

have found much to discourage us and try our faith; but we are determined to press on, knowing that this work is of God and will not be overthrown though the obstacles be many and varied.

Slowly, and we trust surely, an interest is growing in the Mission cause here. We now number 27 out of a church membership of 80, with a prospect of more uniting with us soon. The meetings are held with our invalid sister Mrs. Keirstead, and are much enjoyed by those who attend. The silver anniversary was observed on Sunday, March 22nd. Our pastor, Rev. M. Aldison, gave a short address on Missions, after which the Secretary gave a brief review of the past history of the Society. The Golden Rule Mission Band (2 years old), filled the remaining part of the program and acquitted themselves well. May He who has called these into His service lead them daily into higher, fuller and deeper consecration.

Over seventy sisters have been connected with this Society, but some have been called to higher service, some have moved to other places, and some have grown weary and fallen out by the way. Wonder if anyone will read these lines who has been a member here in former years? If so, we would in this way extend to you our Christian greetings and wish you much prosperity in the work of the Lord. Surely the need is great and the command imperative to warrant our putting forth any and every effort for reaching the multitudes. Our prayer is for a Spirit-filled membership that we may be enabled to do more and better work for Jesus.

ALMEDA EDGETT,
Secretary.

WORDS OF SYMPATHY.

We regret to learn of the ill-health of Mrs. P. R. Foster, our efficient M. B. Superintendent for N. S. Because of this she was unable to send "Notes" from her department for this issue. That she could have sent good news we know, from the fact that twelve new Bands have been organized since Convention meeting last August. We shall hope to hear from her later. And will not our sisters remember to pray for the full restoration to health and strength of Mrs. Foster, whose heart is so abundantly interested in Mission Band work.

The Editor of the LINK, also, and on behalf of the many who cherish her memory in Ontario,

would extend the warmest sympathy and love and best wishes to our dear sister, Mrs. Foster.

ABBREVIATED LETTER FROM MISS FLORA CLARKE.

My dear sisters.—

My first year in India is finished and I am on the second. I am still very busy with my books, but hope before long to be able to spend a part of every day in work among the people. Perhaps you would like to hear of some of my experience.

A short time ago David was removed from Kimedi to the Tekkali field. My wife Lizzie was an excellent Bible woman and was Miss Harrison's main dependence.

After returning from our conference at Vizianagram I told Lizzie I would like her to come with me in the evenings and talk with the people in the streets. The first evening we went to one of the low caste streets. A few people gathered around and we sang, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," and then began to explain the hymn. All the time she was talking there was a great noise going on in the house. I moved near the door to ascertain the cause. On looking in a new and rather strange sight met my eyes. I wonder if I can describe it. In the middle of the floor was a strong bar with a long heavy plank across it, very much like a sea-saw. At one end of the plank was a hole in the floor, in which was some unprepared rice. A woman, standing on the other end of the plank, grasped tightly a hook in the roof, with one foot on the plank, and the other on the floor. While grasping the hook she would step quickly from the plank to the floor. Every time she stepped from the plank the other end would fall on the grain and crush it. All the time she was doing this she held firmly to a cigar in her mouth and carried on a lively conversation with another woman. The latter came to her assistance and worked the plank with her. They did it very deftly never once missing their step.

Meanwhile Lizzie was trying to get the few around to listen to the story of the Christ, two or three of whom paid quite good attention.

Another night we went two miles to a village where Mr. Higgins has a school in charge of a native helper named John Francis. He was away, but his wife was home, and after talking with her awhile we went to the street. A number gathered