

Foreign Mission Board

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address MRS. J. W. MANNING, 240 Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR DECEMBER.

For Chicacole, that the Spirit's power may be experienced in a large measure by our missionaries, native Christians and helpers. For a great blessing upon the hospital and reading room and that a medical missionary may be called by God for that station. That generous Christmas gifts may be given to Home Missions.

A Sunday at Chicacole.

"O day of rest and gladness,
Most beautiful most bright."

But to many Sunday is a busy day. Roy, have the postum and toast ready we must be off to

THE POLICE SCHOOLS.

"The morn, waked by the circling hours, with rosy fingers unbars the gates of light." The air is pleasant and as we bicycle along we admire the rich foliage and the glimpses of extended rice fields of various shades of living green. The hideous parish dogs run howling across the road and the scavenger carts pass creakingly along, while the coolies with a shallow basket in one hand and a gouge-like bone in the other gathers up the refuse piles. See, the stately mosque with its vine-clad, moss-touched arches and towers. Over there rises the substantial tomb that the wealthy Mohammedan has built for himself while yet alive. I asked him the other day where his wife's tomb was to be. "Oh," he said, "it doesn't matter about her."

A ten minutes' ride brings us to the two long rows of tile-roofed houses, the homes of Chicacole's red-turbaned, white appalled, brown belted policemen. Here for some time we have had a Gospel school. The lads from five to fifteen years of age run from various quarters, some throwing away the sticks with which they have been cleaning their teeth, and others leaving the brass vessels from which they have been drinking seasoned rice-water. A tattered brown blanket is brought and spreading it on the ground in the shade of a cracked mud wall they say, "Sit please." They arrange themselves in a semi-circle in front. The brightness of eye, the outline of feature and physical make-up, remind one of Canadian boys, but the light brown skin, the rings in nose and ears, the vertical red caste mark, the shaved head in front and the knot of well-oiled hair dangling behind, the loose drapery below and the lack of clothing above—all these reveal the difference.

"All here? No, where are the others?" "Their fathers have been transferred," is the reply. "Here comes Jagganiklu; he'll teach you while I will see if there are any more children." We enter house after house but find none. "Salaam, Amma, where did you come from? Berampore? Won't you send your two boys to our school? You will? That's good! Oh, what is in that brass plate? This is for the Ommatalle; a little rice, some fruit, a few flowers and colored powder—all these are a very pleasing to the goddess."

"Fifteen children—that's better." When we began this school the boys would sit far away for fear of being defiled, the women would frown and the men would sneer; but now the boys are as friendly as need be, the women, with babies on their hips, look smilingly out and some of the policemen themselves sit quite near and hear the recitation of Rom. 6-23, and listen to the unfolding of the lesson story. On being asked to attend church in the evening the Head Constable says: "We'll try to come and we're very glad your uncle is going to give us each a Bible." (This presentation is to be in connection with Lord Radstock's Victoria memorial scheme providing the people of India with the Word of God.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Eight a. m.—at the church. The spacious room is nearly full. Forty-five minutes have passed. The bell rings, it rings again. The ten classes scattered here and there come to the front. On the right are the caste boys from our day school, on the left the women; in front and on the mat the twelve boarding girls; on the platform sit the unkempt Pariah lads and eleven boys from the Relli Street across the river. Why, the two pair of twins from old Chicacole are here! They cannot be more than five years old—two miles is quite a walk for them. Narsamma, will they sing? "Stand!" No pretty clothes, no jewels, or oil, or powder—but quite unconscious are they. Every one smiles to hear them sing.

Auntie sits besides a richly dressed L. M. Christian, pointing to a daintily appalled little girl, says: "Can your daughter sing?" "No." "Does she know any Bible stories?" "No." "Now hear those poor male children how sweetly they sing! Won't you teach your little girl too?"

The blackboard exercise is finished, Parathasem, come forward; you made the highest mark in the

examination on the last three months' lessons. As they pass up one by one to receive their papers how their faces light up when we give them a colored picture. About a year ago some kind friend sent us a large roll of "Our Little Ones." We selected the bright colored numbers and it is these that to day gave the children such pleasure.

The roll is called—130 present; the lesson leaves are distributed; the announcement re library books is made and the school dismissed.

Breakfast at eleven. Now to rest, while the sun sends forth its flaming tongues of fire. Three o'clock—

THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS

are at the gate. Yes, I think we had better try that empty room in the hospital building. This study gets so close when closely packed. Agreed! Now what murmurings do we hear! "This room not good; no pretty pictures on the walls; nothing nice to look at!" Narsimulu leads the singing, and Jagganiklu reviews the month's lessons on the "Life of Jesus." The thirty-eight boys who are able to repeat three verses without a mistake receive a picture-card. "What did you learn from these texts?" "I learned that God is holy, that He is light, that He is love."

This class registers two hundred and more. Many of them can now repeat the Lord's prayer and verses that Miss Clark taught them. A number of these remain and others come to study the Gospel of John in English. These bright Hindu boys—how blessed to teach them about the true and living God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. Shout salvation full and free! Proclaim the living Word. "In the morning sow thy seed; and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper whether this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

EVENING SERVICE.

The organ sounds. The singing is good. The Hindus of various castes continue to come. All the seats are filled. Lellamma sweetly sings "Whither pilgrim are you going." "Salvation and what it cost," is the subject of Brother Sbrardus, forcible sermon. Several testify. One says:—"You know Mr. Siva Rao made a feast the other day, he did not invite everybody—only a certain class. But the heavenly feast is for all. Whosoever will may come." A tall Hindu, with red and white caste marks and sacred beads, seemed to resent the statement and stood for some time waiting for an opportunity to speak. He said: "You are mistaken, the heavenly feast is not for all; only sinners need salvation and all are not sinners." Ere any of the Christians had time to reply, an open-courtenanced, intelligent looking Hindu in the back, rose and said: "The Bible says all are sinners. I believe it; I know it. We kill fowls and goats in front of our temples and say, 'Now my sins will be taken away,' but not so—only the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." The first Hindu would not be silenced. All listened earnestly to the discussion. It was only when by pointed questioning he was led to say, "I am not a sinner" that he sat down as a result of being informed that for sinless people we had no message.

