

Mr. Blake urged that one important duty of the Auxiliary was to collect the facts to set forth the actual necessities which have to be met. People want to know the real condition of things in the diocese, as well as in the foreign field. They will not give blindly not knowing to what objects their gifts are to be devoted. They cannot be interested without abundance of information, accurately and invitingly set forth. Let us beware of the optimism of ignorance, the self-satisfaction of selfishness which is blind to the great and crying needs of men. Compare the vast sums spent on useless luxuries or hurtful indulgence with what is given to missions. Compare the drink bill with the income of our missionary societies. Think of five hundred millions voted for the Cuban war. What untold blessing would even a tenth of that sum have brought to those spiritually destitute and to the needy and suffering! In our own diocese the Auxiliary has raised \$10,000, a paltry seven or eight cents from each member of our Church. It ought to make us blush for very shame. Surely, there is need of more reality, more intensity of purpose, greater devotion in our work.

A MISSIONARY PLEA.

"You have never stood in the darkness."—Words used by a Red Indian chief as he pleaded that to him and his people might be sent the "white man's Book."

"You have never stood in the darkness,"
And reached out a trembling hand,
If, haply, someone might find it
In the awe of a lonely land,
Where the shadows shift so strangely,
And the quick heart-beat is stirred,
If only the leaf be rustled
By the wing of a passing bird.

"You have never stood in the darkness,"
And said good-bye to the wife,
The little child, or the mother,
Who have sat in your house of life,
And knew not where they were going,
As birds who cross our sight,
Flitting within from the darkness,
Flitting without to the night.

"You have never stood in the darkness,"
When soul after soul went by
In the mighty rush of a battle,
Where kinsman and comrade die;
And something says they are living,
Although we behold them prone,
With eyes that stare out blindly,
As yet shall do our own.

"You have never stood in the darkness,"
You do not know its awe;
On your land a great light shineth,
Which long ago you saw.
For the light of the world we ask you,
We plead for the Book which shows
The way to win to His footstool,
Which only the white man knows."

Oh, voice from out the darkness!
Oh, cry of a soul in pain!
May it ring as the blast of clarion,
Nor call God's host in vain!
By the pierced hand which saved us
Let ours do their work to-day.
Till from those who tremble in darkness
The shadows are swept away.

VIRIANAGRAM.

[Many readers who do not take our monthly visitor, "Tidings," will yet be glad to read the letter we republish from Mrs. Gullison in the May number.]

My Dear Sisters.—Again the privilege comes to me of addressing a few words to you through *Tidings*. Would that I could meet you all in your monthly gathering. Then you could freely question me in regard to such subjects as are of most interest to you, and I could as freely answer. How much more satisfactory it would be! However, through letters received from members of different Societies—I have an idea of what questions you would ask.

Perhaps the first would be, "How are all the Missionaries?" I think, generally speaking, we are enjoying better health than last year at this time. The Lord has graciously spared Mrs. Corey to us. Although she is not yet strong, her health has wonderfully improved. We cannot be thankful enough for this. Mrs. Archibald is also feeling better than she did last year. However, the condition of her health, even now, will not warrant her staying on the plains during the hot season. The others, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, are well. The time is drawing near when we must bid these veteran workers farewell. We are sorry that they must go from us. But it is best that they should. We pray that their health may be so restored after a year or two spent in the home land, that they may be enabled to return to us, and their much loved work again.

We have had a delightfully cool season; better than has been experienced for years. But now there is a change. The weather is getting very warm. Soon we will be sighing for a good Nova Scotia breeze. We hope to escape some of the intense heat this year. There is a hill, not far from Parlikimedy, which the missionaries have named "Nova Scotia." Mr. Corey and Mr. Gullison are uniting in erecting a little house there, for a shelter during a few of the hottest weeks of the season. So, if all goes well, by the time this letter reaches you, we will probably not be in need of as much of your sympathy as those who are living 4,000 feet below us.

Another question a great many ask, is, "What does India look like?" Well, sisters, I haven't seen a great deal of the country, not even all of our own field. But what I have seen is pretty. The trees are rich in foliage, even when the ground is parched and dry, and not a green blade of grass is to be seen. The stately palm, the wide spreading banyan, the shady mango, and many other trees, the names of which I do not know, beautify the land the whole year through. But when the rainy season comes, the whole country is a charming picture.

The far stretching fields with their varied shades of green; the fresh water, filling the rivers, overflowing the tanks, and flooding the paddy patches; the beautiful flowers and plants; the sharp peaked hills dotting the landscape, are so many touches of the Divine Artist, all uniting to remind us of His love, wisdom and power.

Then again this question comes to us: "How do you like the people?" We can thank the Lord for giving us some love in our hearts for them, although many are very unlovable. Sometimes I think if our feelings were analyzed it would be found that we had more pity than love. The people seem to have so little to live for. The lower classes work hard from morning until night—and if at the beginning and close of the day, they have enough food of the coarsest kind—not rice, for that would be too expensive—to satisfy the pangs of hunger, they lie down on the bare mud floors of their stived up little huts, and sleep until it is time for them to go to work again. Not even one little ray of sunshine, brightens their wretched lives. Of the God of Grace the Saviour of Love, the Spirit of Comfort, they are woefully ignorant. And the saddest fact is they are willingly ignorant. The great majority seem satisfied with idolatry. They do