

NOTICE TO THE BANDS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Will the Secretary of each Band write me, telling of the progress of their work, and also what they think is most needed to help them?

A. E. JOHNSTONE,
Prov. Sec. W. B. M. U.

Dartmouth, N.S.

BASS RIVER,
COLCHESTER CO., N.S.

Dear Link,—On Wednesday, Jan. 6th, our Society held a Thank-offering meeting. It being a very unpleasant afternoon, few were able to be present, our number being only eight; but several sisters sent in their offering. We had a grand meeting, the presence of the Master was felt. One sister remarking at the close of the meeting, "These meetings are like the oasis in the desert, they are so helpful and refreshing." Our offering amounted to four dollars; we are hoping more will come in later. Each offering was accompanied by a verse of Scripture or hymn, and all was given with a thankful heart, in gratitude to Him who gave His life for us. We have just organized a Mission Band with a membership of ten, and the prospect of more joining in the spring.

S. ANNIE CLARK.

Young People's Department.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS IN CANADA.

Dear Girls and Boys,—One evening, a year ago last February, a young man came into my tent, with his face beaming, and his eyes sparkling like the stars. I was startled by his sudden appearance and the weird joy of his countenance. Before a word was spoken, my heart began to burn within me.

He was a Telugu of the Goldsmith caste, and a cousin of P. Somalingam's. Through Somalingam's life and preaching, he had been led to believe in Jesus. But his father had been determined not to let him become a Christian. They kept watch over him as if he were insane. The Hindu never becomes independent. He is expected to obey his father and elder brothers as long as they live. Even that father and those elder brothers themselves dare not make any important change without the consent of all their uncles and aunts and cousins. Therefore as soon as this young man started out to follow Christ, he was caught in the savage embrace of a hundred pagan arms. He came to my camp that night, fluttering like a bird just escaped from cruel captors. Under the cover of that friendly darkness which once protected the timid "ruler of the Jews," he sat down on the palm leaf mat, and we talked of that sweet forbidden name. After a precious hour of fellowship at the feet of Jesus he glided out of the tent door, and stole along an unfrequented path to his dark home.

It was a long time before we could manage to meet again; for the next day his father hired a cart and sent him away to a distant village, far beyond the reach of the missionary. Nor was he allowed to come back until that dangerous character had departed with his tent, helpers and baggage to another region.

However, as Somalingam lived in the same village he was able to meet the new convert often. Many a time this determined youth stole away from his father's house, to sit at Somalingam's feet and learn of Jesus, and through his teacher he kept sending messages to me, declaring his faith in the Saviour and his intention to be baptized at the earliest possible date. But eighteen months went by and yet he was held fast in the clutches of caste, under the thumb of Beelzebub. To the missionary, "CASTE" becomes one of the worst words in any language. Caste is Satan's chain and its clanking fetters are on the feet and hands and neck of every Hindu, when he rises to follow Christ. To his horror he finds himself in irons, locked to the gates of hell! And so well does the infernal machinery work, that the more he strains to get free, the hotter grow the links to gall and burn his soul! But thank God, there are no shackles that were ever forged in gehenna, but there is One who can smite them with His sword, and breaks them in pieces like a potter's vessel!

Early in September we went on tour and took up our abode in a Traveller's Bungalow on the banks of the Chittavalasa river. A week ago last Thursday, 10th inst., Somalingam and Sooryunarayana came there to see us. This long word is the name of the young man of whom we are talking. We made a plan for him to run away to Bimlipatam, by night, to be baptized. He said his wife was only thirteen years old, but she was willing to come with him. If she did not come with him, her relatives would come and carry her away to her old home where she would be treated as a Hindu widow all the days of her life. But by coming to Bimli with her husband and dining with the Christians, she would break her caste, and her relatives would not be so anxious to get her back.

The next day one of the native preachers went to Polepilly to help complete the plan. He brought back word that they would arrive at Bimlipatam the next Sunday morning before daylight. But early Saturday morning, a coolie came with a letter. It was read and torn up at once, but as I remember, it read in substance as follows:

Polepilly, Sept. 12, '96.

"T. Sooryunarayana with many salaams to Mr. L. D. Morse.

Last night I sent you word by Mr. Appalaswamy, that I would arrive at Bimlipatam before daylight on Sunday to be baptized. I have discovered some business which must be settled first, and have been compelled to postpone my baptism one week. Meanwhile, I plan to go to — village, attend to the business, and arrive at Bimli with my wife before sunrise on Sunday, Sept. 20th, one week from to-morrow. Pray that God may spare my life and enable me to overcome all obstacles in carrying out this plan."

There was no signature at the end, for like James, Peter, Paul and oriental writers generally, he put his name at the beginning of the letter.

Then we moved on to another place, and while preaching to the people of the surrounding villages, we were also praying night and day for this man. Our unceasing