

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address MRS. J. W. MANNING, 240 Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

For a revival of missionary zeal among our pastors and churches in the home land. That the Lord would give us missionaries and the money to send them to India.

Notice.

Crusade Day—Thursday, Oct. 11th. Will not all our W. M. A. S. observe the day this year? Our membership should be greatly increased if faithful, prayerful work is done.

Glimpses and Gleanings.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:—Bimili is close by the Bay of Bengal—that you know, I am sure. A short distance from the sea is a high hill. Not a beautiful, green hill, with trees clothing its sides and fringing its top, such as we have at home. Here and there is a solitary palm, a few cacti, and in the wet season a little green herbage and grass; but for the most part, huge rocks, loose stones and red clay, make the hill look very brown and bare. Its sides are seamed by many a little ravine, worn by the water which rushes down them during our heavy rains. Between this hill and the sea lies Bimili town with its 10,000 people. The town has the shape of a new moon, with the hill on its inner, concave side, and the bay without.

About half way up the hill stands a large heathen temple, its name is Nirasimha Swami. "Nir" means man, and "simha" lion, so this is a temple containing an image, partly man and partly lion, you see. The body is like that of a man, while the head is like that of a lion, I believe. No road leads up to the temple. A long flight of stone steps,—300 and more—must be climbed in order to reach that sacred place. On each side of this stone stairway, is a wall, graded in small steps. In every other one of these smaller "steps" is a tiny hollow, in which the people burn oil as an act of worship. The number of lights varies with the ability of the people and their desire for merit. Saturday night seems to be the time for this special worship. Could we forget that these fires are kindled to graven images, we certainly would admire the quaint temple with its many lights gleaming in the darkness. I have heard Mr. Sanford say he used to go up the stone stairway, and leaving it, clamber yet further up over the rocks, until the whole town lying below was open to his view; then he would sit down to think, to plan, and to pray about the choice of a spot upon which to build a mission house. That was 25 years ago. Now, at the foot of this same hill, not far from the steps leading to the temple, stands our compound with its comfortable buildings.

Beside the temple, the hill has other objects of interest. High on its very top is an old ruin. Here, they tell us, the Dutch Governor had his residence, in the days before British rule. Here, also, are two or three tanks cut in the solid rock. The Hindus say these are the foot-prints of the blessed Rama when he ascended this hill, thus making it sacred for all time to come. They tell of an underground channel leading from one of these tanks away down the hill, through the town, and finally opening into a well near the sea. If a stick, they say, were to be thrown into one of these tanks, it would finally appear in the well below. Were you to ask someone if he had really seen this wonderful thing, he would be very likely to say, "Oh, no, I have not seen it myself, but I know of a man who says that his grandfather says he once saw a man that actually did see this." How ready they are to believe the traditions of their fathers, but from the simple gospel story they turn! At a certain season of the year, numbers of people climb to these tanks and bathe in the sacred waters.

Last cool season, when we came in from tour, we noticed something special was attracting people to the hill. We seldom went out on the back verandah when we did not see persons going up or down the path leading to a peak just back of our house. On the top of this bluff was a stick with some bits of colored cloth flapping in the breeze. I enquired the meaning of it of a little heathen boy who often visits us, and of whom some of you have already heard—Akkalayya, is his name. With much interest, Akkalayya told me that a very holy man had come to this lonely spot, was sleeping in a hollow among the rocks, and said he was going to remain there forty days without eating!! During the day, many visited him, whom he treated to curds. At night, he and the young lad with him, slept alone on the hill-top, the home of the jackal. One day Marion coaxed her father to take her to see this strange man. She was much excited over what she saw, and in telling me of it said: "Do you know, Auntie Newcombe, they say he is a little 'pitchle'!" "Pitchle" means not in his right mind, a

fact who could readily believe from the unearthly yells he gave every little while, even far into the night. Insane, indeed! and so is every one that seeks to enter heaven by some way other than Jesus Christ!

