

started the new Home. From this day forward we began to definitely ask God to give us a new Home, to send the funds, etc., etc. Just opposite our old Home a piece of land measuring four acres was offered for sale, which we acquired for the sum of 3,500 rupees.

And now I felt, although we had started the work independently, we wanted some counsellors and advisers, so we asked four gentlemen interested in the work to help us; all four heartily consented. One of these, our true friend, T. Stanes, Esq., Springfield, Coonoor, took up our cause from the first. He designed the new Home and saw into every detail of the building. We feel specially grateful because when one of our advisers strongly recommended our staying on in the old building and making necessary changes in it at great expense, when all the difficulties of building were put forth, Mr. Stanes came to the rescue with his advice 'go forward.' I quote from his letter: 'February 18, 1899, I will promise to have the Home ready for you before next Christmas,' and he grandly kept his word. Our foundation-stone was laid by Colonel C. P. T. Luxmoor on the 29th of June, and we entered the new building on December 1. Everything prospered with us; God carried on the work. The monsoon kept away until the roof was on, thus making the house to dry so much sooner. We had one or two busy days at the moving. Several men put in a 'pass' and devoted themselves to helping us. It was a case of 'many hands make light work.' We were all in order before Christmas as Mr. Stanes promised, and we had the joy of spending a happy Christmas in the new Home. What an improvement on the old building! Let me in imagination take the reader of this round our new Home. First we enter a fine bright coffee-bar. From this room there is a store-room and a room for the caretaker or Bar man. Here in our coffee-bar about seven o'clock in the evening may be seen Middlesex and depot men who come down for some supper. Until two o'clock each afternoon (Thursdays, the weekly holiday, excepted) the men are not allowed out of barracks. Many a man has told me after he has accepted Christ how he came to the Home only to get some supper, but he heard the singing and thought he would venture into the meeting. He ventures once or twice and God speaks to him, perhaps through the speaker, perhaps in the verse of a favorite hymn sung in the old days by a mother or sister. A tender chord in his heart is touched. He begins to hate the old evil surroundings and his heart longs after forgiveness and peace. Before long a seeking Saviour and a seeking sinner meet, and there is joy in heaven and joy on earth over another sinner repenting. This is, thank God, a common incident in the life of a Soldiers' Home.

Leaving the Bar we enter the Reading-room, a large bright room, with just opposite the door of entrance the word 'Welcome' like the Irish Soldiers' Homes.

Little tables are scattered about with games, such as draughts (the Soldiers' favorite game), Halma, Chess, etc. Two long tables are covered with books and papers. Standing by one of these tables, dear reader, you will see that most of our literature is very ancient and very tossed! We are fond of illustrated papers. When they have served a faithful apprenticeship on our reading room tables they go to the

Hospital wards, where they end their days! Soldiers, as a rule, are not readers. The other day one man told me the only paper he cared for was 'Titbits.' But of course there are exceptions to this rule. Here let me take the opportunity of thanking the one or two kind friends at home who remember us in the matter of nice fresh papers, and let me also say how grateful we will be for any suitable literature that may be sent.

A door opens out of the Reading-room below the word 'Welcome' into our Meeting-room. This room is capable of holding about 100 men. It is taxed to its utmost each Sunday evening, and even then it is not large enough. Outside the Meeting-room running along the back of the building is a verandah overlooking our garden and not far from here a tennis court, where men staying on furlough often have a happy game. On this verandah we often sit and have talks or little Bible readings with the men. At 6.30 each evening (Sundays excepted, when it is at three o'clock) we have a Bible-reading for the Christians. They dearly love their Bibles, and our constant prayer is that God will deepen the work in their hearts. The Bible-reading usually ends up with a talk over what has been read. At eight o'clock we have our Gospel meeting lasting for one hour. At the sound of the first hymn the men come in. No need to ask them to attend the meetings. They come willingly. Our work is entirely undenominational, and we are grateful to the kind friends of different denominations staying for the summer months in Coonoor who have helped us with our meetings. The seed has indeed been faithfully sown and in many cases (perhaps far from here) it shall spring up and bear the hundred-fold, as we have reaped in our turn what others have sown. 'One soweth and another reapeth.' We sometimes feel a great deal of our work is sowing, but the time of 'rejoicing together' is coming! From nine o'clock until ten o'clock each evening is usually spent by Miss Darling, Miss Jeffreys and myself in listening to the difficulties in some Christian's experience, or in pointing out the way of Salvation to an unsaved man. We meet with many different types of men, many different natures, but all are alike in this—all need sympathy and all need Christ.

