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A Missionary's Day.

[The following letter from Miss Todd is part of a description of the work of one day in a missionary's life, it was written when Miss Todd had been just one year in India.]

Allahabad, India.

My Dear Friends:—

With the exception of one day in the week, the Lord's Day, the first five or six hours are spent by me in about the same way. In what we call our cold season, but which you would hardly term cool except in the early mornings and evenings, our hours for rising and going to our Zenanas and schools vary from those in the hot season. I have my night-watchman, chaukadar, call me at five o'clock instead of four o'clock. From this time until seven o'clock I have for my needed quiet time with Him,

Women were preparing the clay, making it very smooth and fit for the potter's use. It was simply wonderful how quickly and deftly the men moulded the clay into various forms. The wheel revolved as the man worked, as do the wheels of our daily circumstances, never stopping until the vessel was completed, but it meant so much to me to notice that it was only the touch, such a gentle touch of the man's fingers that gave the form and beauty to what was made.

I remember now, that sometimes there was quite a heavy hit with the hand, but I saw that this, too, brought the article into more perfect shape. It came to me so clearly how that nothing in our circumstances of joy in sorrow will perfect our character unless we are letting him touch us through them. How strange it is that we are not more still under our Potter's hands letting him do more quickly for us the fash-

the blow came from the outside with a mallet, and the form was changed and enlarged. I am sure that as we stand watching the potters, God is teaching us to look beyond the seen to the wonderful unseen realities of his working with us. This is indeed but a glimpse of what I saw that morning; but you will never have the patience to follow me through my day, if I give so much time to every one we met, but you will admit that this was such an encouraging beginning for our day's work among the villages, many of whom seem as hopeless to transform into anything perfect as did the clay in my unskilled hands, but how we need to realize that these souls must be, and can be left with him 'who faileth not nor is discouraged.'

I took a photograph of one of these potters. A poor old man enquired anxiously as I was taking the picture, 'Are you writing anything to the police about us, and complaining?' We are doing our best! Miss B. quieted their fears, but how sorry I was that it was too hot then in the sunshine for Miss B. to have a talk with them as she sometimes does. There was no shade, and the potters were scattered, so we had to go on our way, not even able to give them a tract as none of the men and women could read.

As we passed by some of the homes where we wished to visit, but which were closed as the women had gone away for the day, we came to one where we were welcomed. Bending our heads we entered a room about eight feet by ten feet. We were hardly seated when eleven children crowded in the doorway, and sat in front of us, devouring us with their eyes. As we were waiting for two of the children of the household I asked Miss B. to teach the little ones the verse, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' but they would not be persuaded to say a word, but only stared. There were three women in the house who listened to the Bible lesson and our singing. I say 'our' singing because I did try to sing these weird native tunes which are so very very different from ours. One of our listeners had been early in the morning bathing in the Ganges and had such a bad cold. She acknowledged that there had come no benefit to her, she had only gained a cold, as she said, with a laugh. Another listener said so wistfully, 'I have tried to remember the name of that One who forgives sins, I have heard it before, but tell me, what is his name?' Miss B. taught her a brief, simple prayer, which she seemed so glad to learn. May she learn it with her heart, and speak to him, if she again forgets his name; but God grant she may never forget him, the person whom she so needs. These women were desirous to learn to read and to have a visit oftener than once a fortnight, as this is all that can be arranged for now as our Bible reader who visited here has left us to go with her husband to another city. We are in need of a consecrated Bible reader, indeed, of more than one, but they are very very difficult to find; do pray that the Holy Spirit will lead teachers and Bible readers to us. More than this, we need to pray for such an awakening to come to the native Christians, such an infilling of the Holy



who alone can prepare me for his plan for the day; then comes my simple chota-hazri of cocoa and toast. My Hindi teacher comes at seven o'clock, to give me an hour's lesson, and at nine o'clock I have a lesson in Urdu from a Mohammedan. The hour from nine to ten o'clock is spent in varied ways, often in studying, doing necessary errands, etc., etc. Ten o'clock is our breakfast time, and then our family prayers, after which the gari come to take us in different directions to zenanas, schools, or villages. Yesterday we drove over two miles, and then a missionary and myself were left by the roadside, and the gari drove on to a more distant village with another worker.

It seemed so good to be away from the noise and sights of the city and hear the birds, and see the grain growing as we walked on a quiet lane, until we made a turn to the right where the village began. There I was intensely interested to see a number of potters at work. We stood for a few moments, my attention riveted upon the process of fashioning the varied vessels.

loning of our hearts after the perfect Pattern—our Christ. While I stood there, those men finished many vessels, and all were perfect, it just thrilled one's heart with hope as one thought that our Heavenly Father cannot fail in making those of us who are yielded to him, perfect according to his beautiful thought for each of us. He has varied vessels, but all are prepared for his own use. 'We are set apart for himself.' I wonder if you, as myself, ever want to be like some one else and need to be reminded that we should think more of what is to fill the vessel and what its use is to be. My heart was sad as I looked at some small cup-like vessels and was told that these were to be used by those who sold intoxicating drinks. It is indeed what a vessel contains that gives it its value. May we be so filled with the Spirit that our Master can use us for giving the water of life to others. My attention was riveted as I noticed a potter take a vessel which seemed finished but which evidently needed to be made larger. He held his hand inside while