

man's death a thousand times worse than a dog's.

And this life! What a poor, miserable, wretched thing that was, at any rate for poor folks, if this world were all. Toiling and striving and scraping, and going without comforts, almost without necessities, seldom eating quite enough, scarcely ever warm in winter or cool in summer, wearing rags, and walking almost barefoot; if this were all, better a thousand times be a dog than a man or a woman, with a heart to feel for the little children growing up in misery, and for old people passing out of it into nothing. How was it she could have gone on so long without a thought of God, and the heaven He dwelt in, and the love He felt for the world, when He sent His only Son to save it. What a foolish, selfish, sinful woman she had been all these years!

She was so deep in thought that she hardly heard a low and timid knock at the outer door at the foot of the stair-case; but when a second tap came, she opened her window and looked down into the dark court, where the figure of a girl stood below her.

"Please, Mrs. Clack," said a sorrowful voice, "I'm Peggy Watson, and mother's struck with the fever, and father says perhaps you would be so good as to lend us the loan of the mattress the blind fiddler died on, so as to leave mother by herself. We have only one bed, and she throws herself about so."

"I'll come down myself and see her, my dear," answered Mrs. Clack.

Here was a call come at once, as if direct from heaven, to prove if she would really follow Christ, who came to give His life for his brethren. She had always passed those people with downcast eyes and averted face, as being lower and more ignorant than herself, but now she made haste to go down quickly to their help.

It was no light task she had undertaken. Peggy was a rough, untaught girl of twelve, and the house, which was the same sort of dwelling as her own, was bare and comfortless. But Mrs. Clack removed her neighbor into her own more comfortable home, and nursed her there until the fever was passed, and she was pronounced out of danger.

"You have saved my life, Mrs. Clack," said Mrs. Watson faintly, one day; "but if it weren't for the children I'd as lieve have gone. There's naught worth living for, as I can see, and nothing worth dying for; but any how it's over when one's in the grave yard."

"Hush! hush!" she answered. "There's Jesus Christ to live for, say, and to die for. I've thought so many a time while you've been ill."

Her voice trembled a little as she said it, but she called up all her courage, and the woman's sunken eyes turned to her with an eager gaze.

"I've heard a little of Him," she said, "but I hardly know anything. There's my brother wrote me a good letter once about him you spoke of, but I couldn't make much of it. You're a scholar, and maybe you'd write to Jem, and tell him I've been down with fever, and perhaps he would have me over for a bit, when I'm well enough to go. I am almost dying for a breath of country air."

"I will write," said Mrs. Clack, cheerfully. She felt shy yet at speaking openly to any one of the change that had passed over her own soul, and it seemed easier to her to do something for her neighbor. She wrote the letter, and a speedy answer came, enclosing a few shillings to pay the sick woman's fare to Reading, and inviting Mrs. Clack to accompany her. Mrs. Watson was yet so weak that she begged of her to go with her, and take a holiday for a few days.

"Little Dot can stay with our children," she urged; "Peggy is that fond of her, nobody could tell, and you would be all the better for a rest and a mouthful of fresh air. O, Mrs. Clack, you have been so good to me; you never could let me go alone. And you and my good brother would be such friends! He goes preaching on Sundays, though he's a poor man, and never got much learning when he was a lad. Maybe he'll show me whether there is anything worth living for."

"But who will take care of Don, if he comes back while I am away?" asked Mrs. Clack.

"Peggy will take care of Don," she answered, "if he gets out of hospital while we are away; but we shall not be more than a week, and if ever I am strong enough to do some charing again I will pay you back your expenses. Only say that you will come."

It would be a great treat to her, a wonderful treat, to see the country again after so many years of London streets and London smoke. Dot was quite at home with the children and Peggy, and Don might not be back for a fortnight. So, a few days after the invitation, Mrs. Clack and her neighbor, white-faced and worn to a shadow, stood side by side on the platform of Paddington Station, looking in bewilderment and dismay at the confusion around them. Mrs. Clack's heart had quite failed her, and a nervous trembling seized upon her, which made every object swim and dance before her eyes, when a pleasant voice speaking to her gave her a faint hope.