If this should fall into the hands of any woman who is a 'mother' let me say, 'mother, your boy may never be a private soldier in the midst of the sin of India, but the day is coming when he shall leave your side and go out into the world. Depend upon it, he will never forget your words, your teaching; so in the morning of your boy's life sow the seed.' Many of these men have been driven from home because of an unhappy second marriage on the father's or mother's side, but rare indeed is it to meet the man whose eyes do not fill, whose heart is not touched at the mention of his mother. At ten o'clock until 10.30 we gather together for a prayer-meeting when some one present gives a verse or a text for a 'pillow.' The Home closes as near to half-past ten o'clock as possible, but after the prayer-meeting there is usually a wild rush into the coffee-bar for a parting cup of cocoa. They leave the Home reluctantly, and sometimes tell us our clock 'goes on wheels' and 'is fast!' In such a case they always hold out for their rights! On Thursday, the general holiday, our day begins early. Usually before we leave our

room we hear the verse of a hymn or a two-finger musician playing on the harmonium. We gather together at twelve o'clock for our 'gunfire' when we read the S. C. A. portion. Every Saturday evening we have our S. C. A. meeting when we use the blackboard and choose our Golden text for the week. At the end of our verandah we have furlough rooms where we can put up a few men on furlough. As I write now, our quarters are full. Several men have found Christ while staying on furlough, and sometimes Christian men from the different detachments come up on 'pass.' How these do enjoy the meetings and the Christian fellowship! The regiment stationed here has to find detachments for Cannanore, Calicut and Malapuram. In these three places there is little or no spiritual help for the 100 and 150 men stationed there.

The following is an extract received a few weeks ago from a soldier who went from here to Malapuram: 'There seems to be no place where the Christians can meet every night. There is a small room joined to the church where the men have been meeting, but they cannot always get the key. The cry for help reaches right to Wellington. I can picture us in Wellington sitting in our nice cool Meeting-room enjoying our hymns and communion with God, while men down here have nowhere to go but wander about in the stifling heat; the libraries and institutes are not very tempting; the men seem to be driven to the canteen and worse things, because they are away from all influence that is good; my prayer is that God will help them, for it is an awful place to live in without Christ.' Our hearts' desire is to provide a little Branch Home at each of these places where the Christians can be strengthened and the unsaved got in. All these homes to be in touch with the Mother Home at Wellington. But we want more lady helpers and more money. Our hearts are full of gratitude to the kind friends who have helped us to build this Home, but, there is still a considerable sum needed before we are quite free from debt. I appeal to the generosity of everyone who reads this, and ask each one to help us out of debt so that we may go forward in God's work. We cannot doubt that it is his work and this thought brings us rest—but the fields are white ready to harvest and the night is coming. Who then will join us while it is called to-day in trying to save some mothers' sons from the ruin and misery of sin around? We do praise God as we hear of the work being done among our soldiers in Africa, that such numbers of them, in the face of Death and eternity, have accepted Christ. But we think of the thousands of our men in India to-day, living their monotonous lives in the Barrack-room,—men for whom little sympathy is shown, and so little is being done, men who are ready at a moment's notice to go forth cheerfully and shed their life blood for King and country. Surely such have a claim upon us. Surely we want steady plodding laborers in this part of the Master's vineyard, not only to brighten dark lives but to point to Christ, so that when the summons to the front comes these men may go forth to meet death, saved, having enlisted in the army of the King of kings! 'To as many as received him to them gave he power.' Yes, power even in the Barrack-room to lead a good pure life. Power to overcome temptation in all its subtle forms. The power of God that changes the 'black sheep' of