

## BEACON LIGHTS.

(Canadian Baptist Mission Stations in India.)  
 With fervent praise our souls are filled  
 While we adore the King divine,  
 Who led His faithful ones to build  
 Those seats from which His glories shine,  
 To break the gloom of India's nights  
 He has ordained those Beacon Lights.

By earnest work of hand and brain,  
 By courage proved in days of strife,  
 By days of toil and nights of pain,  
 By sacrifice of health and life,  
 By what in love for Him unites  
 There rose at length those Beacon Lights.

Amid all forms of sin and woe  
 Which still oppress the fallen race,  
 Those precious lights distinctly show  
 How sinful ones are saved by grace:  
 To lead from shame to glory's heights,  
 There clearly shine those Beacon Lights.

From them that radiancy extends  
 Which gleams across the stormy waves;  
 And toil at length in triumph ends  
 Through Him who to the utmost saves;  
 Where sin enslaves and sorrow blights,  
 His hand sustains those Beacon Lights.

Minds that are free from error's chain,  
 Brave hearts that in the Lord confide,  
 Souls that are cleansed from every stain,  
 Glad homes where love and peace abide,  
 Such are the ever-welcome sights  
 Which cluster round those Beacon Lights.

The Saviour will His servants lead,  
 And give them strength in mind and limb;  
 And make this enterprise succeed  
 Till India be brought to Him;  
 With Him to work He us invites,  
 While He upholds those Beacon Lights.

—T. Watson.

Keady, Ont., 1906.

## THE REVIVAL AT ONGOLE.

Rev. J. M. Baker writes: "The Sunday evening (July 1) was like a great cyclone, and has been repeated several times since on a smaller scale, but most of the meetings have been characterized by an intense quietness. Day after day as I watched the faces of the people a new revelation of life's drama was unveiled. The old careless look was on a few faces; one looked puzzled and haggard, others showed the raging of a fearful battle with flesh and spirit; day by day others were added to the number of those whose faces shone radiant with a great peace. The fruits of the Revival are manifest. The surest sign of its genuineness is that it is still going on. Our meetings are all crowded and the whole force has been

quickenèd in service. It has spread to the villages many miles distant, and meetings are being held every evening. Reports come in of settled quarrels, and united churches; of special collections being taken and increased attendance at schools. Forty-eight students in our Ongole schools have been baptized since the meeting commenced, but this Revival differs widely from that of 1878. That took place among the heathen, this among the Christians; that resulted in a mass movement among the heathen toward Christianity, and a baptism of water, this is resulting in the breaking down of self in the individual, and a baptism of fire for the individual. That was a drawing towards God, this is an examination of self before God. The united cry for purification on the memorable Sunday evening, July 1, would have been well-nigh impossible 30 years ago, but as the requirements of God are better known and personal relation to Him understood, then comes the baptism of fire to reach the heart and burn that which is base, so that the individual may properly estimate how barren his Christian life actually is. There is much yet to do for the Spirit, and we ask our friends to join with us in prayer that the Holy Spirit may continue to abide with us and accomplish His work.

## REVIVAL AT NELLORE, INDIA.

By Mrs. D. Downie.

We are in the midst of most stirring times. The Revival has come to us in great power, and our hearts are filled with thanksgiving and joy at the manifestation of the Holy Spirit. For nearly two years there has been a small band meeting at noon specially to pray for the outpouring of the Spirit on this church and people. Sometimes there would be only two; never more than six or seven. While there was not the direct answer to our prayer all those months we all felt there was an influence helping in the work, and so we went on beseeching God.

Last night we had a marvellous meeting, more like one of our own genuine revival meetings at home, as I remember them in the old Tenth Church, Philadelphia, when dear Dr. Kennard was pastor there. Several of our missionaries from other stations were here and wondered at such a meeting among the natives. They sang our own hymns which have been translated into Telugu, and when they