

The importance of making a distinction cannot be over stated when that distinction has to be preserved. M. Zola has repeatedly stated that the decline of France was owing to over-much religion; while before him, a French prince declared that it was due to lack of religion.

It is impossible to choke any country with the religion of Jesus Christ. We say that we are great believers in missions, and we wonder how it is that Foreign Missions make such little progress. That is easily explained. The United States of America spends 2,962,000,000 dollars on amusements, luxuries, etc., while they give to Missions the fabulous sum of \$7,500,000, or less than one four hundredth part of what they spent on pleasing their fancies. This does not sound very well for the States. But Britain is no better; as the entire contributions to Foreign Missions do not amount to more than 2d per head, while upon amusements, etc., we spend nearly £6 per head. Along with the 2d goes a prayer, and then we wonder why the enterprise moves along so slowly. We send out our missionaries, and maintain no vital interest in their doings. We hand the work over to committees, and expect them to do the whole work of Christianising the world. Then comes the annual reports of the various societies, and we are surprised and annoyed to think that all this money has gone to their support, with so little to show for it. Brethren, we are responsible for the wheels driving heavily. If Christianity is to progress we must take off the brake. The Spirit of Christ in our endeavors will soon make a mighty change in the work abroad, and in proportion to the amount of work that we do, so will be our success. We cannot help nations declaring that there is nothing in our Christianity, when by our cold calculations, and apathetic spirit, we paralyse it. If we have any belief in what we profess, let us be up and doing—

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
I learn to labor and to wait."

Let us do our duty in bringing about the Kingdom of Peace and good will to men, so

"Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throbb
The pulse of one fraternity."

From Chicaole to New York.

"Are you going on furlough?" "Impossible, who will take my place?" The months pass, Miss Newcombe writes: "Your staying will not help my going. Please leave me out of the question. If you do not go, three of us will probably be absent next year." The same day came a letter from Mrs. Laflamme saying: "If you wish a berth on our steamer wire at once." The doctors advised, the conference agreed, so the wire was sent.

Down the East coast in a second class ladies carriage with sleeping accommodation for four, up and across the Nizam's Dominions gaining glimpses of high hills with fortifications around and around, past stations covered with flowering ivies and guarded by policemen clad in orange and blue, buying ice here and there and trying to help a lady suffering from sun fever, on through dry barren tracts everywhere dotted by the waving cocoanuts and palmyra palms; then travelling north and west along the G. I. P. railway we are at Bombay—a sixty-four hours journey from Chicaola

What a fine station!—Cost fifteen million dollars they say. Bombay is indeed a city of palaces, beautiful drives and splendid trees, yet as we pass along the native quarter we do not wonder that 104 out of every 1000 of the population daily die from cholera, small-pox and plague. See the beautiful Parsee ladies out walking with their husbands or dining at their club. When will their Hindu sisters enjoy such freedom, pleasure and enlightenment!

March 30th.—On board the S. S. "Austria"—large, uncomfortable, clean—built in Genoa four years ago. Towering above all the passengers is a General who served in the Indians Meeting. His genial presence and fine Christian character gives tone to the social life. There is the lady missionary of the L. P. C. K. Society who argues that water saves. The Hindus also believe in the efficacy of the Ganges. Everyone notices the American girl who smokes cigarettes and passes the glass around. If this is the "new woman" may her style decrease! At our table there is a Jew and his family—rich, handsome pleasant. The cubs which a German Doctor is taking home afford amusement. There are Colonels, Majors, I. C. S. officials and their wives. Some of whom say: "Why do you waste your life? The Hindus have their own religion. 'This is life eternal' that they should know thee the only true God and him whom thou didst send even Jesus Christ." The Hindus, they do not know!

How delightful is life on board—so smoothly we are gliding along. Last eve from the bow we watched the ships plow the waters sending out along the bubbly spray the wonderful phosphorescent light which would squirm and twist and shoot away in gold and green and varied lights. The round full moon arose in all its glory, one star seemed to envy the splendour and the sea was lined with brightness.

Land ahead?—1819 nautical miles in six days and we are at Aden. What a dreary looking place—red looking houses built along the barren mountain side. The mul-

latos, how they yell as standing in their boats they try to sell their pretty baskets and feathery fans. Slowly we pass through the Straits of Babel-Mandeb—dangerous they say. See, what looks like a grave in the sea, while at its foot stands a tall upright slab of earth. Beautifully the sun sets behind Perim which with its garrison and lighthouse is a key to the Suez Canal. This key is also on the British ring. It is Sunday. Mr. Laflamme preaches a powerful sermon. The General assists in the service. At the close my cabin-mate said: "It was good, but I never heard a dissenter preach before. I wonder if it was wrong for me to go."