The forty days had not gone when we saw another standard with many pennons floating from it, on the top of another peak. At the foot of this bluff, they told us, was a natural cave in the rock. To this place a yet greater devotee had come, and the people in larger numbers climbed the hill to see so devout a man. One evening we visited him. Just back of our compound is a ravine, down which in a heavy rain tears a muddy volume of water that quickly fills the larger tank, sends its overflow down into the smaller one, sweeps across the compound, down the gutters and self-made roads into the Bay of Bengal, tingling its blue waters for some distance with red. Up this rocky path we climbed until we reached the hermit's cave. The people of the town had walled up the front and put in a door; the priests that serve in the temple had built a wall without, enclosing a small yard; so we found the recluse quite comfortable in his house in the rock. He was within, tightening the skin of a musical instrument over a fire. He was not at all pleasing in his appearance; his hair was long and uncombed; his clothes filthy. He talked Hindustani, so we could not talk with him. From a man that knew both Hindustani and Telugu, we learned that this holy man had come hither to remain until death. He seems not to have carried out his resolution, however, for when Mr. Gullison came and heard of him, he went up one day, hoping to get a picture of him in the door of his cave, but he found the place deserted. A palm-leaf mat, half eaten by white ants, some earthen pots, and a few ashes alone remained. Here you have a picture of the heathen in his blindness. Send the light, oh send the light!

Very sincerely yours,

IDA M. NEWCOMBE.

Hants County.

The Quarterly session of the W. M. A. S. in connection with the Hants Co. Convention met in Brookville, Sept. 5th at 3 p. m. The president, Mrs. D. W. Crandall, gave out the inspiring hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus name." After reading the 70th Psalm, prayer was offered by Sister Nalder. Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. A new secretary appointed in place of Mrs. Michener resigned. The Societies in the county all responded to the notice of the sec'y. either by writing or sending delegates to give verbal reports. Windsor fee's the inspiration of the recent Convention. "The liberal soul shall be made fat!" Hantsport, too, is greatly encouraged. The devoted sisters of the two Newport Societies feel keenly the removal of their beloved Sister Rees, a loss which the Convention shares with them; but seem to have solved the problem of service in that, notwithstanding the loss of a faithful worker, they esteem it a joy to help by their prayer, means and sympathy the cause of missions. "These are the walls of W. B. M. U. Sparta!" The faithful sisters of Summerville have always an encouraging report. Brookville that was once a banner Society has suffered by death and removal of its members and has been dormant for some time, but we trust the next Convention will receive a stirring report from these good sisters. Walton has been revived under the leadership of Mrs. D. W. Crandall. The colored sisters of Five Miles Plains sent a written report. They will, no doubt, thrive under the fostering care of our zealous Co. Sec'y. We think every Society in the county feels the thrill of the late Convention at Windsor. The president gave a helpful and interesting Bible Reading on "Steadfastness." We greatly enjoyed the prominence given to the Word. Our hearts burn within us while he talks with us by the way and opens unto us the Scriptures. Some "echoes" of the Convention at Windsor were given when this helpful session of Convention closed by singing Doxology and benediction by Pastor Weathers. The W. M. A. S. contribution to the platform missionary meeting held in the evening was a thrilling address by Mrs. Nalder on "Woman's Work in Missions," a beautiful solo, "The Holy City," by Mrs. Crandall and a sweet duet by Mrs. Crandall and Miss Lockhart of Hantsport, that made the kind, hospitable people of Brookville think of Heb. 13:2.

September, 5th.

Minutes of Maritime B. Y. P. U. Convention.

(Continued from page 7.)

increasing the sympathy of our Maritime Baptists with the interests represented by the Canadian Baptist National Convention, and the International B. Y. P. U., we hereby request your transportation leaders to take the necessary steps looking toward the bringing of both those gatherings to the Maritime Provinces on the earliest possible dates.

The following bills were on motion paid: Miss S. L. Norton, for badges for this Convention, \$5.60 Rev. R. O. Morse, postage, etc. \$1.72

The committee on resolutions submitted the following report which was on motion adopted: Your committee on resolutions would submit the following:

"(1) Resolved that we affirm our indebtedness for the services of our former president, Rev. G. A. Lawson, also that we extend to him our sympathy, and regret his absence from the Convention.

"(2) Resolved that we assure Rev. R. O. Morse, our former editor of the B. Y. P. U. column in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, our gratitude for his labor of love.

"(3) Resolved that we express our appreciation of the services of Rev. J. B. Morgan, as transportation leader.

