

THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL FOR RUSSIA.

Baron Uxskull, who has been in America to raise money for the training of evangelical preachers in Russia, has just returned home having secured over \$31,000 for this seminary in Lodz. There is still need of about \$20,000 more. The Baron also received \$2,000 for the first Baptist chapel in Siberia—in Omsk.

SHE GAVE HER ALL.

By Rev. H. G. Bissell of Ahmednager.

One Sunday morning during the famine of 1901, a handful of Christians in a village near Ahmednagar were going to celebrate the communion at sunrise. As I approached the town on my wheel, about dawn, a man, who had been watching me coming, walked slowly to the middle of the road and motioned with uplifted hands, the palms turned toward me, to stop. As I greeted him with the "Peace to you. How is everything?" his face revealed the convert baptised a few months before. It was a sad face to-day. "What has happened, Baba?" (Baba to an adult is a familiar "Sir.") "Our little boy died last night. His mother said, come to the house before you go to meeting. You can return at once. I'll show you the way; it's not far." And before I knew it he had bowed down, touched my feet and raised his hand to his forehead, combining a salutation and a petition.

The man and his wife had been baptised amid the jeers and taunts of many friends and more foes. It had been a great day for the kingdom when they confessed Jesus of Asia as their Savior and Lord. Want and woe were widespread in the land. Ostracism followed their change of faith and multiplied troubles. The only child, ill fed, grew sick. The parents

became frantic. No medicines were available. Every hour of the day was precious for earning a few scanty mouthful of food. Care and nourishment would have saved the boy.

We came to the house. As we entered the brusque, but brave husband, no longer a father, said to his wife: "Don't weep now. What can we do for him? Look, the Sahib has come." In the dark of the only room, near the few rough, ragged bits of blanket, where the babe had been lying, sat the sobbing, childless woman. Her whole frame shook with grief too great to control. The bare body of their boy lay in her lap. Anon she would lift him to her heart, and then would bend over and press her lips and hands upon the cool, lifeless face, with all the yearning of a soul robbed of its one desire. "Why can't he come back to me, my king? What will I hold in these arms now; whom will my eyes watch now?"

I read from the 14th chapter of John's Gospel the immortal words: "Let not your heart be troubled; believe in God, believe in me. There are mansions to live in. I will come for you all; where I am ye shall be." A word of prayer for faith in an ever-living, always-near God; for courage and strength to endure to the end; then the funeral procession formed.

ABASINIA OPENED TO THE GOSPEL.

This land with its 150,000 square miles, and 3,500,000 inhabitants, has hitherto ranked with Tibet and Afghanistan as inaccessible to all messengers of Christ. Now according to recent reports King Menelek, who seems to be possess of not a few excellent qualities of both mind and heart, has partially opened the doors. For some years a Swedish missionary society has been watching and waiting upon the northern border, seat-