Now we are sailing along the Red Sea—red hills on either side. Yes, it was over there where Moses fled. See that scarred, fagged mountain—that is Sinai where Moses talked with God and the law was given.

March 31st, 6 a. m.—Here we are at Suez. Hurry, the Lady Doctor is coming! By responding to our names the examination is passed. A pretty view—water runs into the land here and there, hills in the background of varied tints and the sea—near the shore a pink, then a bright green, a deeper shade, then azure blue—gaily painted houses shaded by casuarina trees while in the distance the train steams away along the curving pier. Stalwart Egyptians come on board to sell ivory and olive wood curios, coral necklaces, views of Palestine and pressed flowers from there.

How cold it is! A pilot comes on; we sail around the promontory entering the wonderful canal—very narrow in places, sandy desert on either side, buoys all along the way, brightly painted flag houses at intervals. "Hold up! a ship has gone aground!" Hour after hour we wait. A regular hurricane begins to blow. A hawser is snapped. Lo! our ship swings around just after a big steamer had gone by. The Lord preserved us.

April 1st—Ships many, from Austria, Sweden, England, slowly pass. How stately they look at such close range. Other ships are tied up behind. Ah! here is the one that went aground followed by the tugs. The way is clear and at 11 a. m. we are off. We enter the British lakes—how wide and full. The passage grows narrow. Says one: "This is where the water was divided for the Israelites long ago." The whistle blows and we are at Port Said. The harbor is full of ships. We viewed the town by night and watched the lofty lighthouse with its revolving light.

1313 nautical miles to Trieste. The snow capped mountains of Crete appear. On we go past Cephalonia—land on either side so near—sides of the mountains hollowed, scarred and whitened with here and there the richest green. The Straits of Otranto are passed and we are in the Adriatic, April 5th. This is the most beautiful day of all and tomorrow we'll be there. The captain at the close of the dinner given in his honor, said: "Can't speak English well, but dis is de best voyage I can remember and de best company."

Rain, sunshine and rainbows repeatedly followed each other in quick succession as we neared Trieste. The radiant glory of the sun setting in the sea shot through the dark billowy clouds above and to crown all the silver crescent of the moon appeared. The glory faded. We turned and saw the city rising in an amphitheatre from the sea, while on a promontory to the left surrounded by trees and fantastic boulders stood the stately Miramar Castle once the residence of the noble, Maximilian Emperor of Mexico. A tug took us to the S. S. "Espero" bound for Venice. What confusion, no berths, all taken, only a five hours sail from 12 to 5 a. m.

How beautiful coming into Venice—stately palaces appear—water everywhere—the varied gay tints of the houses blend with the peculiarly soft colours of sky and sea. This is Venice, the city in the sea, the Queen of the Adriatic the centre of the world's commerce four centuries ago. What a dreamy restful place! So gently are we borne along in the black gondola and we wonder at the skill of the gondolier who, standing, feathers the water with a single oar and guides the boat around sharp corners, in and out upon the crowded canal within a hair's breath of touching, yet never touching. Artistic bridges at every turn—378 they say connecting 175 islands made up of 15,000 houses and palaces in which 150,000 people dwell.

The piazza San Marco—the imposing building on every side form one vast marble palace. Thousands of doves flit about the square lighting now and again on the hand of some gentle lady. The Cathedral—see its domes, spires, facade and the four bronze horses standing above the entrance (the only horses in Venice). Within all is cold and damp and old. They say the mosaics above, around, below, excel all others in brilliancy, variety and extent. Amidst all the grandeur the poorly clad devoutly kneel, monks ask for alms, and the old priests, with full white lace waists and short purple velvet capes, drone out the Latin prayers. As we came out a huge bronze figure with a hammer struck the bell in the clock tower twelve times; then another giant figure pulled a rope making a softer clang.

In the Ducal Palace we saw the largest picture ever painted on canvas, (84 ft x 34) "The Story of Paradise," by Pentoretto. We passed through room after room resplendent with paintings on walls and ceiling, set in frames of gold, until we came to the Hall of the Council

of Three. We shuddered as we viewed the pictures of suffering and death, and thought of the unjust decrees there sent forth causing many to pass along the "Bridge of Sighs" to a slow death in the prison only a step away.

