

cation. There is one thing more that would add materially to the interest both of the Circles and of the Missionary prayer-meeting. We refer to a good missionary map. The advertisement of such an one lies before us. New map of India, Burmah, China and Japan—size five by six feet. On cloth, \$1.50; on fine map paper 75 cents; sent postage pre-paid at these prices. Address, W. G. Cortnell, Mission Rooms, Boston. Contains the stations of the Canada Board.

### The Baptism of a Brahmin Priest in the River Jumna.

The Rev. Daniel Jones of Agra, of the English Society, writes the following interesting account:—

"The heat having come upon us so suddenly this year, we could not travel by day, so we left Agra at nine o'clock in the evening. I was accompanied by four native brethren. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and we made it vocal by singing 'Bhajans' on the way. Our conveyances were native springless things called 'ekkas,' no place to lie or stand, and a most uncomfortable way of sitting, with our legs half doubled under us. But our hearts were glad and we rather enjoyed our rough ride. We reached Bisama village about one o'clock in the morning, and then, wrapping myself up, I lay down in the veranda of the Government school, and being tired, soon fell asleep. Was up again early, took a little to eat, and then assembled our little company. By this time we had with us dear old Thakur Das, from Chitaura, the oldest and I might add, the noblest of all our native brethren. What a grand old man he is! The sun is just up, and we march towards the river. Everything around us looks charming. All is so still, being so early; the fields are ripening for the sickle. We feel that the words have really a double meaning. There before us is the River Jumna. As we draw near to the water's edge we see some who are trying to wash their sins away. Our little band is now drawn near together; an interesting group. There is Thakur Das, who has borne the burden and heat of the day, and he has borne a great deal. Then next is Hari Ram, who at one time was the village pandit at Bisama. A fine stalwart man; he also has suffered a great deal for Christ. Then comes Mandhar Das, who was at one time a 'Beragi,' a religious mendicant. He is one of our native preachers, and is able to preach well to the numerous villagers. But the object of greatest interest to-day is Ram Ratu. He it is who is about to be baptized; one who has spent all his life hitherto in the worship of Mahader, gone on long pilgrimages, and at last settled down near the village of Bisama as a Sadhu, or 'holy man,' where he had a small shrine to Mahader, where many 'simple ones' came to worship the god, and give gifts to the 'priest.' He was very much revered as a priest, and received much in the way of gifts. The respect paid him by the rich and poor was very marked and very real, so his office was quite a lucrative one. But all this he gave up for Jesus, and this has had a great effect upon the people who formerly knew him. The service commenced. We sang, read, prayed, and preached before an audience of some fifty or sixty natives, who all listened very attentively. Then spoke Thakur Das with very wonderful power. I then asked Ram Ratu to tell the people why he had changed his religion. In doing so he appealed to the people as knowing him, and told them that it was not for food, or clothes, or money that he had left them, but because he had found the 'real truth.' Hari Ram then spoke a few appropriate words, and then I called the attention of the people by standing apart and

showing them that I did not touch Ram Ratu, that I had nothing to do with making him a Christian, that this was God's work; that it was all false what people said, that, when a man was being baptized, the Padri Sahib spat in his mouth and gave him to drink intoxicating liquors, and made him eat beef or pork. 'There is nothing of this, you see,' I said; and then Hari Ram led him down into the river. I shall never forget the sight; it was not what I had seen in boyhood in picture: only, but here it was a living reality. Lord multiply such sights by tens of thousands! In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit he was buried with Christ in baptism, and as he rose—we sincerely believe to newness of life—we sang the victory of King Jesus, and the place rang with the chorus. We spent a little while at the house of Hari Ram. His wife and aged sister are still Hindus, and a great grief it is to them that Hari Ram is a Christian. We did all we could to show them also the love of Jesus. At nine o'clock we start again. We soon reach the place where Ram Ratu lived as a Hindu ascetic and priest. There is the little shrine. A week ago the rude idol lay at a distance on the ground; he had thrown it away, and it could not replace itself until another 'Sadhu' came to do so. There on the other side is a little well, which our brother Ram Ratu dugged with his own hands. No more use for him now, because he has found Him who is the Giver of 'living water.' We reach home about twelve o'clock noon.

### Woman's Mission.

Woman fell from her first estate, and has ever since borne the chastisement of Him who cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance; yea, who in mercy has promised, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Before the dawning of the Christian era, we find Woman spoken of as occupying a high position; gifted with prophetic vision; a Mother in Israel. We come down to the Crucifixion. We there find her lingering at the foot of the Cross; not, however, with her hands embrewed in the Saviour's blood—we have no proof that her fingers were ever pricked or interwoven with the plating of thorns, that pierced the Saviour's brow. It becomes her sad office to prepare sweet spices wherewith to embalm the body of her Lord. But lo! to her sorrow, this labour of love is denied, and she cries in her anguish, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Soon her mourning is turned to joy. The loving voice of Jesus dispels her fears as He says, "Mary." How familiar the call! But the heavenly message does not end here. The Lord says, "Go to my brethren and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." Why a woman was thus made the happy bearer of the glad tidings of a risen Saviour we know not, unless, indeed, that this record should be handed down through the vista of time as a memorial and as a pattern for others to follow. Happy is she who can take up the strain and bear it onward.

The fragrance from the alabaster box is not lost. Its perfume is being wafted from the rivers to the ends of the earth, and will continue until the "heathen shall be given to the Lord for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession." Oh, that there were more Marys and fewer Marthas, cumbered with so many earthly cares, robbing their souls of the Bread of Life, and withholding more than is meet, which tendeth to poverty. May activity in our work be calmed by sacred trust in the Master, until faith shall be swallowed up by sight.

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