

to India. He has held several pastorates in Nova Scotia and in New York State, the latest being at Binghamton, N.Y. He and Mrs. Morse have never lost their missionary enthusiasm, and have served the cause of missions with untiring zeal in all the years since their return from India.

Whether in India, or Canada or the United States, Mr. Morse proclaimed the Christian evangel with passionate devotion to Christ, and with compelling power. He will be very much at home in Heaven, for it was evident to all who knew him that he lived in constant fellowship with the Unseen and Eternal. Hundreds of those to whom he ministered will feel now a keen sense of personal loss, and deep and prayerful sympathy for the wife, the two daughters, and the two sons, so sorely bereft.

"Without the Camp," the quarterly magazine of the Mission to Lepers, is one of our most interesting exchanges. Its pages are always pathetic and appealing. In the January number a booklet called "Ridding the World of Leprosy," is reviewed. This booklet makes a strong plea for the stamping out of leprosy in the near future. There are now in the world, scattered through nearly every land, about 2,000,000 lepers. The success of the work already done proves that by segregation, proper conditions, and skilful treatment the number of victims of the disease may be reduced as much as fifty per cent. in a decade. We are glad to know that through our leper homes in Ramachandrapuram and Vizianagram we are having a share in this Christ-like work.

Among extracts of letters given in the magazine is one from our own Miss Hatch, headed "Lepers Refused at Ramachandrapuram." "Lepers are living constantly. As we are so full, we have had to refuse many. Several are lying in leaf huts as it is, but we cannot put up leaf huts in the rainy weather very well. The Dispensary is getting on, and the Mitchell Home is progressing, too."—Miss Hatch.

The work for lepers is many-sided, involving not only provision for shelter, food, clothing, and medical care, but the restoring to usefulness of those who have been shut out from all ordinary occupations, and the giving of spiritual instruction, which in many cases is eagerly received.

One important phase of the work is the care of untainted children. The following quotation shows the pathos of this task:—

Saving the Untainted Children.

I wonder how many people are grateful to God for healthy bodies? Is there any mother in any part of the world who would be willing to be denied the privilege of bringing up her own children? I scarcely think so. But this must be the lot of a mother who has become a leper. The leper mother, naturally, is not always willing, at first, to give up her child, but when it is pointed out to her that there is every hope of the child escaping the disease, as a rule, the child is given up to the missionary, who has the interests of all concerned at heart. A promise is given that from time to time the child will be taken to be looked at, but this is not an easy task for the missionary. The taking of a child from the Untainted Children's Home to the Asylum is an easy task, but to witness the anguish on the mother's face as she gazes upon her child, and realizes that she cannot take the little one into her arms, is difficult to bear. At the same time, in spite of what its costs, the compensation comes in the ardent expression of satisfaction at the healthy condition of the child.

The other day I took five of our eight chubby, bonny children to see their parents in the Asylum. Each child was given a pure white flower to present to the mother. As we entered the gates of the Leper Home, it was very touching to see the mothers on the lookout, for they had been told the day before that the children were coming. The mothers were splendid—they did not in any way seek to touch the children, but kept at a distance. They had plenty to say, and they eagerly clutched at the little offering of the white flower. This particular day the usual week-day service was being held, so the children were taken into the church, and the mothers followed, knowing this would afford the opportunity of a longer look. The missionary's heart was very sad for the mothers, but as she looked at their marred faces, and fingerless hands, she thanked God that He had made it possible to rescue these little ones.—Miss Margaret Robertson, Mandalay.