

Home missions, \$1527.32; Foreign missions, \$1610.98; Manitoba, \$1091.08; local expenses, \$14,185.68; other objects, \$1663.23. It was suggested that a general S. S. Superintendent be appointed, and that a Canadian S. S. paper be established.

THANKSGIVING DAY

was not to be neglected. On Thursday, all business was called off at four p. m. Pastor R. R. McKay took charge, and three impressive addresses were delivered by Dr. Lafleur, Rev. D. Hutchinson, and Rev. W. E. Norton.

B. V. P. U.

The session occupied Friday afternoon, Oct. 19th. Rev. Jesse Gibson, Toronto, gave "Impressions of the Cincinnati Convention," which he described as intensely spiritual, educational and missionary. Rev. R. R. McKay described the "Society needed today," which he defined as a society that would (1) Grow naturally out of the life of the young people. (2) Suitable to the mental and spiritual life. (3) Enlist the loyalty of the young people to the church. (4) Train the young people for service. Dr. Farmer discussed "The Value and Method of the C. C. C." He urged (1) The need of these courses to hold us to Bible study. (2) The value of these courses as a means of systematic Bible study. (3) The formation of clubs for Bible study, aside from the devotional meeting.

The evening was occupied with two excellent papers. The first was on "The History of the Denomination in Ontario and Quebec from 1851;" by Dr. Tracy of the Provincial University. The second was by Rev. J. G. Brown, on "The History of Foreign Missions in Ontario and Quebec, from organization of the Society."

Palakonda

Voices From Palakonda.

For eight years the Palakonda field has been on the map as a separate mission station, but until this year no missionary could be spared to take charge of it. The few Christians who were here were members of the Chicacole church and the field was under the care of the Chicacole Missionary.

When the brethren met in Conference last January, it seemed good to them, and I trust also to the Holy Ghost, to send Mrs. Hardy and myself to this station. The house, which had been built for Bro. Bars, was put in good condition by Bro. Gullison, and we moved here about the last of February. We looked out upon our new life and sphere of labor with hopes almost akin to certainty, that God had many years of happy and fruitful service in store for us in this spiritual desert, and with prayer we began to set our house and hearts in order for the work to which we had been sent. About a month and a half passed, when on account of the heat of this station, we sought, in company with Misses Harrison and Gray, a refuge for a few weeks on the hill-top of Deodaugar. It was our full plans and hopes to return in a short time refreshed and built up by the cool breezes to take up our work where we laid it down. But God had something else in store for us, for as you all know he called my dear wife to himself from that hill-top. We went up there for health and thought that was good enough, but God said to my dear one, "It is better higher up," come up here, and he took her to the hill-top of glory—the sanitorium where eternal health is found. That hill is to me what Nebo was to the children of Israel, namely, the hill of separation, it was to her what Nebo was to Moses, viz., the last step in the stairway leading up to the front door of heaven. For some reason or another God has left me a little longer, and so on the 9th of June I came back to this place, as a part fulfilment of our united plans, to spend and be spent for the glory of God and the good of these poor benighted souls.

I did not intend putting so much of the personal element into this article, but when I am this far I cannot help mentioning with deepest gratitude the kindness and sympathy of all the missionaries, and especially of those who were more intimately related with me in this sorrow. As long as memory holds her throne never can I forget two of God's handmaidens, whose names are in the Book of Life, viz., Misses Harrison and Gray, for their tender and tireless service to my dear wife, both before and after she had entered the land of rest. It is within the hands of God alone to reward them, and even now, as you all know, one of them has entered within the veil, and as I write these lines is partaking of the first fruits of her reward. Never in my eyes was face of man half so fair as that of Bro. Gullison when he met me at the Klemedy Mission House to help me lay my dear one to rest, and never was hospitality half so sweet as that extended to me by himself and kind wife, by inviting me to spend a few weeks with them. Time and space forbid the mention of others both here and at home, who by their words of sympathy and love have helped me bear this burden. To them all, this kindness they have done to me shall return an added weight of glory "In the day of Jesus Christ," for they have fulfilled the law of Christ and God is not unjust to forget their acts of love.

