

Each following the trend of his ideas;
 Slipping, jostling, stumbling, making such speed
 As best he might, on sidewalks closely pressed
 With busy, anxious, pattering, weary feet.
 Streetcars went rumbling on their well-laid lines;
 And cabs went bounding o'er the paving stones.
 But he, alone, his thoughts on things unseen,
 Saw not, or if he saw, took no concern.
 On through his course along the public ways,
 Then up two flights of winding stairs, until
 He stood, and looked, a far off look,
 From out the window of his silent room.
 "Is this the way that duty leads?"—thought he,
 "Or have we made mistake? She was so weak,
 And thin, and pale I not strong enough to bear
 The roughness of the voyage alone, much less
 To have the care of trunks and children, too,
 Through foreign ports, 'midst strangers all the way.
 Her little strength may fall completely, ere
 The smiling fields of lovely native land
 Can welcome her return; or kind friends greet
 Her with the words,—"We are so glad you've come."
 'E'en should they safely reach the spot called—"Home,"
 'She'll find a change. It was her own home once,
 But cannot be again. The cyc year
 Have brought new ties: have set the current of
 Her thoughts and aims in unison with his
 Who asked her, as his bride, to go far east,
 Where millions dwell in night, groping without
 The Light, hoping in vain, some bal to find
 By which to heal the malady of sin.
 On heathen soil with tenderness and grace,
 Maternal excellence which well becomes
 The loving Christian wife, she raised right well
 That institution fair, which second to
 The Church of Christ is heaven-born,—"Sweet Home"
 From out that well appointed place, as from
 A garden tilled with care, and oft refreshed
 By living springs, goes forth supplies
 To meet recurring wants,—so day by day,
 With natural kindness of love, went forth
 The helpful deed, the sympathizing word:
 And, best of all, the news of Gospel Grace
 To meet and satisfy the needs of souls,
 Weak, sin-corrupted, grovelling, heathen souls;
 Dwelling, struggling, longing, dying throughout
 Those dense, dark moral wastes.

"The spirit

indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

Thus spake our gracious Lord to such as we,
 For well He knew what frail, weak ones we are;
 How soon we wilt beneath that eastern sun,
 When hardly pressed with toils and anxious cares
 Beyond our natural strength. But He, so good!
 So thoughtful in His love! gently constrains
 His weary, toil-worn ones, to save their strength.

"Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile."

'E'en though the resting-place be not your home,
 But desert-like in some respects, the Rock
 Itself shall be your fount, and 'neath its shade
 Your weary souls, anon, shall be refreshed."

"But, Master, kind! how can we rest to-day?"

All o'er the field, as far as eye can reach,
 How ripe it looks! So few have come, as yet,
 To thrust the sickle in; will not the grain
 Fall prostrate to the earth? and will there not
 Be loss? Oh! send more men."

The shades of night

Had filled his room while these and kindred thoughts
 Marched forth with quickened pace irregular, athwart
 The vision of his soul.—The die was cast.
 He might not rest at peace, while cries of need
 Came on the evening breeze, calling for his
 Return. On wings of steam he hastened back,

Forthwith, across those ancient well-known seas,
 Nor did he linger till his place was reached,
 Near fellow-reapers on the harvest field.

Telugu Schools.

BY REV. W. R. MANLEY, OF THE A. B. M. UNION.

An important feature of the educational work of our missions among the Telugus is the vernacular schools for the boys and girls of the Christian people. There were one hundred and sixty-six of these at the close of last year, of which one hundred and forty-six were in the Ongole field. Of the latter, all but three are village schools scattered about the country, and taught by a Christian man or woman. The instruction in these is only rudimentary; but we have two boarding-schools here in Ongole, one for boys and another for girls, to which a limited number of the more promising can be received for the purpose of continuing their studies further. The boys' school numbers at present sixty-six, and the girls' school one hundred. From the former the more promising are selected for the high school. These are all Christian boys, and the primary object of the school is to fit these for active usefulness hereafter. Those who feel called to preach will be sent to the theological seminary after their course is finished here; and of the others it is hoped the greater portion will become traders in the different villages throughout the country, and that thus the standard of education in those schools can be elevated.

There is one other school to be mentioned, of which I think we may justly feel proud,—Brownson Theological Seminary at Ramapatam. The senior class last year numbered forty-seven, the middle class twenty-two, the junior class sixty-five, and the preparatory class sixty-eight; in all, two hundred and two. This year the attendance is larger, if any thing, than last year. The Bible is the text-book, and that is studied thoroughly; and, while the graduates from American seminaries know more of other branches, I doubt if many of them have a better knowledge of the Bible. A large number of the students are married men, whose wives are also studying in the seminary, many of them in the same classes with their husbands. The benefits of such a plan are so manifest as not to need a word of comment.

A single instance will serve to show something of the spirit of the school. When Mrs. Manley and I were coming up from Madras on our way to Ongole, we stopped at Ramapatam. In the evening the students came with a *munavvu* (request) to see the new *Dora* and *Dorasany*; and so we all went into the chapel, which serves also for a schoolroom, and where the students had already assembled. Mr. Williams, the president, said they wanted to hear something from me, and offered to translate if I would talk to them awhile. On inquiring what they wanted to hear, the reply was unanimous and repeated that they wanted a *sermon*! They knew I was just from Burma, and not a year from America: yet a sermon, something about God and his love, would interest them more than any thing I could tell them of my travels or my experiences in countries which they had never seen. One cannot but feel hopeful for a ministry composed of men with their hearts in the work in that manner.