

W. B. M. U.

Of The Maritime Provinces.

All Communications for this Department should be addressed to Mrs. A. J. Christie, Amherst, N.S.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JULY AND AUGUST.—*For Bobbili and its out stations, missionaries, helpers, schools; and that all under communication may see Christ as the Living Way; also for the blessing of God upon Grande Ligne Mission, and upon the French Mission of Nova Scotia.*

DO THEY ALL KNOW IT?

Have they all heard the story of Jesus' dear love?
Have they all learned the way to the mansions above?
Have I done as He bids "Into all the world go,"
That "every creature" of Jesus may know?

Have the nations of India, of China, Japan,
The Isles of the sea and Africa's dark land,
Have they all heard the story of a Saviour divine?
That Saviour whom I, in this land claim as mine.

Have I done all I can this blest Gospel to give
To those dwelling in darkness, that they too may live;
If not—Christ forgive me—and may the Word go
Till every creature our Saviour shall know.

Does the world fill the place in my heart which should
be
Consecrated my Saviour, more fully to Thee?
While millions are dying in darkness and night,
Just waiting and crying to us for the Light.

God have mercy on us who the name of Christ bear,
And make us more ready our blessings to share
With those who have never the Word of Christ heard,
With those who know nothing of God or His Word.

Make us willing to go to send, or be sent,
Make us willing for anything Jesus may want;
Then the Light so long hidden shall flash clear and
bright
Into lands lying now in the darkness of night.

EINNA.

A DAY AT POLEPILLY.

Do you know where Polepilly is? Those who read Mr. Morse's "Sights and Sounds in India," published in the *Messenger and Visitor*, will perhaps remember that he wrote about the first goldsmith convert in the Bimli field. His name was Somalingam, and his home was in a village about seven miles from the Mission House. The name of that village is Polepilly.

About a month ago Somalingam sent a messenger asking that Miss Newcomb and I come to Polepilly the following week. "Please tell Mrs. Gullison to bring her organ with her." And why? There was to be a big festival. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of people would be there, and Somalingam thought it would be a suitable time to do evangelistic work in his village.

We went. The organ and violin went also. All was quiet in the village when we passed through it on our way to Somalingam's house about 9 a.m.; but the fruit stands and sweet meat stalls on the road side told us that something unusual was about to happen.

About 2 p.m. the hum of voices in the street attracted our attention. An hour later, the village was alive with people, and between four and six o'clock it was simply packed. Such a sea of humanity. I never witnessed, and truly their voices were like the "sound of many waters." The crowd was densest about half a furlong from Somalingam's house. "What are they gathering there for?" I asked. "Oh, the cars will start from that place," was the answer. "What cars?" We shall see.

A man bearing a large basket comes rushing through the street, closely followed by men, women and children, all thoroughly excited. They, and all the devout ones throw flowers and fruit into the basket as it is carried past, and then stand momentarily worshipful. Just in front of Somalingam's house the basket bearer pauses. Immediately he is surrounded and compelled to place his burden down. This was the signal for a new form of worship, for in addition to the showers of flowers and fruit, many new clothes were thrown, and passed on from one to another in the direction of the basket. Now, what are they doing? Something is taken from the basket which they are careful