

pany School, a few sentences from Miss Folsom's Report will be of especial interest. She writes:—"Four times during the year I was called to the Timpany School to help the Principal or the Matron over a hard place. It was a joy to spend those days at the old school; to help at the opening prayers in the morning, to conduct or join in the evening worship, and to teach in the Sunday School."

One hundred and eight written messages were sent during the year to former pupils of the School, who are living in many parts of India, Burma and Mesopotamia, and eighty-nine replies were received from them. Two of our old girls are teaching in railway schools, and help also in Sunday School work. One superintends a Sunday School. Through the help of friends, I was able to keep those two Sunday Schools supplied with papers throughout the year, and have sent many parcels of papers to former pupils living in remote places. The papers are greatly appreciated, both by them and their neighbors."

These Reports of the year's work, coming as they do from various hands,—telling as they do of various endeavors, are really glimpses of the one great work of all Missionaries:—

Sowing the seed by the dawn-light fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare;
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;

Oh what shall the harvest be?
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah sure; will the harvest be!

ARE YOU ON THE WIRE?

She was the Association President of the Woman's Missionary Societies and was hurrying to a meeting. She picked up the December number of *Missions* to read on the street car. A little boy moved over to make room for her and then braced himself against her knee. For a few minutes he looked at the picture.

"What are they doing?" he inquired pointing to a little group of Chinese children.

"They are waiting for a teacher. When the teacher comes she is going to tell them about Jesus. Do you know about Jesus?" asked the Association President.

"Sure!" was the reply in a tone of offended dignity.

"Who told you?" asked the Association President.

"My mother did—a long while ago" in a tone of superior wisdom.

"These little boys' mothers can't tell them about Jesus because they never heard of him themselves.

"Some mothers!" was the only comment. Just then the street car stopped and the mother of the little boy motioned for him to alight with her. He started to go, then turned back to the Association President.

"Say," he said, "you better go and telephone to those mothers right away."

The Continuation Campaign is telephoning the news of Jesus from Baptist mothers to the mothers who have never heard. **Are you on the wire?**—Missions.

JOHN E. CLOUGH AND THE ONGOLE MISSION

(Continued from page 14)

pace: the home churches follow. From the obscure little Telugu town of Ongole, Dr. Clough sounded a new note to which the denomination listened with wonder. There was a broadness in his method of combining the evangelization of the individual with the social betterment of large groups. In the emphasis which he placed on the social aspects of Christianity in India, though somewhat ahead of his day, he was in line with the way in which American Christianity also is expanding.

With a great love in his heart for the Telugu people, he taught them by thousands to gather around the personality of Jesus, the Christ, as a living, loving reality. He had a singular conviction, all through the years, that he was acting as His ambassador, laboring for the coming of His Kingdom. Often he was called "the Apostle to the Telugus."