"Where is it you want to go to?" asked the guard.

"Oh, to Reading, please," she said timidly, looking up into the face of a tall man, who was smiling down upon her.

"Now don't put yourself out," he said kindly. "I'm the guard of the train, and I'll put you into a carriage, and see you out again at the right place. You're not used to traveling? Never mind; I'll take as much care of you as if you were as precious as china. And you are more precious than china," he added, smiling again at her flurried face.

"You are very good, sir," she answered tremulously, "and oh if we could but come back with you! We're going into the country beyond Reading for a week, me and my neighbor, and we haven't been on the railway for years. If we could only come by your train!"

"Well," he said, "whenever you're on this line you ask for Abbot; they all know me, and if I'm any where about I'll see after you. I shall be coming back to London Mondays, Wednesday's and Friday's next week. I'll write it down for you, and the time of the train, and you look out for me at Reading if you return either of those days; you'll remember me?"

"Ay, I shall remember you, sir; and God bless you!" said Mrs. Clack.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

For the Christian Messenger.

Missionary Correspondence.

FROM BURMA.

TAYOY, Dec. 27th, 1880.

Dear Brother,

Four years ago this morning the ship that bore us to this land steamed up the river to Rangoon, and the sight of the great Shway-da-gong pagoda made us realize that we were approaching a land of strange gods,—the size and glitter of that huge structure, no bad index of the strength of the enemy we had to confront. No four years of our experience have appeared so short, on account of the amount of work always on hand. We have enjoyed our work, however, and have been blessed with some success; and dark as the prospect is at times, we have no reason to doubt, from the outlook on this corner of the vineyard, that we can look forward to the day when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

A brief review of the past year may not be without interest to a few of your readers. We began it by going to attend our annual Association, a journey by boat of more than two days. We were accompanied by Rev. D. A. W. Smith, and the members of his senior class, as he is accustomed to spend a few weeks in each year with those about to pass from under his care. He thus has an opportunity of hearing his young men preach, and of observing their methods of work among the people, conferring a great favor in the meantime on the missionary he may visit. Our Association meetings were pleasant and profitable. On the Sabbath I baptized seven persons, and eight others during a tour we subsequently made before reaching home. In February, and March we made two long journeys into the jungle, the last towards the Siam frontier visiting localities where we had never before been, and which had only lately been occupied by native teachers. We were much encouraged by the work in

progress, and hope for an ingathering in these parts at no distant day. But we there encountered the enemy that attacks all Europeans in these jungles, fever, and on arriving home were laid aside for several days. Indeed, Mrs. M. has had occasional slight attacks ever since, but they soon pass away. Me, it has let alone, after a first interview. With these exceptions we have enjoyed excellent health. Indeed, I do not ever remember of being stronger than I am to-day. We try to be thankful to the kind Giver.

With the coming of the rains, in May, our pupils returned from the jungle, and ever since we have been busy in school work. We have had nearly one hundred in attendance, and our time has been completely occupied. In addition to our ordinary work we had more than fifty cases of measles to care for. All these were treated in our own house, and cost a large amount of care and anxiety. When we were hoping that our trials from sickness were about over, one of our girls was taken with dysentery, and Oct. 2nd she passed away, saying with almost her latest breath, "If God calls me I shall not fear to go." Since then we have not had much sickness, and our work has gone on pleasantly. Six of our pupils have been baptized during the term. Next week we shall dismiss the school, and prepare to go to our Association. We are again to be favored with the company of Bro. Smith and also of his honored parents from Newton Centre, Mass. They are at present in Rangoon, and purpose visiting our Burma and Indian missions at least. Tavey is interesting as the birthplace of our Karen mission.

