

war-time at home, when soldiers were called out to battle, that those were war-times and the volunteers wanted were those full of zeal, full of the Holy Ghost, those who would say with Paul, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." The people were dying all around, was it not time to take them bread? Let them go forth, called of God to this mighty work, and the fruit must appear. Who was ready to stand out and say, "I will do without mission support?" Who was ready to go to the people and say, "Here I am preaching the Gospel, I am not here because your missionary has sent me, I am here because your souls are dying, and I am giving you the bread of life, and as I give you these rich spiritual feasts you must give me of your carnal things." And so Mr. Davis exhorted, his eyes over flowing, as he spoke of the people.

We told them that we believed God was calling them to a peculiar work, even as He called His twelve disciples of old, called them out from among the people. If the call had not come to the individual heart, pray that it might come.

The twelve had gone through the fires of persecution, and many had given up their lives for Jesus sake. Were they ready to endure so much?

a They were reminded again and again that they must not expect the Christian life to be very easy, thorns and briars, stones and mountains were in the way of the true follower of Christ.

There was a hush over the assembly, over that gathering together of some of the young life-blood of India. Were they called to the battle or were they not? All who were old enough were thinking out this problem. This was the testing time. The temper of their steel was being tried. Would they stand the test, would they respond to the call which seemed to us to come from God?

My heart was full, I poured it out in supplication. One, a converted Brahman, from the Chicacole field, rose and said he was ready. We took his name down, and then another rose, and a short time after, another. It reminded us of the opening of the Seminary, but that was for a sixteenth of their income, this was for their all. The fifth one that rose said he wouldn't depend on the people but he would work for his own support and preach the Gospel. A few followed his example. Then others came, and thus they, one after another, showed their trust, showed their fidelity to the cause, showed their devotion to the great Master. There was no thought of pleasing the "dhora" in this, for in this very act they were cutting themselves right away from the "dhora." I wish you could have been with us, oh! I wish you could have been here. There was an inspiration I never felt before. The very darkest was put before them as far as this world was concerned, and I felt that these were the staff-martyrs were made of, and yet my heart trembled for them.

The consecrated life must pass through the fires of persecution, and could they stand? But they were evidently thinking it all over for they rose and deliberately, with no ostentation, said a few words and sat down, while others stood silently to the call. No two rose together.

This work was purely individual. You will want to know of those in whom you are interested. I, on account of sore eyes, had gone home. I watched C. as he sat with his head down, thinking—you know he is very fond of nice things, he likes to wear good clothes and appear well, has always lived in a comfortable home, he might have to give up many of these comforts and niceties if he depended on the people instead of on his "amma," whom he knows has great favor towards him; my heart gave a bound of joy when I saw the highest prevailed and he arose.

Twenty-five names were down, it was half past eleven. We had been there three hours and a half together, Mr. Davis speaking most of the time; so we thought we would dismiss all the others and have a prayer meeting with the volunteers. They were called forward to the front seats and the others dismissed. And so we were all together in spirit, in experience, in love. I felt as I never felt before that our experiences were one that day. In their own minds they had gone through the same battles we had gone through, in giving ourselves up to this work. I looked into their faces as they sang, "Jesus I my cross have taken," they were shining, they were beautiful.

Special meetings have been held since, with the volunteers only, and oh! such blessed meetings. Others have since come, and now with these forty what can not be accomplished? So this is the good news I have to tell you for New Year's day. There is so much more I would like to say, that I hardly know where to stop.

C. the buffoon, or wit of the school; I never saw so seriously happy before. He was telling me after the meeting that it was, Oh! so much better that it should be thus. Now they would not go to their preaching for the day as a matter of duty, but they would go feeling, "This is my work I must do it." A favorite test is "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth." I should like all who share in this our great work to joy, and may God's blessing and love be poured out in great measure upon you in the home land and us here, for His name sake.

S. ISABEL HATCH.

### Special Meetings in India.

Perhaps I might say, revival meetings in India. Dr. Pentecost and his band are hard at work at Calcutta. Mr. Haslam and others are storming Bombay. Even reports of their meetings send a thrill through the hearts of workers in lonely places.

Probably, many have read Dr. Pentecost's address, in which he sets forth distinctly his hopes and plans. He believes that India is about to receive a great blessing, and so he has come to help it on, and share in it, when it is poured out.

Meanwhile, what about ourselves? While I was accompanying Mr. McLaurin and his family to Colombo nearly four years ago, he suggested that revival meetings should be held in some places with our Christians. Not until July last was this advice acted on, and then Mr. Stillwell led the way.

The first week of the Seminary year was spent in waiting on God. Many received a blessing. Early in September Mr. Davis held meetings for a week at Cocanada, all his preachers and other helpers being present. The Holy Spirit used the Word, and hearts were pierced. Hidden sins were confessed with apparently deep contrition. Preachers confessed with tears their unfaithfulness in the work. In a word, new life was received by a great many. These scenes were afterwards repeated to some extent at other places on the Cocanada field.

My workers assembled at Akidu on the 4th Oct. I preached twice on Sunday, the 5th, and also on the three following days. Prayer-meetings were held in the afternoon, Miss Stovel conducting one for women in her room, and I conducting one for the preachers and teachers in my study. One day, confessions were called for. The result showed that the Spirit was there searching our hearts. Prayers were offered also after the sermons at the services in the chapel. I asked my helpers