When the brethren met in Conference in July at Vizianagram, it was thought best to organize a church in this place, and the Christians of Palakonda were advised so to do. To this end they secured their letters of dismission from the Chicacole church, and called a council from the membership of the other churches together with the missionaries. When the day arrived to organize, viz., August 1st, the following brethren were present: Brethren Higgins, Corey and Churchill represented the missionaries together with myself. Brethren P. Anuratal and C. L. Harayana from the Chicacole church, P. David and from the Akalatepore church, T. Guraviat from the Tekkali church, and B. Thatayya and K. Samuel from the Vizianagram church. After a few preliminaries were gone through and the church was ad-

vised to organize, the same was done with nine members on the roll. After this Bro. Higgins gave the new church an address on "The Church," at the end of which the morning meeting closed.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the second session began by Bro. P. David leading us in a prayer and praise service. Then Bro. Corey gave an address on "The Work of the Church." He was followed by Bro. Churchill, who gave the new church as well as all present more of the strong meat of which we had already partaken from the lips and hearts of the other brethren. Thus was launched a new church on the ocean of service for and with God and in behalf of men perishing in sin, with God the Father as Charter-master, Jesus Christ as Captain and Pilot, and the Holy Ghost as the Locomotive power. For some years back the Lord Jesus has had his 7 churches in Asia by the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, but this is now a thing of the past and the 7 has become 8. May every member of this church realize that while established in Palakonda it is not of, and does not belong to this heathen town, but is to move on toward her glorious destiny. As she moves on in her course may she always be obedient to the rudder of truth. May none of her members ever interfere with the power which is to propel her, so that she be not left to the mercy of the side winds of heresy, the calms of self-satisfaction, the head winds of worldliness, the whirlpools of pride, or any other enemy of the heavenly commerce. May onward in the love and knowledge of God and growth in all the graces of the Spirit be written upon her banner. May every member be ever conscious that he or she is daily passing through a world which abounds with perishing souls, and that they have in their possession "The Life Line" of the gospel of the Son of God. May they all realize that the very purpose of this voyage is that of a soul saving expedition, and may they not keep "The Life Line" in their hands but throw it to those near them. These are the petitions which rise Godward, as I see this, another individual church launched on the voyage of mercy.

God has given the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces another church in Asia, and in doing so has made another demand for your sympathies and gifts. This means another separate station, a missionary and a new staff of workers to support. It means that the churches at home realize to a greater extent that which we prayed that this new church would realize, viz., that advance is the word of command which our Master has given, and will not recall until all his chosen ones are gathered into the presence of Christ at his coming. This advance means two things. First, a reaching out after God with the hands of faith and prayer, and a hungry soul. 2nd, The reaching out after lost men and women in every clime, and of every color and grade of society, with the heart of love and with the liberal hand that scatters the good things of the gospel to earth's remotest bounds. Here is a field with 470 villages, in which are 212,000 immortal souls for whom Christ died. These are scattered over an area of 490 square miles. Among these 212,000 people is a little church of 9 members, as the lamp which God has lighted in this awful darkness to give them the light of life. In addition to these 9 Christians is your missionary. We may well say "What is that among so many?" You will see by a little division that there are 21,200 souls to every Christian in the place. There are with the missionary four preachers, one young man helper and two women helpers, making a total of seven Christian workers. Dividing the 7 into 21,200 you will see that to each worker there are more than 3,028 perishing souls. Surely to the child of God these figures cease to be dry sticks. So far in reality are they from that that God has given them tongues of fire to plead the cause of the lost with his people. Shall the pleading be effectual? We on the field, but especially you at home are those who must answer that question. It must be answered now and in the affirmative and the negative. If you will answer it in the affirmative young people must put their bodies on the altar of God for India, and old and young alike must place themselves and their substance upon the altar of God for India. If you decide to ignore the voices that God has given to such figures as these and answer the question in the negative you do something that would almost make the archfiend of hell hang his head with shame were he guilty of such a thing. It is a startling fact that God has placed within hands of his own sons and daughters only the ability of committing such an appalling wickedness. You, with "The Life Line" in your hand and thousands perishing within reach, turn your back upon them, ignore their claims upon you as well as those of God, they perish forever from the presence of God and the joy of heaven and sink into the despair and darkness of hell. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon; lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph," that hosts of Baptist people in the Maritime Provinces of Canada are doing this very wickedness against God and man, viz., that of ignoring the calls of God and the claims of the heathen upon their bodies, souls and spirits, time, talents and money and in the face of all the facts deliberately decide to let the heathen perish.

"Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
That joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has heard Messiah's name."

Palakonda, Sept. 1st.

JOHN HARDY.

Good Words for Maritime Men.

BY REV. C. M. HERRING.

There are many items of excellence found among the Province people that we like. The observance of the Sabbath, as a rule, is held more sacred with them than with us. The type of religion, as found with them, is more Puritanic than with us. And their hold on the old Bible doctrines is very marked.

But the great item for which the people of the States are indebted to their brethren over the line, is for the noble men of God who have come to us in the power and

spirit of the gospel. As their devoted, stalwart ministers have appeared in our pulpits from time to time, they have proclaimed the "Old Time Religion," which to many of us is very refreshing. And as our churches come in touch with such men, the influence is uplifting. In our Missionary Union, and in all the churches and Conventions he visited, the presence and influence of Dr. W. S. McKenzie, from your country, was a constant benediction. From his great, noble heart and brain he always impressed his hearers with the most profound thought upon the subject he handled. His death was a heavy blow to the Union. And then, equally great and eloquent is the renowned B. L. Whitman, D. D., you gave us, who has served our churches and colleges with such marked ability. In his grasp of thought and power of speech, he stands foremost as an American orator. In the pulpit he has no superior in our denomination, and his piety is equally profound.

Rev. G. B. Titus of Everett, Mass., and many others who might be named, have served our denomination with marked ability. In our own State of Maine we have our Rev. W. A. Newcombe, and our Rev. G. E. Tufts, who are men of culture, ability, and devotion, and they stand foremost in every good word and work.

These and others from the Queen's Dominion have been blessings to our churches and to our nation.

But the gift from the Province of New Brunswick, in the person of the Rev. F. S. Todd and family, is what moved me to write this brief article. The church in Brunswick, Maine, from various causes, had become reduced almost to extinction; and the community regarded them about the same as dead. All power of discipline was gone, and the number that kept up a show of worship, was reduced almost to its lowest terms. They had a beautiful house of worship, and had formerly been one of the most prominent churches of the place. For reasons, that might be mentioned, it would seem that God had become displeased with this church and had brought them under the frown of his displeasure.

In the time of their greatest humiliation, Providence brought Bro. Todd into one of their cold, dark meetings—when his heart was touched with compassion in their behalf. God had seen their repentance and he was pleased to lay on his servant the burden of this dejected Zion. Moved by a higher power than any worldly considerations, this man of God was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision. He came to this people with no great sound of trumpets or boast of renown; and he opened his heart to all alike.

He visited the poor and the rich with equal devotion. The unfortunate claimed a large share of his attention. He found his way into the homes of strangers. In shops, stores, mills and everywhere he gained friends. He made himself lovingly familiar with the children of the streets. And by his magnetism of love he drew his new friends to the house of worship. The congregation, the Sunday School and all the meetings are greatly enlarged. The prayer meetings, most of all, are augmented in numbers and power. A goodly number of souls have been converted and are active workers in this Zion.

Mr. Todd and his family have greatly endeared themselves to all this church and community, and we hope and trust this man of God from your province may be a long and lasting blessing to this church and this people, to whom he breaks the bread of life, with great union and satisfaction.

Brunswick, Me.

Palakonda

Song of the Broken Wing.

THE EMPTY NEST.

Chirping soft and low,
Swinging to and fro,
In a nest,
Sits a mother-bird,
While around is heard,
Songs of rest.

Patient little bird,
Looking for reward,
Bye and bye,
When the little thing,
Nestling neath her wing,
Learns to fly.

In among the trees,
Covered by their leaves,
Lies a cat.
Stealthily she crept
While the other slept,
Sure of that.

So she was not seen
Through the leafy screen
On her way.
Now she waits her chance,
While the bird entranced,
Sings her lay.

When the dew is off,
Little bird peeps forth
From the nest:—
Perching on the side,
Spreading wings out wide,
Strength to test.

Suddenly the cat—
Green-eyed, fiend-like cat—
Makes a spring:—
Mother flutters wild,
Looking for her child
With broken wing.

Another mother lone,
In deserted home,
Sits bereft:—
Another fiend laid wait,
Just outside her gate,
And she is left.

Once, like little bird,
Her gentle breast was stirred
With hope and joy.
Now, like broken wing,
Droops her fond heart within
For her lost boy.

—MRS. E. A. M. FISHER.