

Lord called him home it would be a blessed change for him—but the call did not come, and he has been restored to health.

A short time ago I witnessed for the first time in India a baptism, and I am glad to say Balam was one of the number baptized.

For about eight weeks I have had a class in Sunday School composed of the little children and have been trying to teach them something of the life of Our Lord when on earth, they listen very attentively and help me more than I feel that I help them. They use short sentences and I can always catch their meaning, and I in return use the same language, for I realize that I have to begin with the language of a child, "walk before I run," still I try not to be discouraged—but just go on slowly.

During the year I have had five different teachers. One reason was because of my moving from place to place, and another was because of the inability to teach. I am now without a Munshi, but hope soon to get settled down to study again. Mr. and Mrs. Corey and myself hope to get settled in Parla Kimerdi early in January.

We are very sorry indeed to bid some of our number good-bye, but we trust that they may receive a blessing in the homeland and they may be a blessing to the churches in interesting them more in Missions than they have been in the past. The needs have

been great in the past and will be still greater here as there will be fewer to cope with heathenism. Hoping that the Lord will bless all your efforts, I will close.

Very sincerely yours,
M. Clark.

Vizianagram.

We regret "Notes from New Brunswick" have not reached us for this issue."

Praise Meetings.

MRS. D. E. FINKS.

Delightful occasions are these, when properly planned and conducted! Often they are more far-reaching in their results than almost any other form of a missionary meeting.

The first one of which the writer has any knowledge was held in a far western city, under the shadow of the snow-capped peaks of the Rocky Mountains. The idea was an inspiration, born of God, in the heart of one of His children. It had been a time of peculiar trial, a severe epidemic of fever had swept through the city, and the angel of sorrow brooded over many a hearthstone. Scores had been carried by disease to the door of death, and many had passed through that open portal.

The number of those who gathered at the regular missionary meeting was small; the leader was away seeking bodily strength. The thought