

W. B. M. U. Tidings.

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MOTTO FOR THE YEAR

“Lord what wilt thou have me to do.”

Mrs. Morse writes, Feb. 3rd, “I am sure all must be cheered by the news the mail has brought you the past week. There is indeed much interest manifested. As I am writing here in the study, I hear someone in Miss Gray’s room praying. She is having a Bible class with the boarding children.

On the fifth inst there will be thousands of Hindoos come to Binlipatam to wash away their sins in the Bay of Bengal. We will have a grand opportunity of preaching the Gospel to them. This affair only happens once in twelve years. It was thought by some that they should not be allowed to come as there is cholera in the town, but the good religious Hindoos said they must come.

We have been graciously spared from any of these dreadful diseases, On Tuesday last, a boy who had been working on the compound for nearly a year, and who had that very afternoon been playing with baby Marion, said that when he left home at two o’clock his sister was not feeling well, at four o’clock the same afternoon, word came that she had died of cholera. The natives have been beating ton-tons and trying to