But who was that Hindu who testified for Jesus so forcibly and "apparently sincerely! Upon inquiry we learned that he was from Jalnur, one of our out stations and that he has a Bible which he daily reads.

Praise God! the truth is laying hold of some hearts, the heaven is working, the appalling ignorance is disappearing and the day will come when the many who now believe in their hearts will confess with their mouth and swell the sum total of those whose names are enrolled in the service of the King.

My dear friends, are we not all interested in the work of possessing the Telugu land for Christ. It lies before us. The shackles of caste and superstition are breaking; the walls of idolatry and tradition are falling. Let us persistently, courageously and lovingly besiege the land. And the conquering of the children for Jesus, do we not believe in it? The Lord is working in their hearts, we are sure. Many of these high caste boys will shoot out their lips in scorn when idolatry is mentioned, and when asked whom they must serve the answer is decided: "We must worship Jesus because he loved us and gave himself for us." Several have told me that they have given their hearts to Jesus and these voluntarily and regularly attend the Sunday services.

Friends, help us, pray for us. Please send the bright colored picture cards, the large lesson roll on the life of Christ and attractive English papers. Cards in black and white give the Hindu boys no pleasure nor do they like them when too soiled or torn. To give one in three months a card to each child in our twenty and more evangelistic schools requires not a few. This work is the Lord's. It is sure of success. We look to him for a blessing.

"Have not I commanded thee?

Be strong and of good courage;
Be not afraid neither be thou dismayed;
For the Lord thy God is with thee
Whithersoever thou goest."

Chicacole, India. MABEL E. ARCHIBALD.

I wish to correct the statement made over my signature in MESSENGER AND VISITOR of Nov. 14, in regard to the "Albert" F. M. monies, the figures in the thirty-third annual report of the Treas. of the W. B. M. U. are correct, a misunderstanding on my part.

MRS. EMMA SMITH, Sec'y.

Prayer For Revival.

I for one feel like uniting with Bro. Ganong in his earnest and suggestive words in last week's MESSENGER AND VISITOR. I would suggest that Jan 1, 1903, be set apart by the churches of our provinces as a special day of prayer, that we might begin the coming year with God. While studying in Boston, a day was set apart for prayer and confession. Some were against and others for, but we had it, and many can testify that it was one of the greatest blessings of the year. God honors such. Many are waiting for the spirit to come and bless us. Hon and Rev. B. W. Noel, A. M., said in Exeter Hall, London, Eng., in 1851, "I say the word of God declares that the spirit waits for our prayer and efforts. Our Lord said to his people that God will give his Spirit to them that ask him."

In 1859, 10,000 joined the Presbyterian churches in Ireland. That great ingathering was traced to special prayer in a Sunday School by some young men. In 1861, 35,000 joined the churches in Wales. That began with prayer. 50 years ago a day of prayer was set aside for colleges, and the first 15 years, 1,500 students confessed Christ. We long for these good old times. By the year book I notice the Eastern Association met at Hillsboro, N. B., 25 years ago and rejoiced in the addition of 1,000 to the churches during the year. Last year there was less than 400. Thank God we have the churches, good men and grounds to work on. Why not have a grand harvest.

A visiting brother spoke in our meeting the other night saying, "Our church has about 100 members, we have prayer-meeting and only 5 or 6 take part." John Ruskin said, "If we want God's Kingdom to come we must not only pray but work for it." The time was when God's servants and children could get together and have large meetings, great results and good times in two or three weeks, but it is harder now and takes more work and power. We began meetings last winter where the prayer-meeting was down to 4 and 6 attendants, but in six weeks nearly all in the settlement attended and 35 took part, 19 joined the church. 3 miles from there in 4 weeks, 11 came out and one mile from this place 40 professed Christ in three weeks. This gave me the lesson that when meetings are good they should not be stopped too soon. I agree with Bro. G that pastors can exchange and do good work, but my observations have been that all pastors are over worked and are in a tired state, and just as the meetings get doing good they are discontinued. In the meantime other parts of the pastor's field are being neglected, and when the special meetings are over he is so worn out he is not in the best condition to carry on his regular work and build up those who are on the good way. My conviction is that this is a day of Specialties and if God's work is to be successfully carried on, pastors, evangelists and all must work more unitedly. I would further suggest that the churches and pastors of all the leading denominations be invited to unite in these special efforts of prayer and work. That it may be universal, I would also suggest that one pastor in each county write a word to all the others asking them to observe this day in their churches, and where there is no pastor that the deacons or other leaders in the churches be requested to hold such a service so that in every church in the land there will be a prayer service that day. In town and villages the churches could unite of course.

G. H. BRAMAN.

King's Evil

That is Scrofula.

No disease is older.

No disease is really responsible for a larger mortality.

Consumption is commonly its outgrowth.

There is no excuse for neglecting it, it makes its presence known by so many signs, such as glandular tumors, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting and general debility.

Children of J. W. McGinn, Woodstock, Ont., had scrofula sores so bad they could not attend school for three months. When different kinds of medicines had been used to no purpose whatever, these sufferers were cured, according to Mr. McGinn's voluntary testimonial, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which has effected the most wonderful, radical and permanent cures of scrofula in old and young.