

not help thinking that now I knew a little of what the Saviour must have felt when the multitude thronged about Him, as He sat or walked while here among men.

My first tour was made with Mr. and Mrs. Craig, but this time I am alone except for the Bible women—Bangarama, Ruth and Mary—no English face or voice near, just once the thought of this last almost overwhelmed me, but quick upon it came that blessed promise, "I am with thee," and the loneliness was gone. Let me tell you of how we came and what we are doing. Just at the moment of starting, the bearers I had engaged for the palanquin refused to go unless I gave them half as much again as the regular pay. They would not listen to reason; so I dismissed them and called an ox-cart; already had one laden with camp-cot, table and chair and provisions for a week, including water. About three p.m. we started out; Mr. Garside's description of the "ox-cart" in the January LINK makes it unnecessary to say anything about that, but there is a difference between travelling on a well-made road and over fields with never a sign of a road; the latter was my experience. The driver seemed to understand where he was to go, and made a straight line for the place over hole and knoll, fields and ditches, much to the discomfort of the occupants of the cart, which you will remember is minus anything in the way of springs. In due time darkness came on, the driver lost his bearings, and at mid-night we were still wandering aimlessly about; all the while the cart went jolt, jolt, jolt, and at last we overturned, and I made acquaintance with the bamboo top in the most unceremonious manner, then crawled out amid exclamations of "She is dead!" "Yes, she is killed, she is killed!" from the Biblewomen, cook and driver, who stood in the light of the lantern with clasped hands and frightened faces. The cart righted we went on till we came to a village where live some Christians, and I climbed into my cart once more and slept soundly till morning light. We stayed in the village till noon that day, met the Christians in prayer meeting, told the story of the Cross to those who knew it not, and found in the eagerness with which every word was listened to, ample recompense for the bruises and misadventures of the night.

Arrived at Asaram, found that in the upset all the drinking water had been lost, and not a drop of milk to be had—no cows in the village. Not daring to drink unfiltered water, I was obliged to send a man back to Akidu, and until his return drank cocoanut milk.

Asaram seems to be the centre of about twelve villages, all within a distance of two miles, and we find abundance of work. Every day we are up and away by 6.30, going to the more distant villages in the morning and nearer ones in the afternoon. Sometimes we stay all day in a village, meeting the Christian women in Bible class and seeing them in their homes, having a talk with the children in the school, and working among the heathen women.

Here in Asaram we have a prayer meeting every evening, to which a good many heathen are coming regularly. Last evening the subject was "The Ten Virgins," and by way of illustration I had a large cartoon showing the five entering in with the bridegroom, and great rejoicing; and also the five sorrowing outside the closed door. This morning a woman came to me before it was yet day—she had not slept, had had no rest; the tears ran down her face as she sobbed "What shall I do? I shall be among those outside the door; what shall I do. We answered her in the words of Paul to the jailer: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Before she left us she was apparently among the rejoicing ones.

Another woman was led to the Saviour through the efforts and words of Mary, the Bible woman; both asked for baptism, but Joseph the pastor had hesitated to give it just yet for both had been very heavy drinkers. We are praying for them that they lean not upon their own strength in the hour of strong temptation. Drinking is very common among the lower classes; the fathers and mothers drink, and even the two-year-old baby knows the taste of the deadly stuff.

On Sunday we organized two Sunday Schools. In one of these the preacher's wife, who was once in the Canadian Girl's Boarding School, and who is the only woman in the village who can read, is superintendent, secretary and preacher. Her husband preaches in two or three villages every Sunday, and has no time for Sunday School work. In the other there are two teachers—one acting as superintendent also, the other as secretary. Just how let me ask those Sunday Schools that have discarded picture rolls on hand to send them to us the first opportunity; we are hoping to have a good many new Sunday Schools this year and the rolls would be invaluable to the teachers in the way of rousing and securing interest and attention.

I must not close without giving you the words of a white haired old man, who sat to one side as we talked to a group of women in a court-yard. As we finished speaking he rose with great difficulty, came towards us saying with tremulous voice, "Why did not your people tell this to our fathers; now they are dead and they never heard. Why didn't your people tell?" I thought of the hundreds, nay more, the thousands of these Telugus who die every week, and there loomed up before me the long, long procession of those who might come as did this old man, asking "Why did you not tell?" Sisters! Sisters! Let us see to it, that the coming generation will not have to ask that awful question.

F. M. STOVEL.

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W. B. M. U.

Edited by Miss A. E. Johnstone.

"Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MAY. For Native Christians, Teachers and Schools. Isaiah, 45, 8.

Is it possible for a Mission Band to raise money without having recourse to "sales," "bazaars" and "fairs?"

Let the following answer: The Mission Band "Willing Helpers," belonging to the Dartmouth Church, was organized some five or six years ago. They met during the winter once a week in order to sew, making aprons and fancy articles. These meetings were always opened and closed with prayer, and often missionary news was read. In July a sale would be held, at which about thirty dollars was generally cleared. This, with class collections, made the average sum raised for missions \$57.

The leaders, however, felt dissatisfied; the Band seemed to reach so few of the school, and even those who did compose it were not receiving as much information as they needed to make them enthusiastic workers. Besides, the