

out from that hill-side a welcome to its little chapel's open door; so a letter was sent off to find the price of a bell—also, it was too dear! When did ever the preacher, the colporteur or their wives ever have such a sum of money? But they still prayed for a bell, and one day a letter came, came from a large city far down upon the plains, "Do you want a bell for your chapel up there? If so, write and say what kind." And so the bell came, and it pealed out its Sabbath welcome down from the little Christian chapel upon the hill side into the ears of the native population of the old part of the town.

And the missionary lady came back after a time from the plains, back to her own house upon the hills, and found near it a pretty little chapel where Sunday after Sunday a native congregation gathered, and week-days a school was held. Her hands were now freed from her other work, so this little band of Christians was told she would stay and work with them for the native population of the old part of the town. Then they gathered round their "mother," and she asked for Bible-women to go to their heathen sisters; she would pay them for their services; then the preacher's and colporteur's wives offered—they would go, but take no pay; and now, day after day as they return from their work among the women, the report is "They want us, so many want us to come and tell them too."

Then the schoolmaster got restless and came to "mother." He wanted to preach; she held him back, and still wished him to teach the children in the school, but soon he came again. "I must preach," he said, "to the people in the villages near and far away, down upon the plains where there are so many."

But this time he did not come alone; another young man stood by him, ready to go too; he was "boy" in a gentleman's house, getting good wages, but he, too, had been reading his Bible until he could stay no longer, but had given up all to go and preach in the villages far and near—to preach in the villages upon the plains, where there were so many. "But who will give you food and money?" their "mother" asked. "The Lord," they replied. So the Christian master gave up his faithful "boy," the lady missionary her faithful school-teacher, and they went out, two dark-skinned missionaries, to preach the gospel in their own land to their own people.

This is all, the faith of a little company of Christians in a heathen land. "If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

MAGGIE GARNIDE

Ootacamund, India,
June 21st, 1891.

THE WORK ABROAD.

Field Notes from the Front.

(Extracts from late private letters.)

Miss B. writes: Did you ever see such a busy place? Instead of finding the time long, I have felt that I have not been able to accomplish nearly all I wanted to do, and far from all I ought to do. Here I cannot begin to do what I could have accomplished at home without the least inconvenience. . . . I feel very strange sometimes when I realize that eleven thousand miles of land and sea separate me from mother and home, and that I cannot see those I love. My one comfort is that He who

is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, is here the same as there, and His love, when it is all I have, is exceedingly precious. . . . In my life at home where I never, by any chance, could have the all-alone feeling I have had here, I never could have been drawn so near to the Master I think, and this very need has caused me to turn to Him, so I seem to be better acquainted with Him, to realize that His word will not fail, that He is a living reality, and I am in His hands to be used as He thinks best. . . . It seems to me that naturally I am not easily discouraged, but there is something very hard about going to people with a message they don't want to hear, and talking with them upon subjects to which they are entirely indifferent, if not averse. Mr. D. says it is much easier to reach people in the villages. Here the people know the Europeans, their weaknesses and vices. On any ordinary subject they are quite willing to have a friendly chat, but when the name of Christ is mentioned, there is work to be done, they cannot take time to talk, if you can come some other hour in the day they will be glad to listen, and other excuses. How glad I am the work is not ours! If it were I could not bear it, I think, but all we can do is to obey the command, give the message, and leave the result with Him who has told us that the faithful sowing shall be rewarded by the rejoicing over sheaves.

Miss R. writes from Akshu: I have regretted since coming here that I know so few of our Baptist people at home. They can scarcely feel an interest in a person they have never seen, and if not interested in one, they are not apt to pray for them, and it is a great thought to know that we are being prayed for. I came here to stay with Miss S. while the Craigs are away. Brought my munshi (teacher) with me, he is quite an expensive affair, so I am putting in as many hours a day with him as I can profitably. It has been so much pleasanter here than I expected, and I don't ever remember feeling such perfect confidence in the Heavenly Father's care. (As far as we can tell, there was no European within forty miles of these two, Miss R. and Miss S., during the months they were alone in A.) It does not take one long to see the need of a medical lady at this station. Every morning Miss S. finds a group of people waiting for medicine. Some will be here before daylight. I have seen as many as twenty at one time waiting on the veranda for treatment. Any doctor at home with so many patients would think he had a large practice. Since I came there have been over twenty baptisms. The head man in one village near has been converted, and is telling all the others how happy he is, and persuading them to come to the Saviour.

During Mr. Craig's absence, Miss Stord had charge of his work. She writes: Last week about thirty of the workers were in for a fine day's meeting. The Master was manifestly among us, and business meetings merged into prayer meetings in the most unaccountable manner, while the devotional meetings and the Bible readings were really live, helpful meetings. On Sunday K. Peter preached from the words in Acts, "We cannot but speak the things we have seen and heard." They say he was up all night preparing and praying. Certainly it was a sermon in the power of the Spirit, and I trust each one returned to his work inspired to large faith, larger effort, and more complete consecration. Day by day I am learning more clearly that whatever it may be at home, here it must be a doing of one thing—one thing—a following hard after God in heart for oneself, and in life for the souls of those about us. There is only time, and