

arehway formed by the dense, rich tamarind and banyan foliage; past the catchery on the verandah of which are many sleeping mortals. It is one o'clock: All the air is still. Even the crows and screeching minas seem to be taking a siesta.

Why, there is the mail-carrier. Do you not see his shiny skin and hear the jingling of the rings? As we haster on, through the country, so open and free, Miss Clark says, "there is a village away over, which I would like to visit." Mr. A points out another and another, another and another. Oh, the pity of it! One missionary—600,000 perishing souls! Is it any wonder if at times the heart sinks and the faith falters? But a better day will dawn a-day when Christians will do as they profess, when they will actually consecrate themselves with all they have and all they are to Him who gave His all for us.

At the station—an hour to wait! We find a shady nook and read aloud "What would Jesus do" by Charles Sheldon. (I am sure Jesus would be pleased if you would see that every member of your church reads this book. Price 25 cents: Baptist Book Room, Halifax.) With the beggars calling and that peculiar man watching I can hardly listen. On questioning we learn that this man's hair was never cut or combed and that its brilliant golden colour is due to a certain wash. How proud he looks and how fondly he strokes his bushy locks. As a result of his non-costumed painted body and odd appearance this

"holy" man will undoubtedly receive gifts from men.

All aboard now in earnest! A three hour's drive brings us to Vizianagram. Time will not permit me to describe the details of our Conference; the consideration of the complicated problems of mission policy which demand the keenest thought and utmost wisdom; the singing of the beautiful hymn, especially the favorite of a loved father or mother across the sea or in the home-land above. A six months solid contact with heathenism, breathing its miasmatic air makes one appreciate as never before the help to be derived from associating with kindred souls.

Now, my dear sisters, I have perhaps given you a glimpse of this land but my greatest desire is that you may have such a glimpse of Jesus as you never had before.

"We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing, strength, joy and willingness come with the sight.

We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading: then welcome, clay! And farewell, mortal night."

Mabel Archibald
Chicacole, Aug 10, '98.

Sooboornagam Annual.

Not long ago we received for the library of the W. B. M. U six copies of a little book called Sooboornagam Annual. This is the story of a young Hindu girl's conversion. Her father who was one of the leading citizens of Madras belonged to the Puntulas, the strictest sect of the Brahmans and Soo-