

upon her: (3) that every widow, of whatever age, should have the right to complain to the authorities of social ill-usage, and that proper facilities should be afforded her for the purpose; and (4) that it should be declared illegal for priests to excommunicate either the parties contracting a second marriage or their relatives or connections. The Government has definitely refused to interfere in the matter. Professor Max Mueller, of Oxford, the great philologist, has written Mr. Mahabari a letter in which he shows that infant marriage has no support in the most sacred books of the Hindoos, and expresses his views on the action of the Government as follows: "I wish the Government, while declaring its impotence, had at least given expression to the righteous indignation which every Englishman must feel when reading the account you have published of infant brides and infant-widows. That would have been no great risk, and would at least have given some encouragement to you and those who work with you in continuing your crusade. However, depend upon it, justice will be done. Write a short pamphlet, containing nothing but well-known and well-authenticated facts, and send it to the women of England. They begin to be a power, and they have a spiritual quality they are never beaten. [The italics are ours.] If they once know what is going on in India, tolerated by an English Government, they will tell every candidate for Parliament: unless this blot is removed from the escutcheon of England, you shall not be re-elected. Women, at all events have courage, and when they see what is hideous, they do not wait for orders from home, before they say what they think."

Who will go to India?

Our missionaries in the Telugu country, with a unanimity that seems like none other than the voice of God, write to the General Board to send more missionaries and to the women's society to send another lady teacher as soon as possible. Two missionaries are dead, two must return home for rest, and one is ill beyond any prospect of speedy recovery. The new missionaries sent out a year ago are struggling with over work and a half learned language, and could they speak like natives, they would have to be superhuman, even with the self-denying, ready-to-do anything-where Mr. Craig, as the only experienced missionary. In order to keep up the schools and fill the stations now opened, to say nothing of advance, a man well equipped in heart, head and construction, ready to meet and brave anything, and a woman as hardy, earnest and competent, are wanted; this season, on some part of the field *must be abandoned*. Who will consecrate themselves this day unto the Lord for this work?

When, years ago, the Burn in mission was languishing for want of men, in a stirring address at a meeting of the American Baptist Missionary Society, Elder Leonard said:—"Who would sit at ease in Zion, and leave a part of the harvest, already ripe, to the pitiless storm?" Grover S. Comstock, then a student, replied, "I would not be that person," and so was added to the galaxy of hero missionaries one of its brightest lights, and thence the epigram, "six men for Arracan," that sounded over the seas and rang like a "clarion voice" through the churches of America, calling Christians from their apathy and laborers into the field. To us, now, comes the no less urgent call, *more missionaries for the Telugus*. "Who will sit at ease in our Zion" while any part of the

Telugu mission is "left to the pitiless storm?" Who will answer, "I would not be that person?" And who will cease to pray the Lord of the harvest for more laborers, until they who should go, are ready to say, "here am I, send me?"

Toronto, Feb. 21.

M. A. CASTLE.

The Arms of Love.

I saw a baby fast asleep
Upon its mother's knee,
And crowding near, a little lad
Said "is there room for me?"

And when the mother took her child,
And kissed his tawny face,
I heard him say, God's arms of love
Can't allow unkind embrace.

His great love covers all His fold
And tenderly He saith
You will I comfort as one whom
His mother comforteth.

The Lord doth know them that are His,
And to His faithful breast
His little children come, and all
Awarded come for rest.

The children slept, and falling night
Fast hid the twilight charms,
A low voice whispered "and beneath"
Are the everlasting arms.

Belleville, Jan. 20th, 1887

REV. BAKER.

Fallen Asleep

MY DEAR LINK, Do I need any apology for sending you a few words about the late Rev. N. M. Waterbury of Madras? I think not. He was so much a Telugu missionary that we all loved him and all feel a sense of loss.

He was born in North Adams, Mass., Dec. 3rd, 1855, was converted when about 14 years of age. Studied for medicine in Rochester University, but while there had his attention turned to the Ministry. He decided to dedicate his life to his Master, entered the Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1881. While in the Seminary the question of a life in a foreign land came before him. He decided to offer himself and was accepted and sent out to Madras, arriving Nov. 7, 1881. He was just five years and four days in India.

Bro. Waterbury was not strong physically. He had a good presence, and had a pleasing, refined expression, was a little retiring but by no means repellent, accepting advances rather than courting them. He was genial and courteous to strangers, but opened his heart only to his friends. He was firm in adherence to his principles, while generous in his opinion of those who differed from him.

Religiously he was reverent and devout. He was a real student of God's word, and its demands were unhesitatingly obeyed whether understood or not. He formed his opinions from the Bible rather than the Bible by his opinions. He drank in deeply, especially in his later days of the spirit of the word. His growth in grace was manifest to all.

Mentally he was a rare man. He was neither subtle nor profound. Truth did not lie in his mind either in