

of us met at Berywick and scanned our past year's work, praised God for the blessings which had been ours, and laid plans for the work for the incoming year. How far and wide we have scattered since that time. Some of those into whose faces we gazed, and to whom we listened as they told us of their "call" to take hold of the work at the other end of the line, have been watched over tenderly by "Him who holds the waves in the hollow of His hand," and are to-day in India. They have fulfilled their part, and all they promised us has been done. What about our part? Have our pledges and vows made at that time been redeemed? Is our Telugu mission holding a deeper place in our lives, prayers and purses because four hearts which beat in unison and interest with ours in the work at that time are now in the east prepared to fulfil their pledges to God and us?

Let us look for a moment at our figures. Total received for F. M., \$3,071, which is thirty-six dollars more than at this date last year. Looking at this from one side we may say "well done," but turning it around and getting the broader view do we feel we have redeemed the pledges given either by ourselves or our delegates in August last, and are we assuming the greater liabilities arising from increased responsibility?

Amount received for Home Missions, \$530, which is fifty-two dollars less than at this date last year. What think ye about it, sisters? Your treasurer's opinion is that that much dreaded word deficit will be written on our Home Mission department at the close of the year if we are not more watchful of its interest and more liberal in our giving.

We have received two legacies, one a gift of \$100 from the late Mrs. Ritchie, formerly of Hants Co., N. S., and who for a number of years has resided in Massachusetts. This sister, although living away from us, always remembered the W. B. M. U. with a yearly offering, and then at the last so graciously with this large bequest. Another we mention gratefully from Mrs. Mark Curry, Windsor, of \$50. These gifts prove to us the deep interest our women have in raising fallen womanhood in lands where Christ is not known as the woman's helper and friend.

MARY SMITH, *Treas. W. B. M. U.*

#### CHICAGOORDA.

*My dear Miss Johnstone,*—My heart is too happy this morning to rest, and I must write somebody of the grand day the Lord gave to us here yesterday, and conclude to write it to you.

This is the village from which three caste people came three months ago to Bobbili, to be baptized.

Then they told us that some of their women were believing, and in December, Mrs. Churchill and Mrs. Archibald came out here. But their caste people set up a persecution against them, and the women were frightened, and dare not come out. Mr. C. baptized two men at that time, and ever since I have been very anxious to come out with Mrs. Churchill, bringing my Bible woman with me to see these women. One thing and another hindered, till last week we started. We reached here Saturday morning, set up our tent and housekeeping under a grand old mango tree, with great outspreading branches, and in the afternoon went into the village to see the women. They were shy at first, but when we

had talked to them a little, and they got acquainted enough to tell us something of themselves, several of them said they believed in Christ, had accepted Him as their Saviour, and wanted to be baptized.

So a meeting to examine the foundation of their hope, was appointed at the tent for Sunday morning. It was quite a little test for them to ask them to come out to the tent, but they came.

We had our beds carried out, our table put in the back of the tent, and yet it was too small. So one side, the shady side, we rolled up, more mats spread outside and our chapel enlarged to accommodate our congregation. Mr. Churchill preached the Gospel to them simply and plainly, reading every point that he advanced, from the Word itself. Then after singing "Who is on the Lord's side?" he asked if any present wanted to confess Christ openly in baptism. As one after another of the women told of their desire to follow Christ and be counted on His side, I felt that we were not a little company out here in the wilderness alone, but that there was a mighty host watching the proceedings, and rejoicing with us over the lost sheep, as they came back, one after another, and wished to enter the fold. There were six women, three of them widows, intelligent, and earnest; one man, and one boy (an orphan) received for baptism. This boy had been urged by those persecuting the Christians, to come and live with them, and not break his caste; but he said no, the Christians' God was his God, and he would go with them.

In the afternoon, at the time appointed, these all came out to the tent again, and we all walked down to the river together. It was a lovely spot, the hills towering above us on either side of the river, and the water flowing on so beautifully and musically. And just one spot where the water was deep enough to baptize in. The failure of rain has caused the water to be very low in the river, but just there some rocks jutted out into it, an eddy was formed, and by it the sand washed out so that a grand baptistry was formed, all ready for our use. Mr. C. has been up and down the river to quite a distance, but found no other place with sufficient water to baptize in.

Here the two men and the six women walked out fearlessly, and with joy in their faces, replied to Mr. Churchill's question, "Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour?" and were baptized in His name. And with the rippling of the waters blended our song of praise as one after another rose from their liquid grave, and went on their way, followers of Christ.

In the evening our table was carried into the village and set in front of the chief Christian's house, with the emblem of the Lord's death upon it. The eight who had been baptized stood in a row in front of the house and received the right hand of fellowship into the Bible church, after which, by the light of our lantern, we all, twenty one of us, sat around the Lord's table and remembered Him, as we partook of the bread and wine. And there in the street all was as hushed and solemn as in one of our churches at home.

I suppose there were hundreds looking on and listening, enemies of the Christians, but all subdued and quiet by the power of God I believe, and thus ended a grand Sabbath day at Chikagoorda.

Ever your sister in the Lord,

M. F. CHURCHILL.

March 1st, 1897.