

in the dark places of the earth underground.

The meetings proved very pleasant and profitable. Topics were discussed bearing upon mission work, hindrances and encouragements were considered, delightful, fraternal intercourse was held, and united and fervent prayers for God's blessing on the work were offered.

One instance of a real Pentecostal season was given by the wife of a Baptist missionary, in a wonderful ingathering of souls witnessed by her own eyes among the Telugos in India. One morning when she and her husband arose from bed the mission premises were surrounded by hundreds and thousands of natives earnestly applying for baptism. 9000 were baptized in one month and now there are 35,000 Christian communicants among the Telugos.

Who are these that fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows.

There were present at the meetings native Christian girls from the East. They were each dressed in the costume of their own country, and afforded specimens of what Christian training can do for the degraded women of heathen lands. Their presence coupled with the singing of hymns in their native language and the doxology in ten or a dozen languages gave variety to the meetings. A few foreign travellers were also present at some of the sessions and added their testimony with that of the missionaries in confirmation of what God had wrought.

At the close of the conference the Union directed a memorial to be forwarded to the British Government protesting against the opium traffic. Millions of money is yearly added to Britain's exchequer through this traffic but also it is at the expense of immortal souls. The missionaries finding their work much hindered by it earnestly appeal to the powers that be to stop this immoral trade.

An appeal is also to be published to the churches in the United States and Canada urging to greater faithfulness and energy in carry out the great commission Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

FEEDING ON WINDMILLS.

Mr. Spurgeon in the *Sword and Trowel* fairly turns the tables on the sceptics. He says: "There is a quaint story of a giant who had long fed upon windmills, and at last was choked by a pat of butter; and assuredly his counterpart may be seen in the evolutionists of our day,

who are unable to receive the Bible account of the creation. The hypotheses of our present philosophers are enough to tax the credulity of a monk of the Middle Ages, yet many take down these windmills as pigeons swallow peas. The teaching of revelation is fitted for the capacity of a child, but our wise men are choked with such simple fare. We confess we have not enough faith to be an infidel, nor an agnostic, nor even an evolutionist. We find ourselves for once standing up for reason, and demanding that our faith should not be overtrained. We can believe what is revealed; for, sublime as it is, there is a kind of truth-likeness about it, but we cannot believe what we are now taught with such tremendous authority; for, in the first place, it is not worth believing, and, in the next place, it looks so dreadfully like a lie that we had rather not. No, thank you, dear sir, we will keep to our bread and butter; our throat is not yet adapted to the disposal of windmills."

THE LOVE OF GOD.

The devout Keble, in one of his devotional poems, asks what a man's friends would do if heaven loaned them its light to see "the rude, bad thoughts that in our bosoms might wander at large, nor heed love's gentle thrall." Answering his own question, he assumes that the sad disclosure would cause one's friends to shun and leave one friendless to "die unwept." He then prays to the merciful One, whom he addresses as "Thou who canst love us, though thou read us true." In the last line there is a most comforting thought to the believer, who is often baffled in his moments of prayer and meditation by the hosts of "rude, bad thoughts" which will persist in coming up, like troops of unbidden ghosts, from the hidden depths of his heart to vex his soul. How he hates himself because of their obstinate persistence! And how often he is emptied to believe that his Lord turns from him in holy disgust? But not so. His Lord is very pitiful, and seeing the struggle of his follower to drive away these rude troubles of his soul, he loves him still. Be of good cheer, therefore, O tortured disciple! Think of the greatness of the love that clings to thee despite those vain thoughts; for no sooner shall thy mind have fairly taken hold of his image than all thy vain thoughts will have vanished like morning mists before the risen sun.—*Zion's Herald*.