"(4) Resolved that we reciprocate the kindly fraternal feelings extended to us from the Maritime C. E. Juniors.

"(5) Resolved, that we as M. B. Y. P. U. assembled in Halifax August, 22nd-23rd, must heartily thank the local B. Y. P. U. societies of Halifax and Dartmouth for their warm and cordial reception and provision for our comforts.

W. H. HUTCHINS, M. B. BEZANSON, ERNEST QUICK.

On motion resolved that the programme committee for next year notify those who are to take part in the annual gathering at least one month in advance.

The Sec'y. Treas. reported the collections taken at the two public meetings, \$14.42.

On motion, adjourned to meet at the call of the chair. Prayer by Rev. H. B. Smith.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Our Junior Union presented their superintendent, Mr. Ira J. Yeo, with a pretty souvenir paper-knife and a farewell address on Friday evening. Mr. Yeo has devoted considerable time and painstaking interest to the work of the Juniors during the past two years, and has also served the church as a member of the choir for a longer period. We shall miss him from our services, but wish him all success in his studies at McGill University, where he goes to pursue the study of medicine.

Sept. 22nd.

G. F. RAYMOND.

When You Don't Feel Like It.

When things go hard with you, when everything seems to go against you, when you are thwarted on every side, when the sky is dark and you can see no light; that is just the time to exhibit your mettle, to show what you are made of. If there is anything in you, adversity will bring it to light. What a man does in spite of circumstances, rather than because of them, is the measure of his success ability.

The successful man, he who brings to pass, grows stronger and more determined when the way looks darkest. Instead of becoming discouraged as the obstacles which bar his progress grow more and more formidable, he arouses himself like a lion to meet, and finally overcome them. He does not waste his energies and time in trying to evade and go around obstructions: he plows his way through them.

When you have a disagreeable, perplexing thing to do, don't put off the doing. Anticipation will clothe it with new difficulties, and fear of what, after all, may be more imaginary than real, will steal from you your peace of mind, and perhaps destroy your strength and ability to do the thing required. Prompt, vigorous action robs a dreaded task of half its terrors. Grasp the nettle firmly and quickly, if you would avoid its sting.

The writer knows a man who makes every hard, disagreeable experience a stepping-stone to something higher. When he finds himself in a particularly difficult place, and hardly knows how to take the next step, he musters up all the energy within him, and resolves to make the obstacle a round in the ladder by which he ascends. By adhering to this rule under all circumstances, he has built up a most remarkable character.

When you get up in the morning feeling "blue" and discouraged because disagreeable things confront you, make up your mind firmly that, come what may, you will make that particular day a "red-letter day" in your life. Then, instead of a probable failure, and the loss of a day, you will, at least, accomplish infinitely more than you would if you had given way to a depressing mood.

It will do you a great deal more good to do everything you touch, just as well as it can be done, to a complete finish, when you do not like it, than to accomplish the same thing when you are at your best and feel like working, because in the former case you are disciplining yourself in a way that will surely make a strong character. The man who works only when he feels like it, and has no power to compel himself to do a thing when he is averse to it, will never get very high up in the world.

Be your own schoolmaster. When you do not feel like work, provided your health is good and there is no reason why you should not, put yourself under special training, and perform your duty, your appointed task, faithfully—as well as it can be done. If you have been in the habit of half doing things, of putting everything off until the last moment, resolve now, from this hour, that you will compel yourself to do whatever you undertake promptly and efficiently.

Training under pressure is the finest discipline in the world. You know what is right and what you ought to do, even when you do not feel like doing it. This is the time to get a firm grip of yourself, to hold yourself steadily to your task, no matter how disagreeable or difficult it may be. Keep up this rigid discipline day after day and week after week, and you will soon learn the art of arts—perfect self-mastery.—Success.

"Wilful Waste Makes Woeful Want."

It is as wasteful not to secure what you need and might have as it is to squander what you already possess. You can secure health and keep it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Backache—"My mother had severe pains in her side and back. She was obliged to give up work. Was persuaded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon she was able to do her work and was free from pain." Maggie Morgan, Nasonworth, N. B.

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HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ill; the non-bruising cathartic.