In reviewing our whole sojourn here we have much to be thankful for. All our hopes have not been realized, and yet we have been able to lay some foundations for future work. We now have a fine new dormitory for girls in course of erection. This is the fourth large house we have built, all substantial buildings, with shingled roofs. We have six promising young men in the Theological Seminary, and others will go next year. Several new villages have been occupied, in two of which several have been baptized. Others, humanly speaking, only need labor to produce a harvest. We are hoping for a large number of well qualified teachers before many years. Then we hope to make real aggression on the regions beyond.

We are glad to hear that some of your missionaries have taken furlough before being entirely broken down. Their visit home after so many years of good work will not be time wasted at all. May it prove the means of an increase of contributions, and prayers for their interesting work. While we cannot ask, nor do we need the former, we would beg to be remembered in prayer by those who desire the coming of the Lord's Kingdom.

Ever yours,
H. MORROW.

FROM INDIA.

Mrs. Churchill writes to the Secretary of the N. S. Central Board W. M. A. Societies, dated Bobbili, Jan. 1st, 1881: My dear Mrs. Selden,—

This "New Year" finds us in better health than last did, for which we are very grateful. * * *

My school I think very interesting, and enjoy myself in it very much. On Christmas Day I provided a "Christmas Tree" for them, and invited the principle native gentlemen of the town to be present. We had an examination of the school in religious and secular knowledge first, three little girls repeating the whole record of Christ's birth as given in Luke; we stripped the tree afterwards, treating our visitors also with fruits. It would be no use to offer them cake, as their caste prejudices would prevent them eating it. It was a little hard on me, as Willie had been ill all the week, and I had days and nights of anxiety and work with him in addition, but I got through with it all, and every one seemed so well pleased that I hope a good impression was made in favor of our work, and that repaid me for the trouble I took. It was the first "Christmas Tree" my children had seen, and they were quite delighted with it.

We are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to meeting our friends at Bobbili on the 12th, if the Lord will. Every morning Willie asks if this is the day we are to start. He says he likes

Bimali and Chicacole both better than Bobbili, because there he has somebody to play with, and here he has nobody but Bessie. We cannot agree with him, for we like Bobbili better than any other place on earth, except our old homes, just because this is our home, I suppose, and we feel our work is here.

I have continued my zenana work in the two houses through the year, and have the promise of another open door for regular work when I return from Bimali. In a great many houses in town I seem to receive a welcome to come occasionally and talk to the women, but as there is nothing they want to learn I have no excuse to come regularly.

How much I wish I had a devoted young lady here; with the language she would have all the work ready to her hands that she could perform, and plenty left for me to do too. When I last wrote to Mrs. March I wrote particularly asking for a young lady for Bobbili. What the response shall be I know not, but if the Master has any one picked out for us, He will make it known in His own time.

A man and his wife ought to be here learning the language, for it cannot be expected that either of the families now in the field can hold out a great many years longer, though neither have any thoughts at the present time of turning their faces homewards; and Miss Hammond ought to be relieved.

A large boys' school could be gathered here, I have no doubt, for boys are anxious to learn, and the parents are anxious to have them learn, but it is entirely different with girls. At present we do not see our way clear to start a boys' school, we must get some christian helpers first.

The mission house must be out of town for other reasons. No place in town large enough for a mission compound could be got, and if it could there is too much bad air in town for Europeans to live there and have their health. But a place in town for preaching, and a girls' school is a necessity, and I believe the Lord gave us just such a place, or the opportunity to purchase such a place, when that Mohammedan had to leave Bobbili. We are more and more pleased with the location of our building, "schoolhouse and chapel" we may as well call it. When Mr. Sanford was here, two Sabbaths ago, I sent round invitations to those who were educated in English, and about 100 collected together, and he preached to them in English. All could not understand, but they are glad to listen to English, whatever may be the subject, and the Lord can use this motive to bring them into the liberty of the gospel. Mr. C. expected to participate in the service, but when the time came he was sick in bed, he went out in the morning with one of Mr. S.'s preachers to a village, and got too much in the sun, I suppose, before he returned.

