

might break out on our own field. But now we shall continue to send on money to those who are in the famine districts, for although rain has fallen and cultivation is going on, there can be no crops to gather for months and meanwhile the people must be supported. Already a good part of the money forwarded to our mission has been sent to missionaries in famine districts and we have received the thanks of those to whom it has been sent and assurances that it was being used to succor the perishing. I am about sending more to those who are in need of it and in due time I shall render an account of the way in which it has been distributed. We have been economical in the expenditure on our own fields. We have not felt that it was wise to help our native Christians beyond what was absolutely necessary. On my own field of Bobbili I could easily have spent much more. Some of our Christians have had a hard struggle and are still hard pressed.

Three weeks since I visited Chekkaagoorda the village forty-seven miles to the south where we have a Christian community. Until three days before my reaching there, they had very little rain and their crops had suffered very much and they were badly off. Prices were very high and there was no work for the people to do. While I was there some showers fell which helped matters very much. But word has just come that one of their chief crops has blighted and they will get but little. This is a very serious matter for it was a crop upon which they largely depend for food. I have helped them some and shall have to help the poor among them still more. I baptized three while there and two others came forward but were advised to wait. The most of the Christians seem to be standing firm.

A request was made that I should like to grant but have not seen the way open as yet to do so. The three principal men of the village own a large lot of land or rather hold it under grant from the Rajah for the yearly service they render to him. Before they became Christians the greater part of this land had been mortgaged to raise money for marriage and funeral expenses, for idol feasts and liquor. Since they became Christians the seasons have all been against them and they have not been able to redeem their land and so are losing the income from it. They have asked me to advance a hundred dollars to redeem the land, they giving to me the title to the land and the income from it till the amount has been repaid. Could they have two or three good seasons they could pay it and the extra land would be a great help to the Christian community. But I tell them I cannot take mission money for such a purpose and I have none of my own at present that I can spend in that manner. But all the same they only half believe what I tell them and will be greatly disappointed if I do not help them. On my late visit to Rajam several said to me they were believing our teaching and would come to us if we would help them to get a living. And I have no doubt they mean it. There is one young man there who seems to be a true believer and he says he is coming here for baptism as soon as he can get leave. Another young man seems much interested but has not come so far. Very slowly the truth is spreading. Sometimes we get tired of waiting for brighter day and wonder if it will ever dawn in our time. May the Lord hasten it in his own time and way.

G. CHURCHILL.

Bobbili, Aug. 31st.

"A Glimpse at Miss D'Prager's Work."

Bimlipatam the last of May; and my throat which has been so troublesome in India is no better. We have a "conference" of the household, and it is decided I must go to Vizagapatam to see Miss D'Prager. I have not seen her since we met in London in November, so there is pleasure in store. Some of you would like to come too. I hope your means of conveyance will not daunt our zeal! Bimil is at the apex of a triangle, and alas for those who live there, the railroad runs along the base, from Vizianagram to Vizagapatam. Then you see there is no "livery stable" in town, therefore at nine o'clock one fine evening my mattress was put into an ox bundy, and we all proceeded to gather up the numerous bundles. No lady of legend or story ever carried so many bundles as do wayfarers in this land of India, with their lunch baskets, fans, umbrellas, sun topees, water bottles, etc. Lastly I followed the bundles and I waved farewell to the friends and started. A trusty servant came along so I had no care, and as the air was cooler than within doors I sat looking out the end of the cart, as we passed through the town and out beyond the toll-gate, where we were fairly started on the long jaunt of twenty miles. After about an hour I lay down to sleep. "Boy" mounted guard on the poles of the cart behind and the driver kept hurrying on the oxen in front. Tinkle, tinkle, farther and farther off sounded the bell and I sank into dreamland. But alas the driver was like-minded, and the oxen without the goad were taking a rest—The bundy was still. "The boy, oh, where was he." My Telugu which I could succeed in making him in some dim wise understand, was "too much" for the driver and I began "to arouse myself" to "wake the boy," to "call the driver," "to goad the ox" and away we went once more.

Again boy nodded, the driver slept and motion stopped. Thus the night wore away.

