

W. B. M. U.

Of The Maritime Provinces.

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MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "WORKERS TOGETHER WITH HIM."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER.—*The Savara Work. That Mr. and Mrs. Glendenning may be encouraged by seeing a large number of Savaras brought to Christ. Thanksgiving unto the Lord for His Goodness and for His wonderful manifestations to us His people.*

The W.B.M.U. Department for October will be devoted exclusively to proceedings of the Convention held in Halifax, August 17th and 18th. This work is in the hands of two young ladies, whose ability and faithfulness, will ensure a report of great value to our readers. Readers of the column conducted by Mrs. Manning in "*Messenger and Visitor*" will rejoice in the manifestation of the Spirit's presence at Chicacole. Let not prayer be restrained among us that the work may prosper exceedingly. The sketch by Mrs. Marse in this issue will be read with thanksgiving and humility. Rev. H. T. Corey tells something of the work accomplished in India through Mrs. Hartley's museum.

TOURING INCIDENTS.—It has been often said that touring is the cream of mission work in the deep true joy that rises in the missionary's heart as he realizes the privilege of telling of Jesus to the lost. I think this is true. It is "on tour" that we get the firmest grip upon our helpers, for our lives are more closely associated and we are better able to exchange experiences and study God's word together than in the more formal life at the station. Here, too, we are brought face to face with the terrible realities of heathenism, and we need the wisdom that cometh from above to know how to grapple with the subtle questions of the metaphysical Brahmin or other educated classes on the one hand, and the ignorant—stupidity of those who know nothing about and care nothing for the religion of Jesus; on the other almost all our Maritime missionaries attended the Conference in Cocanada in January. We all had a royally good time socially and spiritually. To see fifty Canadian Baptist missionaries, gathered together to plan for the extension of God's kingdom, was enough to stir the pulse of patriotism, as well as kindle the flame of religious enthusiasm. Many felt that the union, that has existed on the field all these years, should be strengthened at home, and steps were taken looking towards the organic union of the Baptists of Canada in Mission Work. After our return from Cocanada I went to Chipurupalle, one of our out-stations for a six weeks' tour. It had been years since any length of time had been given to that town by a missionary. Day after day, week in and week out—we laboured

early and late to bring men and women to a saving knowledge of Jesus. We tried to preach Christ-crucified, but like Paul of old, we found it "to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks, foolishness." Soon after our coming to the town we were visited by a number of lads from eight to eighteen, requesting us to teach them. One of the remarkable things of the whole tour was the way in which those boys kept coming day after day at three o'clock, to hear the bible stories. We tried no means to draw them except telling, oh so earnestly and longingly, the love of Jesus and their need of a Saviour. Not only did they come to the bungalow, but later in the afternoon or evening, when we went to the different streets of the town, the eager smiling faces of the same lads nearly always greeted us as they stood half-timidly on the edge of the crowd drinking in the words we uttered, until they could tell quite as well as the average boy at home the tale of the cross, and why Jesus came to die. Three boys were especially interested, and the questions they asked would puzzle many a theologian.

I had been at Chipurupalle about four weeks alone with my helpers when Mr. and Miss Sanford and Mr. Freeman came out to help and cheer us in our work, and to superintend the repairing of the Mission buildings. Just near the bungalow, where we were staying, is a beautiful grove. When the tents were all pitched and everything was in running order, we formed quite a colony of Christians in the midst of the heathen surroundings.

One beautiful moonlight night we all went to one of the large streets of the town to preach.