

gregation, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five were invited by written invitations, enclosing a small envelope in each to receive a Thank-offering. Some fifty responded. A programme was prepared opening with a Bible-reading by our President, Mrs. Eaton, who also read a deeply interesting paper upon "Mission Work in India." Solos and recitations followed. Sister Burditt gave some thrilling sketches from her own experience, as well as from that of others while a missionary in India. The envelopes being opened were found to contain the sum of \$22.05 since supplemented to the amount of \$27.75. With \$25 of this we made our dear Sister Roop, wife of our highly esteemed deacon, S. F. Roop, a Life-member, hope to make another before the year closes. Seven names were added to our membership list. At the close of the session an enjoyable social hour was spent and refreshments served, the prominent feature being rice and curry, which Hindoo practice promises to find many followers among us. A noted speaker being in town the evening service was short but full of interest, and we separated feeling that the Master in very deed had been with us, owning and blessing our weak efforts for the extension of His kingdom. Recently a "Junior Aid Society" has been organized among the younger girls of the church, which has a promising out-look. It is presided over by a dear invalid sister who, although debarred from active service, is being used by the Master to guide these young Christians who are so willingly making their lives tell for Christ. We listen down through the future to hear some of these saying, "Here am I, send me." A Mission Band has been working for a few months, which, with the faithful seed-sowing of our dear Sister Burdett, must bear fruit in the lives of our little ones. Often we have heard of the woes of India's women, yet we were stirred anew as the thought of the cry going up from four millions of child-widows, who in misery, degradation, and hopeless despair, wait out a wretched life, then think of what the Gospel has done for us and can do for them. Listening, we hear the voice of Jesus floating down through the centuries, "Go tell, tell those widows, tell every one that never heard it 'The old, old Story.'" This mighty work is entrusted to the Church of God, to us, sisters, and oh! we are so glad that the Master has honored us by permitting us to be co-workers with Him. The needed strength will be given if we labor and pray earnestly, perseveringly and believingly. "Lo I am with you alway."

SECRETARY.

WE are often asked to tell converts' stories, and certainly they would thrill, for the way of escape God opens sometimes is, like Peter's from prison, miraculous; and truth is stranger than fiction, and far more interesting. But we who work in the Terrible's lair, and know how he fights to get back his prey, even, after it has escaped from him, are afraid to tell these stories too much, and feel that silence is safest, and, strange as it may seem to some, for the present most glorifies God. . . . But, as even a passing mention may mean danger, unless a counteracting influence of real prayer protects them, we ask you to pray that the tender protection of God may be folded round each one of them, and then when we meet where no sin can creep into the setting, and no harm can follow it, they will tell you their stories themselves and God will give you your share in the joy, comrades at home! But let us press it on you now—pray, oh, pray for the converts! Pray that they may grow in Christ. Pray that He may see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied with each of them, and pray that we may enter into that travail of soul with Him. Nothing less is any good. Spiritual children mean travail of soul—spiritual agony. I wonder who among those who read this will realize what I mean.

Some will, I think, so I write it. It is a solemn thing to find oneself drawn out in prayer, which knows no relief till the soul it is burdened with, is born. It is no less solemn afterwards, until Christ is formed in them. Converts are a responsible joy.—*Amy Wilson Carmichael, in Mission Work in Southern India.*

If we refuse to be corns of wheat falling into the ground and dying, if we neither sacrifice prospects, nor risk character and property and health, nor when we are called, relinquish home and break family ties, for Christ's sake and His Gospel, then we shall abide alone.—*Thomas Gageton, India.*

Not mere pity for dead souls, but a passion for the Glory of God, is what we need to hold us on to victory.—*Lilac Trotter, Africa.*

If we are simply to pray to the extent of a simple and pleasant and enjoyable exercise, and know nothing of watching in prayer, and of weariness in prayer, we shall not draw down the blessing that we may. We shall not sustain our missionaries who are overwhelmed with the appalling darkness of heathenism.

We must serve God even to the point of suffering, and each one ask himself, in what degree, in what point, am I extending by personal suffering, by personal self-denial, to the point of pain, for the kingdom of Christ?

It is ever true, that what costs little is worth little.—*J. Hudson Taylor, China.*