

Foreign Mission Board

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address: Mrs. J. W. MANSING, 240 Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER.

That a great blessing may follow the meetings of the Conventions and the coming year be one of great blessing at home and in the foreign field.

Notice.

Any parcels for India, to be sent by Miss Clark should go to Halifax in care of J. L. Archibald, Spring Garden Road, Halifax, before the 15th of September.

Any persons wishing to send any thing to Grande Ligne for furnishing the rooms of the new building will send to Mrs. J. M. Gunn, Belmont, Colchester county, N. S.

Continued from last week.

One sister writes: "I wish we could get all our sisters interested! What a powerful prayer would go up to God and what an answer! It would be like the taking of Jericho, the walls would fall and heathenism would be taken for Christ's Kingdom. I am so sorry that out of each church so few are willing to enjoy the blessing of being a missionary by becoming a member of the Aid Society."

An elderly lady, who through a great sacrifice supports a native preacher, writes: "So many of these Lily Baptists. They told me neither do for Jesus but fold their arms and look on but what will the harvest be? My desire is to live in closer fellowship with my Lord. I believe earnest believing prayer enters the very heart of God and must prevail. All I regret is that earlier in life I had not been more interested in this blessed work. God will bless and some day I may rejoice over seed sown by others that I in my home have helped to sow. Have faith in God and thou shalt yet praise him."

Another writes: "There are nineteen Baptist families in Falkland Ridge and our Aid Society has nineteen members. We are not discouraged. We know there is an immense power in little things when the all powerful God stands back of them. Oh what a joy it would be to me to know that I had been the means of bringing one Telugu to Jesus! I think I can truly say that the little I give to our mission I give more freely than what I spend on myself. Oh I long to know and feel more of the responsibility that rests upon me as one of God's redeemed."

Hear the testimony of the late Mrs. J. E. F. "On thing that struck me very forcibly in these out of the way places lately visited was the love of the women for all our missionaries. Some day it will be seen how much of the success of our work is due to the earnest prayers and self-denial of these hidden ones."

Thanks be unto God for the faithful "one-fourth" and for the unceasing and increasing devotion of the "hidden ones." But what do I hear some one say? "Oh I want to give to and pray for some other work. I don't believe in our Telugu Mission!"

Don't believe in it? Can't believe. Has God no jewels among this people. Is his hand shortened that he cannot save? Is his ear heavy that he cannot hear? Surely no one thinks that because we have no orphanage or home, like Ramabhai that we have not a work worthy of all the support our people are able to give. The day will come when we will have all these but even then what work can compare with that of providing and upholding missionaries and preachers, colporteurs and Bible women for the evangelization of the masses. Thousands in our Telugu Mission today have never even heard the "precious name." Did Jesus say, "Go establish schools and orphanages?" No, the command is, "Go, preach the gospel." We appreciate the work done by our schools, hospital and reading rooms but we remember that all educational and other efforts are emphatically secondary to that of going up and down among the perishing and warning them to flee from the wrath to come.

What a blessed work—that of proclaiming liberty to the sin-bound, that of winning for the lamb that was slain the reward of his sufferings, that of bringing home to Jesus the souls for whom he died! And are we discouraged? No, never!

In Jewett's day when the giving up of the A. B. Mission was being discussed a certain D. D. thought he settled the question by saying, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." But what was the response? "Why, Ephraim was no heathen; he had his chance, give the Telugu a good chance." Have we given our Telugus a good chance? Have we, when only one missionary for every three hundred thousands of the people has been provided. The field is a good one; foundations have been laid; forces have been set at work; the seed has been sown—now what? One says: "our people at home are much in the position of a farmer who having invested in good land, good seed, good plows,

good harrows and having at last in sight a good crop calls a halt by saying: "I can't afford waggons to gather it in."

Friends, think you it is no grief to your missionaries that the seed is so long bearing fruit, think you their hearts are not well nigh broken as they contemplate the eternal death of the multitudes day by day—yes, it seems sometimes as if they could not endure and in order to swell the number of converts some may have been tempted to make it easier for these caste-bound Hindus to enter the Christian fold by looking upon caste, that masterpiece of Satan, with a lenient eye. But no—we must be true to the gospel of Jesus and preach that cross-bearing is essential to true discipleship. "It is far better to fail on right principles than succeed on wrong ones. 'The great point is for us to do his work in his way. Then good will follow as surely as the electric spark when the law of electricity is heeded. Have faith in God. Be strong, be firm, be true!'"

The greatest miracle of Jesus life was that he performed no miracle until he was thirty years of age. God allowed Carey, Morrison and others to toil a long period without fruitage, but the end was triumph. See Judson after seven years labor sitting down to the Lord's table all alone—no, not one convert! The missionary society said: "Better give up!" "No, No!" was the reply, "success is as certain here as the promise of a faithful God can make it."

Sisters, shall we not lift up our eyes unto the hills, shall we not bow low before the King of Kings and ask in faith believing that it is his will to pour out his spirit like a flood, sweeping the many who have heard the joyful sound into the fold of Christ. While we pray for and are interested in the various forms of the Lord's work in every land it is not our solemn, our imperative, our urgent duty to concentrate our love, our gifts, our prayers upon the two million Telugus to whom we have promised to give the light of life. Satan is powerful; but if we are faithful and only hold with all our might upon the life-line of prayer we shall come through all uncertainty, disappointment and darkness into the fulness of assured light and joy and triumph through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"And if thou canst not go, yet bring

An offering of a willing heart;

Then though thou tarriest at home,

Thy God shall give thee too thy part.

Thy messengers of peace appear

In ceaseless and prevailing prayer."

