

and give them to the passers-by. Some of the people of our village used to pass the missionary's house, and from time to time got these texts—a different one each time—and gave them to me, because I had learned to read, and most of our people could not do so." Here the poor man drew from under his pillow a number of worn and faded pieces of paper with texts written on them. "I read them again and again," he said, "and saw how much better Christ's religion is than ours, and at last I became a Christian."

This was one result of that missionary's work. Do you think after that he ever felt he had labored in vain?—*Sunrise for India.*

A New Revelation.

A missionary one day found, in canvassing, a very sick woman. One little girl, about eleven years old, seemed to have all the care of her mother, receiving only complaining words in return. The fact was reported to the nurse of the district in which they lived, and next day she appeared smilingly at the bed side. With a grim, questioning expression of countenance the woman turned toward her, saying: "I've had enough ladies to come and look at me." "Indeed you have; no more shall come; but I will bathe your head and make you feel better." "No, you won't; I don't want to be touched." Nothing daunted, the nurse unbuttoned her jacket, put on her apron, all the time smiling, and cheerfully commenting on the poor consumptive's condition and how much better she would soon feel. With the gentle touch God-given to every good nurse, and the tact given to some women, the sick woman was soon brought to a state of comparatively blissful quiet. Watching every movement of the nurse, she finally looked earnestly in her face, as she said: "Why, I never was treated this way before; the Catholics never do this way." As the bath proceeded, and the tender skin, just showing signs of bed-sores, was treated so as to prevent their advance, the nurse said to the little girl: "Katie, you run around to the church and get a lovely Easter lily I have there growing in a pot; say I sent you, and bring it here to cheer your mother." Only a few minutes passed before she came with radiant face and the lily. At first it seemed a little out of place in such surroundings, but it soon began its mission. The heart of the querulous invalid yielded to its sweet influence, and she was soon intensely listening to the wonderful verse which tells how much "God loved the world," of his wonderful gift and the gracious "whosoever," which was dwelt on for a moment. Katie, too, was ready to promise to do all the things her mother should require, as the lily was placed where the feeble woman could more easily see its beauty. Then the bottles, etc., were placed in a safe place, "till I come to-morrow," nurse said, and not an objection was raised. A new revelation had come to this woman; we hope she may be brought to a new life; but now the seed has only been received; it has not germinated, as was plainly shown by the harsh words addressed to Katie, which fell on the ear of the departing nurse: "Don't let me know of you laying your hand on that lily, do you hear?"—*Lutheran Miss. Journal.*

A Japanese preacher was asked what ground there was for expecting that Unitarian missionaries would be specially successful in Japan, made a brief but most significant reply, "*They have nothing to give us.*"

THE WORK ABROAD.

Away From Home.

It was Friday evening in the last week of September that, taking advantage of our usual October vacation of ten days or thereabouts, I said farewells and salams at Samulcotta, and got away for a few weeks change. As I could not return for the re-opening of the Seminary, Bro. Laflamme kindly consented to teach my classes until my return. It is now five weeks since I left,—the first Monday morning in November—and I am now about a mile out of Akjadu, writing this on Mr. Craig's boat, with my face turned to Samulcotta—which I hope to reach early Wednesday morning. There is, therefore, a five weeks' history of events to narrate, which I shall do as briefly as possible.

My first Sunday was spent in Cocanada, where I had the privilege of preaching in English in the evening. By the following Wednesday morning I was in Madras in which city I passed my second Sunday. Here I saw the Drakes with whom I had a very pleasant stay. In company with Mr. Drake I saw something of Madras, but I shall only mention a few things here: I found out the Public Library, containing 30,000 volumes, the only one I have seen in four years. I couldn't read all the books, but could at least sit down and look at the different shelves loaded with them. On Sunday morning I preached in Telugu, to Mr. Drake's people, and in the evening heard Dr. Miller, whose name has for a quarter of a century been connected with the Educational Movement in Missions. At the close of the service we went to hear the Salvation Army workers, and found them very much the same as they are in Canada, so that any of you can test their work as easily as we can here. It was an English service and the congregation was made up of Eurasians and English speaking Natives, nearly all of whom wore clothes after the English fashion, so that the assumption of native garments by the Salvationists was, at least in this case, unnecessary, and I believe those who understand the movement the best, think unnecessary in any case. The ladies looked well enough in their native robes, though their bare feet seemed, to say the least, an unnecessary exposure, but the men were positively hideous, with their shaved heads. Many of the hearers seemed affected but few stayed to the prayer meeting.

On Monday morning we visited the Madras Christian College, going through every department and seeing something of the work done. There are 1510 students, i. e. 820 in the lower school, reading from the first standard up to matriculation, and 690 in the College in the various years reading for B. A. graduation. We visited the College to hear Dr. Miller teach his Bible Class of one hour daily. The lesson, on this occasion, was a most interesting one, being the first part of the second chapter of Mark, which the Dr. expounded well, though there seemed to us a slight tendency towards rationalistic disquisition. This great College has a mission doubtless, but all do not agree as to what it may be.

Nellore was our next place, we reached it by rail, doing 260 miles in about 11 hours, somewhat ahead of the ox-cart, which makes two miles an hour. In Nellore we had a chance of seeing something of the work, there being a special meeting at which several workers spoke, after which we addressed the meeting for a short time. In none were we more interested than in Lydia, whom Dr. Smith has likened unto the prophetess Anna. She told her experience in the meeting, how the Lord had