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Of The Maritime Provinces.

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MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

IN HIM IS LIFE.

White heat, the iron in the furnace soon;
Withdrawn from thence, 'twas cold and hard anon,
Flowers, from their stalk divided, presently
Droop, fall, and wither in the gazer's eye,
The greenest leaf divided from its stem,
To speedy withering doth itself condemn.
The largest river, from its fountain head
Cut off, leaves soon a parched and dusty bed,
All things that live from God their sustenance wait,
And sun and moon are beggars at His gate.—

French.

A LETTER FROM MISS IDA NEWCOMBE.

The Sabbath is just passed; you may be interested in hearing how the day was spent.

At eight o'clock we have Sunday School in the chapel. I still have the primary class and enjoy the children very much. Yesterday, however, it became necessary for me to take the two adult Bible classes, for the lesson sheets had not come to hand, so the majority did not know the new lesson. I hope those taught learned as helpful lessons as the teacher.

After a brief intermission we had the morning service—not the regular sermon, for Mr. Gullison is away; but as many as were led to do so, passed on to others some helpful thought received while studying the Bible during the past week. Present with us were two in whom we are especially interested. One, a young man of the barber caste, claims to be a seeker after truth; the other, now a grey-haired man, many years ago professed faith in Christ, but was not strong enough to endure the fiery persecution of his own people, and since then has been trying to satisfy his conscience by outwardly conforming to Hinduism, while in secret, he says, he reads his Bible and prays. But this compromise has not given him the peace for which he longs, and now he feels that he must break with everything pertaining to Hinduism and henceforth be wholly for Christ. All these years of endeavoring to serve two masters has made him weak in will and timid, so he is hesitating and fearing to take the stand he feels constrained to. Pray for him and for the secret believers on our fields. In the service yesterday morning one of the preachers asked for prayer for three secret believers who

are "letting I dare not, wait upon I would."
"Is it not enough if we have this faith in our hearts? Must we tell others?" Is the cry of more than one. They want the faith, but feel the cost of allowing others to know of it too great.

After the service, those of the boarders who had memorized scripture verses, came to recite them. A number of the boys have learned the Gospel of Matthew and are now committing the book of Proverbs to memory. The Psalmist says, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee," and we have confidence that, although many of these verses are doubtless soon forgotten, many will remain with the boys—the sword of the Spirit, in constant readiness for use against the adversary of souls.

At two o'clock I started out to the village schools recently established. Sometimes I return at night overjoyed with the good attendance and excellent attention the children have given; again, there are days when the work has been almost disheartening. Yesterday three miles in my ricksha brought me to a good sized village, and I made my way to the potter's street, where, under the shade of an immense tamarind tree, I teach the children who gather around me stories from the life of Christ.

After the last Sunday's story has been told by each child that has remembered it, a new one is taught. Those who were able to repeat the story for the day are then given lesson picture cards sent from Canada. This year I am using these cards in these village evangelistic schools only, instead of in our station day school, as heretofore. The children seemed pleased with them, and many, not entitled to receive them, clamor for them, but our rule is—no story, no card. As a rule, I do not try to hold the children's attention longer than thirty or forty minutes, so I make the stories short, but insist on thoroughness. Another thing that has pleased me thus far in connection with this school, is the number of adults who stand in the back ground and listen as well as the children. They frequently prompt some child when recit-