About one o'clock I grew tired and as the starlight was charming, the glittering points seeming nearer, and so like friends in the sky which here seems to bend lovingly over us with the same well-known features, I got out and walked a long way. The burning sun was far away in western lands. In the twilight of the stars only the outlines of the palm could be seen, and the hills which rose on either side, and brought to mind that grand old traveller's Psalm: "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills. From whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord. He will not suffer the foot to be moved."—No even there in the darkness and loneliness—in the strange land which has not yet become familiar, behold "He that keepeth thee will not slumber."

Rested, I again sought the bundy, and in the early morning before the sun got too hot for travel we reached our destination. Early as it was, Miss L'Prager was away at work; but her friends gave me a warm welcome, and the four days that followed were such pleasant ones. I think I must tell you a bit about that home, so full of Christian influences. The father is the Principal of the London Mission High School in Vizagapatam, and day after day leads the minds of the boys and girls upward and onward. The mother is the daughter of one of the most loved and honored preachers of that mission—one of the first two Brahmin converts in all the North Telugu country. She has a houseful of beautiful children, but still she finds much time to devote to the work of helping the lowly, and is foremost in every good work in the church. The children are honoring such a noble heritage. The elder ones are in the High School and this year three are in the matriculating class. Yet the boys find time in the evenings to preach in the streets in Telugu, and they are all at work in the Christian Endeavor Society which Miss D'Prager has re-organized since her return. "Beloved what hath God wrought!" From such homes we catch a large hope for the India of the future.

One morning before six o'clock I started with Miss D'Prager to see her work. We visited several Brahmin homes—the first a widow with close-cut hair. Here nothing could be done but give relief for the time as the case was incurable. The second patient was a wee "brownie," whose little life a few days before seemed flickering out. But all night Miss D'Prager stayed there working with it, and when I went in that morning a few days after he was almost well; and the joy and gratitude beamed on the mother's face. Next we went to the hospital, and after inspection and care of the in-patients, to the dispensary. Here in a few hours over 170 patients were treated or prescriptions renewed for those too ill to come. All these India's sorrow-stricken, diseased sisters!

After going home for food and rest during the noon-tide heat, more patients were visited, and to these were added the sudden calls to which all doctors are subject. With such busy service Miss D'Prager's life is filled from day to day. Helping those who so much need love and care and skilful treatment. In this short visit I gained another view of the silent influences that are at work for India's uplift. Knowing your interest in the work and worker whom so many of you saw on her recent visit to America, I have tried to give you also a glimpse.

With Christian love,

M. HELINA BLACKADAR.

Madras, India, Sept. 6th, 1900

The Two Paths.

BY LYMAN ABBOTT.

The Master tells us that there are two paths—one narrow, which leads to life; the other broad, which leads to death—but he does not tell us that these two paths are separate and lead in opposite directions. This is one interpretation of life as well as of the Master's parable. It is that afforded by Cole's famous pictures of the double pilgrimage, and by the fabled, or rather let us say the allegorical, story of the temptation of Hercules, enticed in one direction by the seductions of Pleasure, and called in the other by the serene, but severe, figure of Wisdom. It is embodied in the sonnet on the two paths in the Book of Proverbs:

The path of the righteous is as the light of dawn,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.
The way of the wicked is as darkness;
They know not at what they may stumble.

But there is also another possible interpretation of the two paths, which is more consonant with the common experience of life. It is that of Bunyan in "Pilgrim's Progress", whose narrow path could be left at any stage of the journey; leaving it, the wanderer found himself buried in the quagmire of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, or wasting his life in Vanity Fair, or imprisoned by Giant Despair in Doubting Castle. Thus interpreted, the narrow path is a plank across a morass; a step on either side involves danger, and may bring disaster and death. The two paths appear to lead in one general direction, the one within the other. As a railroad train runs on a track and if it diverges therefrom is in peril of serious damage, if not absolute destruction, so for us the only safety is in keeping upon the narrow course of vir-

tue, deflection from which on either the right side or the left is always perilous and often fatal. For all virtues are a golden mean, and vice lies on either side; all safety is in adhering to the golden mean, and destruction lurks on either side.