We have worship here every Sunday morning, and my class of Brahmin boys come in the afternoon, but I have to go into town to have my girls' Sunday School. To carry it on you will see that I require some funds, as the \$100 I received some years ago is almost exhausted now. Our kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. Parker, of Masulipatam, sent us a donation of Ru. 25, for mission work, to be spent as we saw fit. As I was needing funds for the school, and so could devote it to a special object, Mr. C. and I thought it better to use it in that work.

I remain,
Your sister,
M. F. CHURCHILL.

From the report of school work sent to the Central Board we gather the following:—

From 15 to 60 pupils have attended school during the months of Oct., Nov., and Dec.; average daily attendance, 35.56; average attendance in Sunday School, 35.20; teacher's salary, &c., for three months 33 rupees.

Boys' Bible Class, from 5 to 21 have been present; average attendance, 10.

A working mechanic at Montreal claims to have discovered a new motive power that will be as effective as steam, and as applicable to all kinds of locomotion and mill work, at one-tenth the cost of fuel. It is represented as beating any of Edison's discoveries for practical use and cheapness. The inventor has been at work with the idea for five years, and now values his discovery at \$1,000,000. He will exhibit the invention after getting a patent.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.
From the West.

MORGAN PARK.

No. 2.

In describing a place of interest custom has made it almost imperative that we shall begin by giving the number of inhabitants; its locality, including surroundings; the places of note or historic importance; the exports and imports, etc.; but as we have few statistics to aid us, and no guide-book has yet been published, we shall be chained as little to custom as possible, and shall give only our own observation—only that which has come under our own knowledge.

No doubt some who will glance over these lines will remember that when, in the hall of old Acadia, upon a public occasion some years ago, a popular clergyman of the denomination expressed the disappointment he had experienced in coming up through the Annapolis Valley when he looked out for the first time upon the place called "Paradise," and was surprised that it had ever been so named; that when he had thus expressed himself, one present arose in behalf of his native place, and said in explanation that it had not been so named because of the beauty of the place itself, but of the people who lived in it.

This circumstance occurred to me at this point, for the place we are considering possesses, comparatively speaking, few of what may be called natural attractions, at least none sufficient to justify protracted notice, and when we spoke above of its right to claim attention, we had not the natural scenery of the place in mind, but more especially the character and worth of its advantages and inhabitants.

To attempt to number the latter would be to me in one respect quite a difficult task, but in another a comparatively easy one. The difficulty that would arise would be as to where the Park is supposed to begin and where it is supposed to end. Any one who pictures in his mind one or two streets with dwellings thickly grouped, as in the villages of the provinces, will form a very erroneous picture. Here enterprising companies, to whom the majority of the land belongs, have laid out streets in every direction; so that in this respect at least we have a great city,—all that is wanting is the houses. As a consequence of these many streets, dwellings have arisen miscellaneous over the prairie, and, with few exceptions, are two in line with or near each other.

The easier task would be to count the number of the inhabitants. Probably it does not exceed five hundred, and if students are omitted it must be much less.

It is in possession of one church, (Baptist), one common school, and one mercantile establishment. At the latter place you may post your letters; order a stew; buy your stationery, groceries, hardware, if you need it; in fact everything from a barrel of flour down to a shoebrush. Here also you may leave orders for any trucking you require done, or hire a team if you are so disposed.

The streets are naturally heavy owing to the nature of the soil, but plank sidewalks abound, so that this inconvenience is, to students at least, but little felt. The soil is everywhere exceedingly fertile, and large crops of hay, cereals, and vegetables are yearly gathered in.

We now come to notice the real attractions of the quiet, pleasant little place. These are found in its institutions of learning. The institutions are, omitting the day school, three in number,—a Ladies' College, a Military Academy, and a Theological Seminary. These institutions are all of large size and fine appearance, are built of brick, and are well filled with pupils. They have all been built at heavy cost by the Company owning the land in the vicinity, and handed over as free gifts to those occupying them. This is a specimen of the enterprise here seen on every hand. The Company are not so benevolent, however, as might at first sight appear. Their object in so doing is to make the place attractive, and to obtain as a result good sales for their land.