

The Appeal from India.

How long shall rise this wall of woe?
 How long fair realms in darkness lie?
 How long shall we the Saviour know,
 And fall His teachings to apply?
 Oh, why should we tarry
 The tidings to carry?
 Or turn a deaf ear to the heathen's sad cry?

Can words their awful state portray?
 Crushed by the monster sin abhorred,
 They hasten on the downward way:
 No peace nor hope their rites afford.
 By Satan enslaved,
 How shall they be saved,
 Except there be messengers sent of the Lord?

Their life is sad and dark and drear,
 They have no joy-creating light;
 They live in superstition here,
 And grope their way to endless night.
 While thousands are falling,
 To us they are calling,
 To send them that Gospel in which we delight.

How small our gifts, how cold our love,
 Viewed in the light of Calvary's cross,
 Are our affections set above?
 Are carnal things to us but dress?
 Then why are we waiting,
 And still hesitating,
 As if in Christ's service we dreaded some loss?

Oh, let us heed our Master's call,
 And lowly bow before His throne,
 And, sent by Him, proclaim to all,
 That Jesus Christ is King alone.
 For this we are spared,
 For He hath declared
 That we His salvation to all must make known.

T. WATSON.

Fenella, May 6th, 1891.

The Albany Meetings.

The weather was beautiful, the city was all alive and there was a good attendance at the morning prayer-meeting in Emmanuel Baptist Church, Albany. The Baptist women of the Eastern States were convened to hold the twentieth annual meeting of their Foreign Missionary Society. The service seemed impressive and doubtless was to the few who heard, but though within 100 feet of the platform I heard little but the singing. The earnestness and the devotion were apparent to the eyes of all, but, alas! they never reached the ears of half the audience. What a sad pity it was.

A sight of that audience gathered for such a purpose repaid the toil of a long journey. The New England type largely predominated, solemn, sensible, determined. Women well advanced in years formed the large majority, many middle aged and remarkably few young women. The modern trend of education was apparent in the addresses given. The younger ladies spoke with a clearness and distinctive utterance in pleasing contrast with others. The teaching of elocution in our schools is a necessity if ladies' meetings are to be the success which I fully believe they are destined to be. Receipts over \$100,000, almost took my breath away. What a noble sum, and there were at least 9 States represented there,

and one State has over 120,000 Baptists in it. That thought soled me and restored my waning pride in the Ladies' Societies of Ontario and Quebec, for they raise more in proportion to wealth and members than their sisters beyond the line.

The Society in the east is blessed with a noble band of officers. The President, Miss Duffer, conducted the business with readiness and dispatch. Mrs. Waterbury, the efficient, energetic and gentle Home Secretary gave an admirable pen picture of the home field and its host of busy workers, and did not our hearts burn within us as Mrs. Safford the Foreign Secretary passed before us in almost living vividness the work and workers in China, in Burmah, in Africa, India and Europe. I cannot remember having heard its equal, trial and triumph, sunshine and shadow, weary years of waiting and joyous shouts of sheaf-burdened reapers, the hopefulness of the new recruit and the confirmed faith of the dying toiler, all were there. It was a feast of fat things.

The returned missionaries were there—no difficulty in recognizing them. There is no ruddy bloom upon their cheeks, no exuberant elasticity in their step, and yet they are good to look upon, these women who sacrifice more and endure more for their Master than any class of toilers on earth. They have a sobriety and sweetness all their own, because they have looked upon sin and misery in their most hideous forms, and yet have looked oftener into the smiling face of their Lord than most women are privileged to do.

The sweet, peaceful face of the venerable Mrs. Thomas was a joy to see. In the abundance of good things how shall I distinguish? "A day in the Bassein Normal Institute," by Miss Watson, and "A Jungle trip among the Karems," by Mrs. Cronkrite were deeply interesting. The farewell meeting in the afternoon was one of deep feeling and tearful interest. Among the young lives laid upon the Master's altar were two of Africa's noble daughters, going to the home of their race to speak to them of Him who made of one blood all nations for to dwell upon the face of all the earth.

The ladies of the church were cordiality and hospitality personified. One dear face I shall never forget—ripples of joy, dew drops of sympathy, tremors of emotion and waves of sunshine alternated upon a countenance of rare expression, and revealed a cultured heart.

Luncheon was served each day in the church for all delegates and all visitors. It was deliciously plain, no tables, no elaborate spread, tea, coffee, milk, bread and butter, and sandwiches, and one or two kinds of cakes. Was that all? Absolutely all. The evening meeting I shall not attempt to describe. The genial pastor was in the chair. Two city pastors and the writer were on the platform. As I had to leave at 10 o'clock I heard but one address. As many of you have often heard the same speakers, your imagination must supply the rest.

MRS. McLAURIN.

Benefits of our Woman's Missionary Societies, Intellectual and Spiritual, upon those engaged in them.

TESTIMONY OF MANY YOUNG LADIES.

A young lady from the Cincinnati Branch says: "I knew nothing, nor cared to know anything, concerning missionary work, until the organization of the Young Ladies' Auxiliary of Trinity Meth. Ep. Church, Cincinnati. The work opened my eyes as to the needs of