

port and defend these abominations, on the other—and to their shame be it said, among this latter class are found, almost to a man, those whose living comes from the Government—Dr. Boggs, of the Telugu Mission, says: “The upholders of righteousness cannot and will not desist from their agitation of these subjects as long as the Government of India continues to be an aider and abettor in these vices.”

If ever India needed the united prayers of God's people it is at this present crisis. A great and shameful injustice is being perpetrated on her people with government distilleries in full blast, and the “Government making provision for licentiousness for the 70,000 British troops in India, and the Government the producer, manufacturer and exporter of vast quantities of opium.” How can we do other than, as far as in us lies, solemnly and earnestly protest against this iniquitous state of affairs?

ONE of the most serious questions affecting India to-day is the condition of her pariah outcasts. Even the most advanced and enlightened Hindus have scarcely touched the outer edge of a problem so closely involving the weal or woe of their fellow-countrymen. The endeavors of the English Government to elevate the social status of the Hindus have not materially affected this class. Rev. J. Johnston says: “The Hindu pariah has a claim upon the sympathetic ear of the world of brotherhood hardly surpassed by any other being on earth. Ill-treated perpetually, he is an exile in his own land, living outside village bounds, existing on the verge of starvation, and often disputing his food with the dog and carrion bird.” There is no other nation where so many millions are in bondage to want and abject destitution. In the Madras Presidency alone, in 1882 it was computed that over 15 per cent. of the population was composed of these unfortunates. Their sufferings, particularly in summer-time, often reach the highest point of intensity, for they are even denied the privilege of good drinking water. On some of the *public* wells may be noted this inscription: “Pariahs not allowed to draw water from this well.” When the hot sun dries up the little streams and brooks where they were wont to quench their thirst, the craving for water becomes so intense that tens of thousands of them drink water from filthy, stagnant pools, and as a result they fall easy victims to fever and cholera. Between 1860 and 1879, 12,000,000 died of starvation. What a sacrifice of human lives! What elevated (?) Hindu and Christian (?) governments have failed to do, the ambassador of the King of kings is endeavoring to undertake. Shall we not help him by our prayers and practical sympathy? Nor would we forget India's millions of poor outcasts who assuredly stand in such need of all the help we can extend.

WE think the text chosen for this month singularly appropriate to the subject, “Call unto me and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.” Why should not each one of us claim this promise *now* in regard to India? The

time is already overdue for more decisive efforts towards the uplifting and upbuilding of this vast empire on a firmer, more substantial basis—even the bed-rock of Christianity. Had we but the faith we should possess, we might confidently look for the fulfilment of this promise in the performance of “great and mighty things” on the part of Omnipotence for India, which to-day so needs His interposition. Are you going to help in this work by earnest prayer, unceasingly through this month at least, bearing before the throne of grace India and her Christless millions?

THE General Treasurer will be greatly obliged if the Branch Treasurers, when sending the quarterly reports, will specify the total amount received for Thank offering.

H. C. THOMPSON.

### A Twilight Talk with Discouraged Workers.

“**F**EAR thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.”

“Fireside Chats” in the warm, sunny June would seem strangely out of character. We live so much in the present that when we commenced our talks we did not think of the possibility of a time coming when we could not, with comfort and enjoyment, gather around our fireside. Now, the very thought of such a thing serves only to intensify the sense of heat and oppression. Despite this fact, we regretfully give up our quiet, confidential chats. We have learned so much more of each other because of them. You, who from month to month gathered around our faggot-pile, have greatly helped us by the inspiration of your presence and your spoken or silent sympathy. Faces we have never seen save through the glow of firelight, voices we have never heard save in the fireside chats, have now become pleasantly familiar, each Branch contributing monthly a noble contingent—not all “discouraged workers;” for have not some of you told us you were more busy than discouraged, lacking even the time to *think* up ways and means for the better furtherance of the work lying so near your heart, and because of this you wish to join us. So we feel as if we cannot give up our chats. Women have always been credited with dearly enjoying a chat, nor do we wish to dispute the assertion, nor could we if we did, for chat we must. But through summer's heat and early autumn's mellow after-glow, let Fireside Chats give place to Twilight Talks! We all love the twilight, do we not? To many of us, it has come like a benediction softly spoken! How it at times has quieted our troubled hearts and soothed our ruffled spirits with a “Peace, be still!” something akin to that which calmed the raging waves of Lake Gennesareth, and laid its tender hand upon the sore places of our life as with a mother-touch!

We are pleased to welcome to this our first “Twilight Talk,” so many presidents of auxiliaries, for it