

words, it seemed to her the Lord Jesus Christ walked by her side and really did tell her what to say? He had given his words, you remember; was it strange that He fulfilled it?

Do you wonder, either, that as she left this humble door one would ejaculate, "Blessings on her sweet face and loving heart!" or another, "There's a Christian if there ever was one!" or another standing one day at the gate to watch her out of sight, "I just can't bear to think of her going 'way off as a missionary!" "No more can I," responded the neighbor who came up at that moment, "though I know she would say we ought to be glad."

Of the thirty-two women on Miss Benner's list, five had long been regular contributors to the cause of missions, and six had given spasmodically. Do you think it surprising that of the remaining twenty-one who had never been interested, fifteen became members of the Women's Mission Circle before the year ended, or that one of these had organized a mission band, or that another had offered herself a candidate for missionary service, or that the Treasurer received from this collector's hand forty-seven dollars? Surely not, when you remember Who had worked with her.

"Oh, I am so glad," she said to Mrs. Wade, on their way to the annual meeting. "Yesterday, just as I was going to carry the money to our Treasurer, Mrs. Lane came to me with five dollars, a thank-offering, because her oldest daughter has just become a Christian, and I had to go and put another one right with it because, O, Mrs. Wade, when Christ called her," and glad tears rolled down the collector's cheeks, "He spoke through me! My heart is full of joy that He has helped me do a little of His work. I shall never doubt again, dear Mrs. Wade, that I can do all things "through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Work Abroad.

EXTRACTS.

My dear Miss Buchan:—

Now about the new house. We moved up here the 30th day of January, and were settled pretty much by the end of the week, and on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 3rd, we had a dedicatory service, Jonathan Burden, Ezra Keller and Mr. Laflamme taking part. The house we are warming by degrees. We are having the Eurasian friends all in first, and then we hope to have the native friends, and by that time, what with the hot winds, hot curries and all, we expect it to be thoroughly warmed. The house is lovely, and when we get things straightened up around outside, we shall expect to look very nice

indeed. We are keeping a Christian woman who needs the help at work cleaning up, and a coolie man besides, so that they ought to make some impression after a while.

When this house is all finished, I do wish some of you people would come and make us a visit sometime and stay long enough to see something of the work of each of us. Everybody has her own particular kind of work, no two of us finding things just alike. I am sure it would pay to have somebody who is not a missionary tell the people of the work.

Thank you very much for your news of those two ladies. I am so glad they are coming. If they once appear before the people, why there is not the slightest doubt but that the money for their support will be forthcoming.

SARAH A. SIMPSON.

Cocanada.

My dear Miss Buchan:—

Just now, and this ten days back, we are on tour, and are having such splendid hearings. These village people listen so eagerly. Yesterday, in a Brahmin house, just as I was beginning, a little widow said, "Stop, stop, wait till I bring in others." And she went out and gathered twenty seven women, all Brahmins, and not one among them had ever heard the Glad Tidings before. They sat listening for quite three hours, and when I rose to come away, begged me to come back to them again to-day. I promised, and go this afternoon again. I always did enjoy opening up work in new villages where no one had ever carried the message before. There is no joy like the joy of telling the old, old story to those who never heard it before, especially when it is received as eagerly as in the villages hereabouts. Even when completely tired out, the intent, earnest faces of these women is an inspiration.

The weather is very hot, and long walks are out of the question. We have but one horse and no side saddle (no roads, only foot paths), so I am seeing only the nearer villages. Mr. McL. gets away to those five, six, seven miles distant. Kondakarla is a large village, and I have not seen it all yet. Be sure to remember us, on this great, needy field, when you have the ear of the King, ask large things for the work here.

F. S. MACLEOD.