On we go to Milan—glimpses of the Alps all along the way—a fertile country lined with mulberry trees. There is Lake Garda, 35 miles long, 1135 feet deep. A snow-capped mountain seems to rise from its depths. The waters form a mosaic of varied colors. Here we are at Milan. The Cathedral—yes "an anthem sung in stone, a poem wrought in marble." We mounted the 400 steps to the very top. What a view! Rank upon rank of fretted spires spring high in the air. Statues, statues everywhere, 3000 they say. How wonderful are the works of man which an earthquake could destroy in the twinkling of an eye. Only a Raphael, an Angelo or a Canova could thus put character into stone, but we can all do the more noble and enduring work, that of seeking to restore man to the image of God by making known Christ, the transformer of men.

Sunday, April 9th, attended the Cathedral service. For a few centimes rough, tinny, straight backed chairs were brought. The marching and bowing and reading while the incense burned was tedious in the extreme but when the priest began to preach we forgot all about the arches, frescoes and mosaics. Did he not make the walls ring again! The multitudes listened breathlessly and we longed to know about what he was so eloquently speaking.

"Genoa the superb"—in what way? Ham and sour crout for a daily bill of fare, the city awkwardly built on irregularly rising ground, a perfect labyrinth of narrow crooked streets lined by many storied buildings.

April 14th, on board the "Princess Irene" bound for New York. What relic, statue or painting could compare with the sunset and scenery tonight as we passed the Elba Isle. At Naples we visited the Aquarium—a fairy land, such wonders of the sea—and the Museum, containing the antiquities of the buried cities. As we steamed away what a magnificent view—to the left the sun setting behind an old castle on an island illuminated the sky and tinged the sea with gold, iron; the semi-circular Bay the city rose in a pyramidal form crowned at the top by the colossal castle of St. Elmo, to the right the stately double peak of Vesuvius frowningly stood.

April 17th, at Gibraltar—joined a party, drove all around, rare views. "My camera, quick!" said one. The picture of a tall, stooped, grey-bearded man with a handsome young girl at his side is taken. This is King Leopold II, who boarded our ship at Naples. He did not seem to be worrying about the barbarous mutilation and murder of so many in his Congo State.

April 19th, here we are sailing along by the Azores, those beautiful islands of the sea, stretching over a distance of 400 miles and inhabited by 255,000 Portuguese. The pink and yellow houses in a zig-zag way climb the many hills. There! we have passed the S. S. "Hamburg" which has been sailing along with us for two days. It is interesting to watch the 1600 Italians on board. (The Hindus are far more cleanly in their habits!) They dance and sing and play and never a care do they seem to know except when it rains or some fair lassie begins to cry for Italy's balmy air and sunny skies.

April 26th, last night the dining room was decorated with the flags and emblems of every nation. The band played, the lights were turned off and the thirty stewards marched up and down bearing Chinese lanterns and lights burning in transparent ice. In a few hours we will reach New York. Lo! the fog settles down and we are helpless. For twelve hours and more we waited outside Sandy Hook while the bell clanged and the fog horn blew. When the veil was lifted ships were seen on every side. The windows of the pier are crowded with faces. What expectation! why do we move so slowly! O joy, there is my brother!

"What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee." Yes, I dreaded the journey, dreaded coming to the home land so full of changes but every fear was vain. The Lord was so near me all the way. Surely the prayers of the dear Telugu Christians were answered. Many have said to me: "Well you won't go back." "Yes of course I will. See the ring the Telugus gave me, does not the emblem engraved thereon show that our hearts are bound together in love and service?" Yes I love the Telugu Christians and the Telugu work. What a great work it is! Do we realize that the missionaries at each of our seven stations are seeking to evangelize three hundred thousand people! Yes, 300,000 are depending upon them and the few Telugu Christians for a knowledge of the Way of Life!

In no other country are the obstacles to the triumph of Christ's kingdom so great, in no other country has so much to be given up in order to confess Christ. Shall our interest be less because the work is hard? No, we will all the more enthusiastically storm the citadel knowing that the harder the siege the greater the triumph. God is calling now for volunteers. Who will enter the fight? "Only an inch of time remains, then eternal years roll on forever."

MABEL EVANGELINE ARCHIBALD.

Every one feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.—Rousseau.