

about Jesus Christ, the only Saviour, and that our words are 'good words.'

"At noon, we went to a place on the outskirts of the village to eat our lunch. It is a sort of shed near the temple, and seems to have been built for travellers. There is a wall down the centre, but there is no front or back wall to the building. We were fortunate to have a roof over our heads, for we usually eat our lunch under a tree. In front of us was a tank or artificial pond, in which cattle and buffaloes were cooling themselves; the backs and noses, and horns of the buffaloes looked like old stumps and snags sticking up out of the water, the color of their hides being black, covered with straggling coarse, drab-colored hair. The little lads who acted as herdsmen, were having a good time in the water, swimming and splashing, jumping on the backs of the cattle and sliding off again, playing with laughter and shouting as our Canadian boys might do. But they left their play to come and stand near us, like a lot of little bronze statues, watching us eat. In fact, we had quite a number of spectators for most of the people passing by, girls, women and men, joined the group. One reason why so many people gather round us when we go to the village is that I am something of a curiosity.

"In the very heat of the noon, we walked about a mile over a hot, dusty road, bordered on both sides by high ridges of prickly cactus, to another village. Just before we entered the village, we came to another artificial pond, on the bank of which rested the image of a bull, a great white plaster-shape, lying on an oblong platform of mason work, and looking like an animal taking its ease, quite naturally. We were told that one of the sacred bulls, so common in this country, had died on that spot, and wherever one of these animals happens to die, such a monument must be built. This afternoon was spent in this village much as the morning was spent in the other one, and, after an hour's walk across the fields, you may be sure we were tired when we got back to the tent."

There's a cry in the wind to-night

From the lands where the Lord is unknown,

While the Shepherd above, in His pitiful love,

Intercedes at His Father's throne.  
There's a call from the dark to-night  
That haunts the lighted room,  
From His "other sheep" on the broken  
steep

At the edge of eternal doom

SARAH STUART BARBER.

### MISSION CIRCLE RERORTS

Whitevale and Green River.—The Mission Band at Whitevale has taken on fresh vigor, with an average attendance of about 35. At Green River, a Band has been organized with an enrollment of 25.

B. A. Fisher.

South Woodslee.—A Circle was organized in the little church here recently; the Director along with eight ladies from Essex, driving out on one of the beautiful afternoons of June, a distance of five miles, and met with the sisters, fifteen joining with the Circle. President, Mrs. David Voaks; Secretary, Mrs. Albert Yariet; Treasurer, Mrs. John Wilcox; Agent for "Link" and "Visitor," Miss Mamie Hancock. After the meeting a very delightful lunch was served.

Jane Ritchie,  
Director.

Grenville, Que.—In connection with the Women's Mission Circle, a missionary meeting was held on Thursday, July 17th, at which Miss Melissa E. Morrow, returned missionary, gave an interesting address on her work in India. Miss Morrow and two other ladies were dressed in native costume, and quite a number of curios were displayed from India and Japan, which country Miss Morrow visited on her way home. At the close of the meeting a letter was read from Mrs. Wm. Heatlie, senior, who for twenty-four years has been President of the Circle. She regretted her absence through failing health, but trusted that the address that night would rouse many to a keener interest in missionary work. The church building was well filled, and the collection amounted to \$9.80. The meeting closed with the benediction by the pastor, Mr. J. H. Slimon.