

And off they went, with the pastor's wife heading the procession. And they never even asked me to come along! I wanted to go, oh so much. But I will, some day, and in the meantime thought it best to leave them alone. But I stood and thanked God, as I watched them. Were these the women who usually showed so little joy in coming to church, or to women's meetings; who hung their heads and giggled, or else said "I can't," when asked to recite the Bible lesson after we'd been teaching it to them for half an hour? Behold, they were going forth to preach! And what a transformation had the call to service made! Did one dare to hope they would be different ever-after?

I haven't told you about the men's work. That is a different story; but on Sunday they all came to church, these fishermen and women, bringing their fish with them—not a bad catch either—two new families, men women and children. The men stood up in meeting and signified their desire to live the new life. And there are others. It was a happy service. Miss Lockhart said she thought the Christian women looked different. I shouldn't wonder. I'm sure I must have, myself!

Dear friends, I have felt for some time—and now I am convinced—that the best cure for the weakness and ignorance and inconsistencies of our Christians would be to get them to work at soul-winning. They would then find out for themselves (so much better than our dinning it into their ears) how these same inconsistencies hinder the cause of Christ; for their heathen friends possess no delicate sense of tact about reminding them of their own shortcomings when they come to preach; and thus they are led to examine themselves lest they might be a cause of stumbling and offence. They will find out their own spiritual poverty when they attempt to win others to Christ; will realize how much of deep experience, fellowship, power and the spirit's grace they lack; how poor they are in Bible knowledge. They will, on the other hand, have new experiences of joy and a new realization of their riches in Christ to draw them nearer to Him. In fact, it will be the salvation of them, as well as of the heathen.

Also, it has convinced me that our Christians can—if they will. I know you will all join me in praying for an increase of this spirit amongst them, for when every Christian man and woman in our churches is whole-heartedly and faithfully enlisted in a life-long "campaign," the problem of India's salvation will be solved. Praise God for signs that here and there our people are waking up to a sense of their responsibilities and privileges along this line. God has chosen the weak things, the despised and ignorant things, the out-caste things and things that are of nought to confound the great and haughty and high-caste and powerful, and to bring them to the feet of King Jesus. "The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will accomplish this."

Yours sincerely,

K. S. McLAURIN.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN ORURO.

[The following letter was written and posted by Mrs. Mitchell only two or three days before Mr. Mitchell died.—Ed.]

Mrs. C. N. Mitchell.

When is a tree not a tree? When it's the Christmas trees of the Oruro Baptist Sunday School. I'll explain.

Not a single tree, and scarcely a shrub, grows of its own accord in or around