

**W. B. M. U.**

Of The Maritime Provinces.

Communications for this Department should be addressed to Mrs. J.C. Redding, Yarmouth, N.S.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR DECEMBER.—*"Thanksgiving for new fields opening, for health of missionaries and opportunities of hastening the coming of Christ's Kingdom on earth. That Christmas offerings may correspond with those given to our friends."*

For thoughts are seeds that germinate  
To noble or ignoble deeds;  
Watch then the garden of thy soul  
That none take root but purest seeds.

—Solrac.

## LETTER FROM MISS CLARKE.

Dear Sisters:

Yesterday afternoon the mail brought a letter requesting me to send an article for the December LINK. In order to reach the homeland in time it will have to be mailed this morning. I have some other writing that must be done and have no time to prepare anything. I have decided to tell you of an incident that lately came to my notice.

Saturday evening Miss Newcombe told me of an interesting case she had met that day. She was at the home of K. Appalamma, one of our Christians. Seated on the door-step was a strange woman. Miss Newcombe inquired as to who she was, and found that she was a Brahmin widow who was going on a pilgrimage, seeking to obtain merit and find pardon for her sins. Her home was somewhere beyond Calcutta and she had then travelled on foot over six hundred miles. On her way she had visited some of the sacred shrines.

She had several bundles which she carried everywhere with her. One contained a few sticks which had been obtained at one of the sacred places visited and were very precious.

Another contained some smooth stones. These also were considered sacred.

There was still another bundle. It contained two little brass images. They were her gods, and were precious to her as her own life. Nothing would tempt her to part with them. Miss Newcombe wanted to buy them and offered to give a good price, but the woman shook her head. When she died she might have them, but while she lived she could not give them up. Around her neck were several strings of beads. These were counted several times each day and a prayer said over each one.

Besides these she had a bundle containing her cooking utensils. She was too weak to proceed on her journey so remained all day on the verandah of K. Appalamma's house. They were kind to her and tried to look after her. They brought her water, but she refused to take it from their hands, but took it from the hand of a heathen water-woman. They gave her some rice which she cooked for herself. Nothing would induce her to touch the food cooked by the Christians. She said she had started with the intention of going to the South of India, and visiting several sacred shrines. Over six hundred miles had been travelled and she was looking forward to completing her journey, but her strength failed and she was compelled to rest. She remained where she was all through the night.

Sunday morning after meeting the Christians spoke to us about her. They said she had had a very hard night of it and seemed very weak and ill. With great difficulty they had prevailed on her to take a little milk, but that was all she had taken.

Miss Newcombe and I went to see if there was anything we could do. We found her lying on the verandah too weak to move. I wish I could picture her to you as she lay there. The few clothes she had on were old and very dirty (the wearing of such garments is considered meritorious), by her side was the bundle containing the sacred sticks and her head rested on the bundle of stones, brass images, etc. Her hair was closely cut—(sign of the Brahmin widow). But her face—oh! sisters, I wish you could have seen her face. Hopelessness and unsatisfied longing were plainly written on it. There was such a piteous look in the large dark eyes. My heart ached for her.

She did not understand Telugu, so we could not speak to her. Her language is Hindustani. K. A—— could understand some of her words and was able to talk with her a little. He bent