

pressed as with some indefinable care. The eyes smart and become swollen. The hair crackles under the comb. The whole body seems charged with electricity for which every separate point of the rash is a discharger. The covers of the books upon the tables curl up. The walls of the house become hot. And even the usually cool drinking water goes over to the enemy in a lukewarm way and refuses to slake the thirst.

Out of doors the heat is terrible. As the day drags its fiery length along the air becomes like the breath of a furnace. One can feel it surge up from the heated ground in great flame-like waves. Sometimes he catches himself snuffing to see if his hair has not been singed. Protected by felt helmet and umbrella one forgets the sun's direct rays in the greater fierceness of his reflected one. Walking for any distance is impossible. The head reels. The hands and feet swell. The perspiration runs down even into the shoes through which the swollen feet are blistered.

At such a time but little life is seen out of doors. A few natives clank by on wooden shoes or limp gingerly along with blistered feet. The trees hang dusty and lifeless. The thirsty crows gasp with open bills and half-raised wings under the limp leaves, taking themselves off now and then to the nearest water for a bath. The spiny lizards even sit panting on some shady branch. The great, ungainly water-buffaloes wallow in the tanks—the only creatures, apparently, that enjoy existence in this hot weather.

In the hot streets of the town the vendors of various goods seek the shady edge and nod over their fly-covered wares. The stifling shops close and the sleek merchant goes off to his meal and nap. Even the mangy pariah dog—the wretchedest and least susceptible creature existent—lolls languidly. Sometimes one goes mad and runs a-muck through the town, biting every other dog he can seize, until, exhausted, he drops and is despatched by some human brother Pariah, who, later on in the day, when the fat Brahmin clerks have had their nap, presents the tail at the Municipal Office and draws the munificent sum of two annas (a good day's earnings) as bounty.

The bathing tanks are by no means deserted. A motley crowd is gathered there. Some catch up a hasty mouthful as they plunge in. Others pour koodahs of water upon themselves. Women wet their cloths and placing them about their shoulders walk off reluctant with other koodahs filled upon their heads. Pigs, buffaloes and boys splash or wallow in the thick, pea-green fluid. Even the birds take a dip and cool themselves in the shady banyan near by.

All this time the glare of the sunshine on the bare, parched ground, dusty streets, and white walls is frightful. The eyes ache and smart. The direct outside light is excluded from the house as much as possible. Even with the eyes closed one is sensible of the glare.

As the sun declines and evening draws on all eyes anxiously search the horizon for clouds. Only a shower can break this terrible heat and bring relief to the over-taxed system. But no clouds appear. The sun sinks as he has sunk every evening for months—fiery red. The air grows still and stiflingly hot; and the night with its thick breath, broken sleep, and delirious dreams creeps over the land once more and brings the certainty of another terrible day.

J. R. H.

Chicacole, India, July, 1884.

THE Lord's battles will never be fought if every one claims the right of remaining in the reserve.

## The Lord's Witnesses.

AN ADDRESS BY MRS. PENNEFATHER.

"Ye shall be witnesses unto Me," Acts 1-8.

Our subject to-day, "The Lord's Witnesses!" brings before us another solemn expression from His own lips, "They shall put my name upon the children of Israel" (Numbers vi. 27), spoken, we may believe, as surely of the blood-bought Church as of the elect nation.

The words seem to imply *ownership* on the one hand, and *representation* on the other, and these thoughts connect themselves very closely with two others; first, GOD can never *share* His property, it must needs be absolute and individual; secondly, the representation must be faithful and unwavering, the same at all times and in all places: the name of the Owner demands a true witness, and involves an evident resemblance.

As we dwell on these thoughts, a question is continually recurring, Why has the witness of the Church, named with the name of the Holy One, marked with the Blood, and sealed with the Spirit, told so little on the world?

We shrink instinctively from the sorrowful reply, but it cannot be evaded. Because that witness has been too often a false one, and *misrepresentation* has dishonoured the Holy Name wherewith she has been named.

We are longing for better things, longing, as we believe the language of many seems to imply, for *consecration* and for *holiness*; but what does this mean?—a manifest consistency between the name and character, a family resemblance which none can mistake. And on this point the world around us has a marvellous power of forming a correct judgment.

Of the inner life of a Christian, the spiritual emotions, the burning love, the high aspirations, the men and women among whom we live know nothing; they are altogether ignorant of our inward communion with the High and the Holy, but they do know that a high and holy name is upon us, and they expect a corresponding sanctity and a likeness to the character of Him who has entrusted that name to our keeping. They ask the question far more frequently than we suppose, "Whose is this image and superscription?" and if the letters are illegible, and the picture blurred and blotted, is it any wonder that they turn away with a feeling of distrust, perhaps of contempt!

Dear friends, it is with the deepest sense of humiliation that we dare to say this to one another; but we *must* face the question, Why is there so little telling power among us? Because, while the world is saying now as it said of old, "These are the people of the Lord, and His name is upon them" (Ezekiel xxxvi. 20), the GOD of holiness is saying still, as He looks upon His many unfaithful witnesses, "I have pity for My holy name." We need not to judge one another, the Spirit of GOD will bear His own witness to every honest heart. Is it worldly conformity, or selfish indulgence, or uncourteousness of manner, or unholiness of speech, or love of pre-eminence, or uncharitable fault-finding, that has marred our consistency, and brought reproach upon a name to which all heaven is yielding homage?

There is no lack of work in the present day, busy, active work. Is there ever to be found along with this, such a life of heavenly purity that the men who look at us see Jesus? Is it beyond question that in our homes, in our dress, in our whole demeanour, those around us may detect that which becometh saints?

Numbers are pressing into our inquiry rooms to speak to anxious souls, who profess to carry the King's messages, to speak in the King's name, to be representatives