

desire for Christ and some began to weep. That night before we left seven or eight professed conversion. We continued another week, Dr. Smith and Mr. R. E. Smith helping in the services. Altogether sixteen or eighteen have professed Christ and I believe in most cases the work is deep. Last Sunday I baptized a man of 45 or 50 and others are asking about baptism. I trust some of the new converts will soon come in with us. We praise God heartily for these manifestations of His grace."

—The Bulletin, A. S. Woodburne.

MISS McLAURIN'S LETTER.

(continued.)

All over the field men and women are becoming more and more familiar with the precious name of Christ, but these "special ones" remember more than just that. They remember the sacrifice for our sins too, though they can but hardly understand how it was for us. When I go to see them on tour, I long to have a quiet, personal talk with them, in order to get close to their hearts and present Christ as the fulfilment of their special need. But it seems impossible. In the country where, amongst the natives, privacy is a thing unknown, it seems impossible to get a talk alone with anybody unless they come to our bungalow.

When I go to Lukshamma's house, for instance, in Ellamarra, a horde of children come swarming around us, and numbers of women come. She cannot send them off, caste rules forbid her taking me inside, and so we have to just talk in a general way, only that I talk with a desire to meet what I know of her needs and longings. But I come away unsatisfied, and I think she is unsatisfied too. I can only pray for her, and after all that is the greatest service I can do for her. But if there was only a good Bible woman to visit her, quietly and unobtrusively, how much she could do! There are about ten of these "special ones" all over our field, and, by the way, eight of them are widows. Oh, these widows! How they hunger after some light and rest! They appear in all our audiences. Once I remember, out of seventy women, sixteen were widows, mostly girls. At another house, a widowed mother and her three daughters, mere girls, are our audience. You may be sure that mother has been well, reminded by her heathen neighbors and friends that she must

be an unspeakable sinner to have not only "killed" (that's their pleasant way of putting it) her own husband, but her three daughters' husbands as well! Just the other day, in a village, a dear, bright child whose face beamed with intelligence, sat in front of us, listening so pleasantly to our hymns and teaching. I remarked how bright she seemed, and asked if she could read. "Yes," they said, "but what's the use—she's a widow!" A widow! Why, at the very words a shadow passed over the eyes, and the mouth fell into a sad little droop. That bright, playful sprite of eleven, a widow! Does she grieve for the loss of a dear husband? No, what can she know of a husband's love or companionship? Perhaps she never even saw him. Why, then, should her whole expression change from one of light-hearted joy to sadness at the mention of the word widow? She knows that in a year or two, when the time comes, when her marriage would have been consummated if her husband had been alive, her pretty bangles and jewels, jacket and skirts, anklets and armlets will be taken from her, she will be clothed in one plain cloth, and be forevermore a widow. And the prophesy of that sad and scorned condition casts even now its shadow over the eyes that should only dance for some years yet. Oh! these widows! How our hearts ache for them.

But to return to the ten "special ones," I was telling you about, though they are cut off from regular and sufficient teaching. I know Christ is the good Shepherd and I pray Him specially for these, ten that in some way, known only to Him with whom all things are possible, that He will reveal Himself clearly to them and give them the gift of faith in Himself.

As for the majority of our hearers, who are not so thoughtful, the great fact of the Atonement does not make the impression upon them that we expect and desire. They seem all taken up with the vastness of the new idea that there is only one, one God for everything, every possible need, and they do not seem able to think past that. Then again, I sometimes think it is because they have no consciousness of the dreadful guilt of sin, for their consciences are seared, and so feel no need of an atoning Saviour.

Last month, talking with a fine, intelligent woman—a widow again!—and trying to impress her with a sense of how great the love was that found expression in such a supreme