

THE NEW CLAXTON MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

Vuyyuru, Kistna Dist.,
January 28, 1915.

Dear Mrs. Motley:

No doubt before you receive this letter from me you will have read the account of the dedication service of the Claxton Memorial Building in Vuyyuru, which Mr. McLaurin has sent to the Canadian Baptist.

Mr. McLaurin's account of the service is quite complete, so it is unnecessary for me to repeat what he has already sent for publication. However, I want to tell you ladies once again how much this building is appreciated, not only by us who are missionaries, but by the Indian Christians, whose great privilege it will be from time to time to gather together inside its walls and offer up their prayers of praise and thanksgiving to the Heavenly Father, who alone has inspired within the hearts of the women of your Board the spirit of self-sacrifice and liberality which has made possible the erection of this memorial.

At the opening service Miss Hatch told the people something of the beautiful life of Mrs. Claxton while she was with us, and Miss McLaurin told them on the following Sunday afternoon of Mrs. Claxton's earnest and devoted love for the Telugus. Exclamations of joy and gratitude flowed spontaneously from every heart. I only wish you could have seen the faces of the people at that dedication service. It would have expressed to you something which I find difficult to express in writing. The people are profoundly thankful to God for this wonderful concrete expression of His wondrous love. The Vuyyuru Christians held their first church meeting in the new building last Sunday. What a change it was from the old ant-eaten, mud-walled, low-roofed, dingy, smothery old building! It was clean,

airy, light and cheerful. The Boarding School was reopened in the new building on January 22nd. The children are happy in their new school rooms, and the teachers—Messrs. Duncan, John and Samuel—have a continual smile on their faces that they never wore before. The sub-Assistant Inspector of Schools called two days ago and examined the school. He, too, was much pleased with the building, and remarked on its suitability for the work of the school.

We look forward to seeing this building used of God for the salvation of many among the Telugus and the education and general uplift of our people.

Yours in Christian service,

R. C. Bensen.

THE FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth

Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough
For every want of ours,
For medicine, luxury and food
And yet have made no flowers.

Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed in rainbow light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night,—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the secret wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not;
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man
And beautify the earth.

To comfort man, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For He who careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him.

—Mrs. Mary Howitt.