

If one is to have a family of forty girls to care for, it is quite certain that in the course of time these individuals will be so unfortunate as to wear out their clothing, and dresses will have to be cut and fitted; therefore, every missionary lady should at least be a good seamstress. Some of them will be sick, and even if a good physician be at hand, it will be very convenient to be saved the necessity of consulting him about every little ailment. A practical knowledge of simple nursing will therefore be found very serviceable.

If any of you could hear the singing that greets our ears, especially in the villages, you would not need any other assurance that the ability to lead in singing and to accompany it, is a necessity, if music is to form any part of the worship. I have often rejoiced that I have not a sensitive musical ear, for one who has must suffer torture from the poor attempts at singing that are often made.

I do not know of any one thing that would be a better preparation for the work of a missionary lady than the teaching of children. The grown people here have to be taught very much as the children are taught in America, and, besides that, the children must be reached and held if we would have the men and women of the next generation more enlightened than this. The power to interest them and gain their love and confidence is of the greatest value abroad, as it is admitted to be at home.

When one receives letters from scores of earnest workers in the home field, full of words of encouragement and sympathy, and asking for information about the foreign work, she often longs for a more ready pen to answer letters which have brought comfort and cheer to her, and which draw out her sympathy for those who are perhaps laboring just as hard, with less compensation in the way of visible results.

Then, if she has to spend hours in entertaining people who prove their respect and good-will by the length of their calls, she finds a field for the exercise of conversational powers worthy of Macaulay.

Now, it is hardly to be expected that one person would excel in *all* these directions, but I have found so many ways in which I might have prepared myself to be a better missionary, that I sometimes feel as if I would like to say to young ladies, or even to school girls, who have a desire to become missionaries but are hindered by work close at hand; your housekeeping, or your nursing, or your music lessons, or your dress-making, or your teaching in the dull round of the public school, your composition-writing, or your social engagements, may, any or all of them, if thoroughly mastered, serve as a preparation for usefulness in the mission field.

There is, perhaps, nothing for which I have been more thankful than the familiarity I had gained with the English Bible, and if I had been twice as familiar with it as I was, I should be twice as thankful. It is so easy to commit to memory in a new language a verse or passage that is familiar in the English, as soon as one comes to know the meaning of the words; and the reading of the Gospel is such an easy matter in comparison with a strange book.

Let us then, endeavor earnestly to use all our powers for our Master, as we have opportunity, wherever He

may place us; and may His spirit abide with each of us and purify our hearts from every obstacle to His complete dominion over us, and so fit us for His service.—*Bessie M. Nelson in Presbyterian Leaflet.*

## Our Young Folk.

### THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN BOY OF INDIA.

**B**UNARAM was the second convert from among the Rabba Cosaris, one of the tribes inhabiting the hilly country of Assam. He was only thirteen years old when he put his trust in Jesus. In becoming a Christian he broke his caste. His friends were in great distress at this, for they think that to break one's caste is worse than death.

The priest can restore caste by an endless course of ceremonies and costly offerings to himself and to the gods. His friends loved Bunaram very much, and would gladly have paid all the expense if he would give up his new religion, for, of course, their efforts would be of no avail had he continued a Christian.

They pressed Bunaram to give up Jesus and come back to the worship of his people, but to their entreaties he firmly answered: "No! You may cut me in pieces, or do what you like with me; but I can never deny that I am a Christian."

At last his father, in bitter anger, said: "You are not my son any longer. If you loved me you would let me get back your caste."

Poor Bunaram was thereafter treated as an outcast. He had to eat his meals in the cow-house because he was a Christian.

When he returned to school and told his teacher what had happened, the teacher asked him: "Well, Bunaram, did it make you sorry that you were Christ's disciple?"

"Not a bit," was his reply.

Jesus and His religion were more precious to this noble boy, lately a poor heathen, than his dearest earthly friends.—*Advocate of Missions.*

### HOW FAITH MADE THE YESTERDAYS BRIGHT.

**I** WILL take one of the Missionary jugs, and I will try to mind the yesterdays, too," said little Faith Arnold, looking up in Mrs. Preston's face.

It was the afternoon for the Seaside Workers to meet at the parsonage. A goodly number of boys and girls had assembled, and among them was Faith Arnold, a little girl ten years old. For the last half-hour she had been sitting, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes, listening to the story of yesterdays which Mrs. Preston, the minister's wife, was reading. The story told of a little girl who was so impatient and selfish that she marred the brightness of every to-day, and made all the yesterdays dark, thereby. If she had only been loving and helpful to those around her, then might the yesterdays have been radiant with light.

"One way of making the yesterdays bright," said Mrs. Preston, laying aside her book, "is by working