

love and grace of God have been most illuminating and inspiring and one of the most impressive features of the Jubilee programmes. It was significant that the Bible-woman, Annamma of Narsapatnam, doubtless the oldest worker to see the year of Jubilee, died and by special permission was laid away near her husband and other early Christians in the old cemetery just outside the town, and now reserved for the use of the Government, just two days before the meeting in Yellamanchili and one week before the Jubilee anniversary proper.

Annamma was employed by Mrs. Currie while Narsapatnam was still a part of Tunj field and her genuine conversion, subsequent sufferings, early zeal for Christ with its lasting fruit in her own community and her life-long love for the Word of God are now memories connected with her name.

The Yellamanchili Christian chapel is situated in the town and the meetings were held in a spacious pandal erected in front of the chapel with the porch as platform and prettily decorated with green leaves, colored paper chains and suitable texts and with a most cordial

W E L C O M E

in gold over the front gate.

All this together with the throng of happy and intelligent-faced delegates and the music and order of the meetings, excited curiosity and comment and one happy feature of the meetings was the number of children of all classes, Brahmins, Merchants, Mahomm-dans, Sweepers, literate and illiterate who dropped in to watch the proceedings; while numbers of them witnessed the baptism of the young shepherd caste man on the Sunday evening.

What hath God wrought!
But what remains to be done!
To Thee and to thy Christ, O God
We sing, we ever sing;
For He the lonely winepress trod
Our cup of joy to bring.
His glorious arm the strife maintained,
He marched in might from far;

His robes are with the vintage stained
Red with the wine of war.

To Thee and to thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For He redeemed us with His blood
From every evil thing.
Thy saving strength His arm upbore,
The Arm that set us free;
Glory, O God for evermore
Be to Thy Christ and Thee.

There were many unrecorded touches that lent brightness and color to these gatherings but what has been written may serve as a glimpse into the celebration of the Jubilee in India and among Indian Christians with praise for the privilege of participation.

Yours, as ever, in His name,
Annie C. Murray.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appears
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid,
Love that not ever seems to tire,
Such rich provision made.
—Archbishop Trench.

PEACE

In Me ye might have peace—in Me
I have not promised it elsewhere;
Turn to the world—it is not there,
But only weariness and care.
Oh, cease then from thy fruitless quest,
It was in love I stirr'd thy nest
That thou might'st come at last to see
That peace is only found in Me;
IN ME ye might have peace. —Ex.