

Our Treasurer reports the money as having come in fairly well during the last quarter. We are about up to last year. Home Mission is a few dollars ahead. Wind-sent in a draft for \$41 the other day.

In another part of the letter from Mrs. Churchill, which we print to-day, she speaks of the near return of herself and Mr. Churchill to the home land. This is imperative. Mr. Churchill should have come home before this. Who will take his place? If Mr. and Mrs. Gullison go to Bobbili, then Mr. Sanford is left alone at Visianagram. Two more families should be sent this Autumn. Will we not all pray that the Lord will lay His hand upon the right men, and that the Churches here may be aroused to the glorious opportunity for reaping which the Master has set before us in India?

THE HANDS OF CHRIST.

Bible Reading at Sackville, August, 1897.

PHIL. II : 8.—"In fashion as a man,"

Oh, wondrous words we read !
Not with the pictured halo round His head,
But meekly toiling for His daily bread ;
A man among His brother men,
Sharing human grief and pain,
He learned our every need.

ISA. XLII : 6.—If Christ, the well-beloved,

Must wait His Father's call,
Ere He went forth to succor and to save,
To feed the hungry and to still the wave ;
We too, must wait, and let His hand
Direct us, till at last we stand
Victorious over all.

MARK I : 31.—He touched the sufferer's hand,

Low by a fever laid,
And straightway health and strength returned again ;
No tedious, gradual relief from pain ;
At once she rose to serve. And we,
Who hear the words "He healeth thee,"
Are strong for service made.

MARK I : 41, 42.—His touch the leper felt,

And he who had to cry
"Unclean, unclean," whenever other feet
Drew near his haunts, in field, or lane, or street,
Was straightway cleansed from every stain ;
His flesh was as a child's again,
And health shone in his eye.

And so, if we have failed,
And life is scarred by sin,

And if our work for God has been soiled
By sinful motive ; or, perchance been spoiled,
By selfish aims :—Oh, let us bow,
That His dear hand may touch us now,
For He can make us clean.

LUKE IV : 40.—Not one of that vast throng,

But felt the Saviour's touch ;
For not afar off from them did He stand,
But laid with loving tenderness His hand
On every suffering one that day ;
And all their troubles passed away
Beneath that wondrous touch.

Oh Saviour, we would come
And bow beneath Thy hand ;

We too, are sick, and troubled sore by sin,
Fighting without, and doubts and fears within.
Now lay Thy hand upon each head,
That strengthened, healed, and comforted
We may all ill withstand.

MARK X : 13-16.—He took them in His arms,

Those children long ago ;
And laid His hands in blessing on each head,
"Forbid them not to come to Me," He said.
Then shall we doubt His loving care
For those who are with Him, and wear
The raiment white as snow ?

MARK VI : 41.—Into Thy hand, Oh Christ,

Our tiny gift we lay,
It seems so little for so great a need ;
There are such multitudes for us to feed ;
But Thou our gifts canst multiply,
And with our littles satisfy
The hungering ones to-day.

MATT. XIV : 31.—Oh Master, hold us up,

Our hearts are full of fear ;
The waves of strong temptation round us roll,
Trials and sorrows overwhelm our soul,
But if Thou wilt but hold our hand,
We can the waves with joy withstand,
Knowing that Thou art near.

JOHN X : 28, 29.—Within Thy fold, Oh Christ,

How safely we abide,
Held close within Thy mighty loving hand,
Fearless we journey toward the Heavenly Land ;
Knowing that Thy strong hand above
Is clasped, the Father's hand of love,
Lest e'er our steps should slide.

MATT. XVII : 7.—Beside the sea of glass,

REV. I : 17.—Dazed by the glory there,—
JOHN XX : 20.—The wondrous light that streams from out
the Throne,

The chorus of high praise to God alone—
Methinks that we will hide our face,
Feeling unworthy of a place
Within a Home so fair.

And then the Christ will come

With gentle touch ; and say,—
"Lo, it is I ! Behold my hands and feet :
Arise and walk with Me the golden street."
And then, with every fear removed,
With Him, and those whom we have loved,
We'll dwell in endless day.—*Ruth*

CHEKKAGONDA.

My dear Miss Johnston,—I wrote you last month of a very happy Sunday here, and I think I can report just as happy a one yesterday. Only one was baptized, but the evidence of growth in these new Christians is just remarkable. The first Christian marriage among them was celebrated on Saturday afternoon, so the Conference meeting was held on Sabbath morning, and to see those people rise one after another, and tell of their joy in having found such a Saviour, and of His keeping power, men, women and children, was to me a remarkable sight, and I could only keep repeating to myself, "What hath God wrought."

Two small children, a boy and a girl, had been baptized when Mr. Churchill was out in August last, per