

she would any minute flee like a frightened deer. She was about 16 years old, very pretty and possessed a certain air of refinement. I mean by that, that she was not like the bold, coarse, uncleanly women of the lower classes who are daily seen upon the streets. Her husband was a man of forty or more. She was suffering from nothing more serious than a bad gathering in the head. The treatment of the sick among the heathen is so crude and often so cruel that much unnecessary suffering is endured. We called upon her several times and showed them how to relieve her suffering. From that zenana we went to another where we found a child-wife. She was only 10 or 12 and her husband was probably 35 or 40. Lest we should see her face, she backed into the veranda where we were sitting. She had a large boil upon the back of the head. This we succeeded in lancing, much to her relief. After this she turned to us and smiled an expression of grateful thanks. I do not think the evils of child marriage and the cruelty of uniting a girl of 12 to a husband of 40 ever impressed me as it did when we visited that zenana. As we came away we said to each other: "We have had an experience to-day. Think of it! We men have really seen the inside of an Indian zenana." So much for the assistance of a little case of medicine.

HOPEFUL SIGNS.

Throughout the year we have been preaching daily to the people wherever we could find them. But our hearts were sad because there seemed little evidence that souls were turning to Christ. This stolid indifference, this utter unconcern, is harder to bear perhaps than open opposition. There will be an attentive hearing and often an assent to the truth, but not the slightest apparent sense of responsibility or disposition to turn from their long established customs, unless perchance they fancy they see a hope of financial gain. However our hearts are all the while cheered by evidences of God's working in some hearts. We have some bright boys who come to morning prayers and who are drinking in the truth, in a way that makes us very glad. Among the Malas, from whom we have not yet had any converts here, there seems to be an evidence of the working of God's grace. Pray for us and for this work "that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified."

Tekkali, Ganjam District, India. W. V. HIGGINS.
Oct. 22.

AID SOCIETIES AND BANDS.

The Band at the North Church, Halifax, have constituted Marian Morse—the little daughter of our missionary—a life member of their Band—\$10.00.

Now suppose another Band presents Cedric Carey with a life membership. Cedric is very young, but his mother will appreciate it for him.

We have only two children in India, but Mrs. Higgins has some little people here at home. Shall we make them all life members? Remember, girls and boys, this is over and above your membership fees.

The boys and girls in the Dartmouth Band spent several weeks in preparing Scrap Books, which they sent at Christmas to the wee ones in the "Infants' Home." A bit of H. M. work.

I have received a letter from Mrs. Bishop, our Secretary in King's Co., N. S., resigning her position as Co. Secretary.

Owing to family cares, it is impossible for Mrs. Bishop to longer continue in the work. Our sister is grieved that, ever since she has taken the work, her "hands seem to have been tied," but, as she says, "I believe my dear Heavenly Father has over-ruled, and so it is all right."

Our sister "has done what she could." Who will take her place?

Young People's Department.

JEMMY BUTTON.

Once upon a time there was a good, brave captain living in England. His ship was named the *Beagle*, and many a long voyage of discovery had been successfully finished. On one of these Capt. Fitzroy had visited the "Land of Fire," so called because the nations had kindled large fires along the coast when they saw the ship coming. These natives were very cruel and fierce. Many a ship-wrecked crew had been killed and eaten by them. Capt. Fitzroy was an earnest Christian and wanted to do something to teach these savages about Jesus. As his ship was employed by the British government to go on exploring expeditions, he could not stay in these heathen countries himself. He decided to try and get some of the children to go home with him to England, where he might have them educated at his own expense, and have them become teachers to their people afterwards. One of these children was a bright little fellow, whose parents had sold him to Capt. Fitzroy for a pearl button, so he was named Jemmy Button. He was full of fun and learned English quickly. On the return voyage to Tierra del Fuego, Jemmy was a great favorite with the sailors. It was Christmas week in the year 1831 when they left England. A missionary, named Mr. Matthews, had decided to go with Capt. Fitzroy and be left with Jemmy among the natives. One of the passengers on the *Beagle* on this voyage was Charles Darwin, who afterwards became such a famous naturalist. As they came near the shore, fires were lighted along the coast, and groups of Fuegians rushed out of the forest, shouting and waving their cloaks, which were made out of skins of animals they had killed. One man had white feathers fastened all around his head, making a great contrast to his long black hair. His face was painted in red and white stripes, and after the captain had given him some scarlet cloth as a present, he seemed quite friendly, patting and slapping both Mr. Darwin and the captain to show his affection for them. There were no houses to be seen, only wigwams made of trees or rushes. Numbers of the natives had no homes but their canoes, and in the fierce snow