

Echoes of the Appeal.

My dear Editor,—Doubtless some of your readers have been down the charming St. Lawrence, through the Thousand Islands, and, as the little steamer glided from point to point, and finally rounded down to Echo Point, held their breath to hear the sound of the whistle as it came back repeated over and over again with startling distinctness. So the voice of God from our missionaries in India has been sounded out into all this land. The echoes are coming back—the echoes of the voice of God in human hearts. They are worth listening to; they are worth heeding.

In the *Baptist* of a few weeks ago I related the case of the young woman who sent \$600 to our Treasurer—a young woman who makes her living by school teaching. What a sweet echo that was—how dear to the ear of the listening Lord.

A young man from British Columbia, just starting in life, who twenty years ago was "a dear little chap" in Woodstock College, wrote me enclosing \$20, saying he had noted the appeal in the *Baptist*, and that he would send more soon. The soon came very soon. Last week, two months after the first \$20, more came. Along with the money came a glimpse of a dear Christian home—father, mother and a dear little baby boy dedicated to the Lord's service.

From South Carolina comes a note enclosing \$40, and these words, "I saw the appeal in the last *Baptist*; I had no idea the need was so urgent, I hope to send this yearly."

One white saint of over fourscore years, said, as she reached for the old Bible and drew from it \$20, "It is likely the last I shall be permitted to give. Soon I shall be looking on the work from the presence of the King."

One of the Professors at McMaster Hall said, "Nothing which I have ever read so thoroughly broke me up as that appeal." He has shown the reality of this breaking up by offering all his spare time to the Board for the Centennial year.

Another Professor, this time from Newton Theological Institution, says, "It is the most remarkable and impressive piece of English I have ever read."

A leading pastor says, "At first it seemed to me to be altogether beyond us, but the more I think over it and pray over it the more I feel convinced that it is what God wants us to do."

Scores of similar testimonies from heads of colleges, missionaries and pastors, as well as private individuals, might be given.

I had a letter a few days ago from a brother in Montreal, who is going out at his own charges. He hopes to support himself and do mission work at the same time. He has one Indian language already and is ready to learn another. He spent several years in India before. He asks the privilege of working in connection with our mission.

A few days ago a young lady who has been educating herself for mission work, wrote, asking if there was a suitable opening for her in our field. She also would go free of expense to our Board.

A young pastor, a late graduate from McMaster Hall, has definitely made up his mind that his Master wants him at the uttermost parts of the earth.

Only last night a young man, Secretary of a Y. M. C. A., said that he was ready for marching orders to the front any day.

This week I had a letter from a young man who is taking a medical course, with the foreign field in view. Besides a wife, he expects to bring along and support a well-trained sister.

Some weeks ago I met a beautiful young woman, highly cultivated and a devoted worker, who is exceedingly anxious to spend her life as a medical missionary on our field; and there are others who have heard this voice of God from over the seas, and whose hearts have responded in love and devotion to the call of their Master.

Besides all these, there are at least half a dozen in McMaster Hall and Woodstock College in different stages of preparation, who will be knocking at our doors, saying, "Here am I, send me."

These are a few of the echoes from the voice of God, which come to our ears from the hearts and the homes of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec. Let those of us who have not yet heard this voice, quiet for a few moments earth's clamor about us, and, retiring into our closets, give ourselves up to the influence of the Spirit, and so come into closer fellowship with the Lord Jesus in His love for the lost.

JOHN McLaurin.

Romance of the Hill Tops.

Up among the blue mountains of Southern India is a little band of native Christians; at first they formed one church with others—European and Eurasian. The time came when they believed they should form themselves for work—native work. First of all they needed a chapel, so the native preacher, with his handful of brethren, prayed that they might get land to build upon, and as they prayed one day, the thought came, to ask for a certain piece of land from a missionary lady who owned some property on the outskirts of the town—they did, she gave it, telling them she could do no more, as other work would call her to the plains for the next two years. The situation was upon the top of a hill, but it had one advantage, it overlooked the native quarter of an old part of the town.

The lady left, and now they were alone—ground, but no chapel—no money. Again they prayed, then patiently set to work to gather the needed funds. From house to house they went; some, after enquiring where it was to be built, laughed and said, "no one would ever climb up there;" another said, "she would give some money to pull it down after it was up, but none to build it with." The ground, although given, was upon the hill, and to be terraced; one man wanted seventy rupees to level the first; they had no seventy rupees to give him, so the preacher, the colporteur and their wives worked by moonlight, when it was moonlight, and by a lantern swinging overhead when the nights were dark, and they levelled the first terrace at the cost of eight annas (about sixteen cents), for baskets to carry the earth away in. Bricks and cooly hire were dear, so they made and burnt their own bricks, and upon the first and highest terrace built their much longed and prayed for chapel. Another terrace was levelled off just below, by the same preacher, colporteur and wives, under the moonlight sky or swaying lantern that flickered down its feeble light upon them; here, when all the earth had been carried, basket by basket, upon the heads of these eager, earnest men and women, till another terrace was cut from the hill side, a baptistry was dug; then below this still another terrace was cut, and the work was done. But this little band wanted one thing more—a bell, a bell to ring