

## VI. B. M. VI.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "We are laborers together with God"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.—For our Missionaries-elect, that the words they have spoken may greatly increase the interest in missions. That they may have a prosperous journey and the presence of the Lord abiding with them as they enter upon their life-work.

## SOME THINGS I NOTED IN OUR ANNUAL MEETING.

That a deeper and more intelligent interest is taken in the business than ever before. Delegates come early and remain to the close.

A larger number provide themselves with note book and pencil.

The election of officers was conducted in a more business-like way.

The half hours of prayer were much more largely attended.

Delegates were not so afraid to hear their own voices. A more earnest spirit of devotion was manifested.

That our missionaries need helpful books to read. That books by such authors as Dr. A. J. Gordon, Meyer, and Andrew Murray would prove inspiring.

(What I did not learn at the annual meeting is, that these books cost by mail to India, from one to two cents per volume, and that Christmas is near!)

That other missionaries than our own think that the time is not far distant when there will be a great turning to Christ, on our mission fields.

That a good plan in Aid Societies, was for the president to send a copy of the programme of the monthly meeting to each member.

That our sisters might have sent for more mite boxes during the year, 807 only went out.

That only eleven of our Telugu wraps had been sold during the year; 1440 leaflets had been sold, 452 sent free.

That our workers had not been galling themselves as they should of the leading library.

That where many Links are taken, the interest in missions is increased.

That we should encourage our Mission Bands to support Mr. Morse on the Foreign field.

That our missionaries think this a much better plan, than to support children in the schools; such children may often leave school, and cause disappointment to those who are raising money for them.

That of the people on this earth, one out of every five is born in India; one in every five who die, dies in India. There are 290 million of people in India, and 137 different nationalities.

That we average 600 villages to each of our mission fields. Six die on our fields every hour.

(If we sent more workers, so many would not go to Christless graves. Let the awful thought rouse Thy children to greater faithfulness, dear Master.)

That New Brunswick Aid Societies had gained during the year, financially and spiritually. There are 80 Aid Societies, with a membership of 1,500; 250 Links are taken.

A larger number of County Secretaries were present this year.

That our missionaries-elect won all hearts as they talked to us, and only the hope remains that they won the purses too.

That if we are to raise during this year for Foreign Missions \$7,000, and for Home Missions \$1,000, we will have to be up and doing from the very first of the year to the last.

That our women should bond all their energies to arouse a deeper interest in this work among our uninterested church members.

That what we need above everything else is the power of the Holy Spirit in our own hearts, teaching us how to pray and how to give.

## IN A VALLEY OF BURNING.

*From a Home Letter written in the Neilgherries, S. India.*

BY MISS AMY WILSON-CARMICHAEL.

Saturday Night, May 16.

After a long vain try to get to sleep with the light of that fire blazing in my eyes, I think I may as well waken up properly and try to tell you about it.

It was a Kota funeral. The Kotas are an aboriginal tribe still surviving among the Neilgherries. They live in hovels, feed on carrion, abjure soap and water, and look like animals in human shape. Not one has as yet, we hear, been brought to Christ. And yet He loves them and He died for them.

Yesterday evening we tried a little open air meeting in their hamlet. Sarah, my dear old Bible-woman (the Liverpool friends' "Own Missionary"), spoke in her simplest Tamil, which was the nearest approach she could make to their dialect. They listened noisily, often interrupting, and apparently not the least comprehending. Their wild dark faces pressed round almost threateningly sometimes. They did not want our God! But there were prayers behind us. So, though nothing seemed done, we stayed ourselves upon His word, and thanked Him for even so small an entrance to this hill-fortress of Satan's.

Just after we left them a woman died. She must have been lying in one of the huts all the time we were there, dying, but we did not know it. We woke in the night to hear the tom-tom beat, and the half-smothered death wail rose and fell like the sound of the wind at sea.

This morning it went on incessantly. We have heard since that bullocks were sacrificed, and curious ceremonies performed. And then the end came. And to this we went, hoping it might be an opportunity to be brought out of the hand of the evil one.

Five minutes from our cottage lies the little Kota village. A mile or two further on is its valley of burning. Deep down in a hollow it nestles. Far away, God's everlasting hills rise still and blue; all round, the ferns and the flowers of His planting make the dell beautiful. Close to the pyre grows a buttercup bush. When the fire rose it caught the pretty thing, and its flowers fell all singed and drooping. The mourners crouched in a group to the leeward, and they made a dark splash on the hill's fair green.

There was the thud of the tom-tom, and a wild weird wail from a sort of Indian bagpipe, pierced by a wilder