the religions of India. Out of the the total population of 287,000,000, "Hindooism" claims 207,500,000, but this is a loose term—meaning, it has been said, "any religion which is not Mohammedan." Nature worship is very common among the ruder tribes. Mohammedanism counts for 57,000,000, Buddhism 7,000,000, and Christianity only for 2,250,000. There are 17,180 Jews, and the Parsees amount in all to 89,887. The Theists, Agnostics, Atheists and the like are only 289 all told. Brahmos or professors, a reformed Hindooism, count only for 4,301, of whom nearly all are in Bengal. The newly-founded tent of Aryan is borne by nearly 40,000 chiefly in the Punjab and the North-West provinces. The significant result is that Hindooism is as strong as ever.—*Belfast Witness*.

"We can't afford to support missions while we have so many home claims." In every way, it pays to support missionary work. God gives the rain that swells the stream, the stream gives to the river, the river to the lake, and the lake to the sea. And then, by that mysterious hydraulic power which the sun exercises, ocean gives of her waters back to heaven; while heaven does not keep, but again returns in fertilizing and refreshing showers, that which turns the black field into

adres of waving gold. There is one exception to this universal law, the *Dead Sea*. It receives; it gives not. So that one who receives of God's mercy day by day, and obeys not the One whom he calls "Lord and Master," may have a "name" to live, but he is dead.

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank;
But he who marks from day to day
By loving acts his upward way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory—and to God."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

TRUE GIVING.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

"Well, Harry, what is it now, dear?"

Harry stopped short in his walk as his mother asked the question, and, though he grew a little red, answered:

"I was just trying to make myself want to give my picture blocks to go in the mission box, mamma."

It was a strange habit of Harry's, that when he had a question to decide with himself, he always walked very fast, up and down the room, or one of the garden paths. It was storming this afternoon, so he was confined to the house and was tramping back and forth through the library.

"You see, mamma," he continued, coming to her side, "That missionary lady, who came to the band yesterday, was telling us of some of the things the children like to find in the boxes, and she said if any one had any picture blocks they could spare, she knew they would be delighted with them. But you see, I feel just's zif I couldn't spare mine; why, I like them most better than anything I have. 'I wonder,' looking up hopefully, 'if the heathen children wouldn't like a dissected map? I'd love to give them my dissected map.'"

Mamma bit her lip, and was obliged to turn her head suddenly away for a moment, for only the day before Harry had announced that he "just hated" dissected maps, and wished that no one had ever thought of making them. However, she held out her hand to him presently, and drawing him to her side, turned up his face, and looking straight down into the big brown eyes asked, "What kind of things did God's people offer to Him, in those long-ago-days, of which we were reading in the Bible this morning, my darling?"

"Why, sheep, and cows, and sometimes doves," answered Harry.

"But what kind of sheep, or cows, or doves, dear?"

"The best ones out of all the flocks, that didn't have a single thing the matter with them; but mamma," dropping his eyes as the meaning of her question came to him, "my dissected map is quite whole, there isn't the tiniest corner broken off any of it; the blocks are lots worn."

"Well," said mamma, as she dropped a kiss on the broad, white forehead, "If you want to please God by giving Him your very best, and you think that your dissected map is the best, then that is the thing to send in the box. And now I must go up stairs for a few moments, and in the meantime you can get out the map and I will make it ready to send."

It was almost fifteen minutes before mamma returned to the library, and when she did, Harry was standing