

ship and fellowship of three women, Salome, my regular Biblewoman, who never seemed happier nor did better work, although to come with me she had tremblingly left a dear little grandson to the tender mercies of his inexperienced young mother; Lydiamma, Miss Simpson's first and beloved Biblewoman, now the wife of one of our preachers, a woman who, for years, has been and is being "perfected through suffering," but who is true to Him whose hand has held the cup and declares that through it all, His Word has been her medicine. Five dear children has she surrendered, and perhaps even greater sorrows has she borne, with the result that she has a testimony which impresses her hearers. Of the third I may write some other time.

These women shared nobly in the toils and triumphs of the tour, and we all recognize God's goodness to us during the whole time.

On our way home, as some of us sat at the little "two-minute" country railway station, waiting for the train, dignified by the name of "The Waltair Express," we heard a most unusual sound proceeding from the native waiting room. It was the voice of some one reading and explaining a Christian tract. Peeping in, we saw a Mohammedan "pointsman," or station servant, reading by the light of his lantern to a little group of Hindus, squatting and sitting upon the floor about him.

My "boy," a Roman Catholic, slipped in, and recognized the tract as one of a number he had distributed in the Kasimkota weekly market the day before. It was entitled: "Essence of Christian Doctrine," a big-sounding title to attract people fond of such, but in reality a simple statement of the way of salvation.

And so, in our minds, we saw many groups gathered in different places, listening to the reading of the tracts we

have distributed, and the books sold, and we see, too, the day,

"When the darkness shall turn to dawning,

And the dawning to noonday bright;
And Christ's great kingdom shall come
on earth,

The Kingdom of Love and Light."

The crying need is for laborers from far and near, but especially from among the Telugus, each of whom shall, impelled by the spirit of Christ, "go after that which is lost until he find it."

"Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

Yours "at the front,"

ANNIE C. MURRAY.

NOTICE.

As our next Board meeting is to be held early in March, will the Circles and Bands of the Eastern Board kindly remit all money available for Foreign work, before that time.

Funds are urgently needed, and we are trusting and praying that you will exert yourselves to the very utmost, to help us out of our present financial difficulties.

MRS. N. OHMAN,
Treasurer.

212 Greene Ave., Westmount.

A DAILY THOUGHT

MY CREED.

- I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure for there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare. * * *
- I would be friend of all—the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up—and laugh—and love—and lift.
—Howard Arnold Walter in Harper's Bazaar.