

Who is in that way? (Rom. 3:10-19, 23; Eph. 2:2, 11, 12).

The end—death (Rom. 6:23; 5:12; Matt. 25:46).

(2) The Narrow Way—

The entrance (Jno. 10:7, 9).

Who may go in? (Rev. 22:17; Jno. 7:37).

When? (2 Cor. 6:2).

The light for the road (Psalm 119:105).

Companionship (Matt. 28:20).

The end—life (John 10:28; Rev. 21:22-27).

Halt, Traveller! Whitherbound?

So many Mission Board members are returning from journeys to see friends, or from happy holiday seasons in summer resorts. There have been Sunday School picnics, and long walks and drives over the beautiful countryside, by apple orchards and fields of golden grain. At the September meeting, there are many joyous greetings, and much merry chatter as members recount experiences. Others have been at home, with home tasks? Yes, but with long hours of play, too, and the very beauty of God's out-of-doors to make the days enjoyable whether at home or abroad. We are all travelling all the time. Which road? Let us answer the question truthfully as we study together. "The Two Ways," and choose the pathway to life eternal.

Sing heartily, "We're Marching to Zion"—No. 224.

II. Our missionary, Miss Baskerville, while enjoying for a little time Kodak's invigorating air, took time to write for our Bands a sketch of two Cocanada school girls. They, too, had interesting journeys.

"Some years ago a kind Christian lady was serving as a nurse in a hospital under the Government of the Nizam, one of the Mahomedan ruling princes of India. During that time, the crops failed one year because the rains did not come, and there was no food for the poor, starving people. Many of them became so weak from lack of proper food that they were an easy prey to all sorts of diseases, and great numbers fell sick and died.

Two poor sick women were brought into the hospital, and, though everything was done for them that could be done, they were both so starved that when their little babies were born, they died. The babies were weak, sickly

little things, but the good nurse cared for them so lovingly, fed and tended them so faithfully that they actually kept their little hold on life, and, after a while, began to thrive.

So time passed on until the babies were over two years old, and the lady who had taken care of them so long had to go to America. She wrote to me, and asked me if I would undertake the charge of the motherless little ones, and she would provide money for their support, and that is how Mary and Monohari came to the Cocanada Girls' Boarding School. They had a long journey to take, and Miss Edgerton sent a woman with them to deliver them over to me. I sent a woman to Samalkot Junction to meet them, but somehow, she missed them, and as there are two railway stations in Cocanada, it was quite to be expected that they should get off at the wrong place. When my messenger returned without them, I was quite distressed, but the woman who had them in charge had found her way to the Christian people in the other end of the town, and, in the course of the day, arrived with the babies. It was too far for the little ones to walk, and the woman could not carry them; so she had found a cooly, who brought them in his kavodi, a sort of wooden yoke, carried across his shoulder with a sort of network of rope hanging from each end, and a baby was put in each side, balancing each other nicely, for they were almost the same size. These kavadies are used for carrying water-pots, or heavy baskets, or bundles, and it was really very comical to see the tiny brown girlies with their round black heads (for their hair was cut close), bobbing along contentedly in this queer conveyance.

When they came to me, they could not speak a word of English or Telugu, but they soon picked up the Telugu. They were too little to go to school at first, and just amused themselves round the school-yard, or wandering through the class-rooms. It was astonishing how little trouble they gave; but though they had never known their own mothers, they were hungry for mother-love, and many, many times, when I was teaching my classes, the little creatures would climb into my lap, and nestle down as if they enjoyed being cuddled. More often than not, I had them both in my lap at once.