Thus, courage is a virtue; on the one side is foolhardiness, on the other cowardice; true courage involves neither and avoids both. Prudence is a virtue; but if carelessness is a vice, cunning is no less so. Frankness we all admire; but we do not admire the man who wears his heart upon his sleeve any more than the man who wears a mask upon his face. Thrift is the foundation of many virtues, and lack of it brings in its train many vices; but neither the miser on the one hand nor the spend-thrift on the other is a truly thrifty person; thrift lies between extravagance and meanness. Mercy may become weak as justice may become vindictive; and strong and tender love has the strength of justice without cruelty, and the tenderness of mercy without weakness. Too much sentiment becomes sentimentalism; too little leaves the soul unympathetic. Even religion easily degenerates into religiosity, as the lack of it leaves the bereft something less than a man. It would be difficult to name a virtue which, if a man plunge headlong into it, does not become a vice, nor a vice which, if a man mix it with, and rule it by, a higher passion, may not become a virtue. If there only were a path which one could choose once for all, and then walk in it with a careless mind, life would be much easier than it is. But the path is always narrow and often obscure; every step requires both judgment and choice, and most of us are continually stepping off on the one side or the other, and, in consequence, getting mired, if nothing worse. One cannot think once for all and then live thoughtlessly; he cannot choose once for all and then live carelessly; every day and every hour he must make his choice between the narrow path of virtue and the vice which lies all the way on either side of him.—The Outlook.

The Spirit of Sacrifice.

A pastor called upon a conscientious attendant of his ministry recently to urge him to join the church. He rented a pew, filled it quite regularly with his family and himself, gave freely to the benevolences of the denomination, but was not a member. He told his pastor he felt it a duty to be a Christian and give his name to the church; but there was he said a serious difficulty in the way. The pastor held his breath and summoned all his faculties to answer doubts of the doctrine of the Trinity, the deity of Christ, the immortality of the soul, or the inspiration of the Bible. He was prepared for a declaration of his belief in one or more fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith. The answer surprised him. It was this: "I cannot acquiesce to your rule against dancing." Further conversation showed that it was this and only this, that kept the man outside of the church. The pastor tried in vain to convince him of the soundness of the rule, and finally urged him to join another denomination that had no such rule, rather than remain outside the church.

We do not refer to this case to commend or condemn the denominational rule against dancing; nor even to find fault with the man for his scruple against allying himself with a church having disciplinary provisions he could not promise to observe. He was conscientious in his refusal. What we wish to call attention to is his unwillingness to make a sacrifice for the cause with which he seemed anxious to become identified. It was his supreme duty to confess Christ and ally himself fully with Christ's chosen people. This duty he refuses to perform, because the church will not allow him to dance. It might be regarded as a very unnecessary and unwise prohibition. We do not now say that it is or that it is not. But how small and trifling an objection it is. He will not enlist under the banner of the Cross because he will be cut off from the privilege of dancing; and yet he admitted that he did not often dance and might not ever want to dance again. But he could not consent to have his liberty restricted even nominally.

This, we say, is not the spirit of Christ. It is not the spirit which the Master manifested when he was here among men; it is not the spirit he inculcated. He calls every one of his followers to a life of sacrifice, to a life of self-denial. The life that is without these is without his spirit, without his devotion. Think of Paul as modeling his Christianity upon such a principle. How it would have dwarfed the stature of his Christian manhood, weakened his faith, and narrowed the channel of his superabundant labors! What is the pleasure of a dance, however innocent, compared with the peace of a life consecrated to the Saviour of the world? How mean is that estimate of the importance of the Christ-life which weighs it lighter than the privilege of a dance.

There is far too little of the spirit of personal sacrifice in the prevailing type of Christianity. Men offer vicarious sacrifices of money; they hesitate, often, when self-denial, self-sacrifice, is required. And yet this is of supreme importance. It is that which makes Christianity most effective and most attractive, as manifested in the lives of men and women. It is not the gratification of our own desires that we should be intent upon, but that we may please God, "For even Christ pleased not himself," but received reproaches. "Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience." How can we follow such a Christ, even afar off, if we do not imbibe of his spirit of sacrifice.—Independent.