Loyingly yours in the service,

MABEL EVANGELINE ARCHIBALD.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE W. B. M. U.—Long before this letter reaches you, yes even before I write, the wires have borne you the sad message that God has come to our Vizianagram home and taken from our presence our dear Mrs. Sanford. As we came back home and missed the welcoming smile, the dear patient face, the sweet tones of the stilled voice, the touch of the vanished hand, and yet everywhere about the house we saw the evidences of her thought and work, it seemed as if she must come again as before; that the going had been but for a day or two and she would come again.

But gradually we are coming to realize, that indeed she has gone to be with Jesus, that henceforth she will live in the light of his presence—"Forever with the Lord. As this thought possesses us we cannot mourn as those who have no hope,—even in the loneliness that we all feel, we are conscious of the fact that thy sadness is only ours—that death is swallowed up in victory—that pain and sorrow and weakness of the flesh are all past for her, all is joy in the light of the smile of the Lord whom she so devotedly loved and so consistently served.

"Tis only just a little way
That leads from you to me
I was so very weary
Sorely you could not mourn
That I a little sooner
Should lay my burden down."

Early last autumn symptoms developed which Mrs. Sanford thought indicated trouble of some kind. She did not suffer much pain except from increased weakness. In her characteristic way she kept her troubles mostly to herself until about Christmas time when medical advice was sought, and an operation in the near future was advised. After due consideration it was concluded, that as the weather was getting warmer and best possible circumstances were advisable, Bangalore (the altitude of which is over 3000 feet) would offer the best facilities for advice and climate.

Accordingly the last of February under the daughter's efficient, loving, filial care she left Vizianagram and went to Bangalore.

By a strange circumstance the journey and the change to a higher altitude so abated the symptoms for a time that the physician was unable to detect anything unusual and advised a change to a still cooler place for rest and recuperation holding out the hope of immediate recovery under such conditions. The change was made to Coonoor and for a little time our hearts were all made glad at the tidings that improvement was apparent and strength being regained. But soon a severe attack took away all the extra strength. During all the three months in Coonoor the severe pain and illness returned at intervals of two or three weeks, each attack leaving Mrs. Sanford weaker than be-

fore. Finally it was decided that an operation was imperative. To this end the journey to Madras was made in comparative comfort and freedom from pain. But on the very day of arrival the terrible pain came on again and for several days the suffering was very hard to bear. Always it was endured with patient resignation and cheerful uncomplaining quiet. At length, after consultation had been held, a serious operation was performed. Mr. Sanford wired to Conference, then in session in Chicacole, the evening of July 14th, that the condition of the patient was favorable and as hopeful as could be expected. We rejoiced at the news and waited anxiously all day next day hoping as no word came that all was well. The morning of July 16th, the loving anxious watchers noted a change for the worse—all day there was great difficulty in breathing. "At even-tide it was light. Our dear mother Sanford was not for God took her."

The influence of the beautiful life that has passed on before who can estimate? Few knew or realized the greatness of her patient endurance. In perils by land, in perils by sea, indicate in loneliness, in separation from loved ones, in trials manifold, in discouragements and disappointments, in suffering, pain and weariness, she endured as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

To know her was to love her. The many letters that have come from all parts of India have borne witness to the loving regard in which she was held and the helpfulness which she always gave. From many missionaries of many different societies contributed to her loving, helpful, beautiful character.

"The memory of her brave patient spirit will always be an inspiration. Always bearing about a burden of physical weakness and pain yet ever covering it up with a bright, cheery countenance, and a smile that brought sunshine to others. Her unselfishness was so beautiful. I think now of one of the last little acts of the many with which her life was filled: Weak and suffering she could yet remember to give to Annie the booklet that she knew would give her pleasure."

Another whose life touched hers on the Hills writes to Miss Sanford:

"How beautiful is the memory of your dear mother's spirit—so gentle and ever helpful. I never talked with her but that I felt the influence of her gentleness and love. . . . Oh, I am so thankful for the little glimpses I was allowed to have of her and I shall ever treasure the memory of them. I loved her very dearly as did all who knew her."

Again, from one of our own little band comes this tribute: "She was such a home-maker, and loved her family so well; and you know how she mothered all of us younger missionaries for her heart was so large, it could take in all of us."

"How glad I am to remember that to her there was no dread of the future—so brave and quiet and hopeful through those trying weeks of uncertainty. She just rested in the Lord. And now we know He loves her with greater tenderness than even her dearest on earth would love her. So long as those live who have known her, yes—and far beyond that her life, will be an inspiration and guide to Christ and for righteousness. The gentleness of Christ was greatly manifested in her life—so many have noted this especially and I have been greatly helped by her Christ-likeness in this respect."

Not alone from our missionary friends come words of sorrow. The native people too feel bereaved. This little note of love came from them:

"We miss very much the smiling face of dear mother Sanford. Now we are children who have no mother, because she regarded us in motherly love. Indeed her death is a wound to the whole congregation of Vizianagram. She was an example to us in love, in patience, in visiting the sick. 'Thy will be done.'"

The traits of character spoken of in these letters are more deeply known and prized by us who had the privilege of living with her and seeing her daily life.

"She doeth little kindness
Which most leave undone or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease
And giveth happiness or peace
Is low esteemed in her eyes."

"Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow."

I know of no one to whom the words of Solomon better apply Prov. 31: A virtuous woman. . . . Her price is above rubies. . . . Her children rise up and call her blessed. Her husband also and He praiseth her."

And not only her own children, but her memory is blessed to many of us whom she mothered.

In loving and sorrowful memory,

M. HELENA BLACKADAR.

Vizianagram Cant, India, July 29, 1903.

Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old.

It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful.

It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected.

M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Hattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it, was cold even in July, and could not dress himself.

According to testimonials voluntarily given, these sufferers were permanently relieved, as others have been, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which corrects the acidity of the blood, on which rheumatism depends, and builds up the whole system