

Missions in the United States and Canada in a more thorough study of missions. It is "Via Christi," an introduction to the study of missions, from the Apostolic Age to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. It can be procured at the Baptist Book Room, 9 Richmond Street West, Toronto. 55 cents cloth, 35 cents paper. We would recommend all our circles to get it.

WE are indebted to Miss Hatch for a report of the work for lepers in the "Dr. Kellock Home," at Ramachandrapuram, and rejoice with her that the Lord has permitted her to do so noble a work. There are now sixty-three inmates and more continually coming. They were much cheered by the visit of Mr. Jackson, General Secretary, through whose efforts the sum of £127 14s. 9d. was donated for the erection of a home for the untainted children of lepers, to be called the "Dr. Phillip's Memorial Home" in the name of the noble missionary who gave his life for India's children, and was supported by the Sunday School children in England and Scotland. During the year twenty-two have confessed Christ and been baptized. Miss Hatch writes, "The testimonies given by these made one realize more than ever before, what a blessed gospel ours was, to these poor 'living dead.' With nothing on earth to hope for, they look with greater joy to that beyond where there is no more pain, no more disease, no more death. They learn with wonder that God's grace, through Jesus Christ, can save even a poor leper. Truly the Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." We would like to give larger extracts from this interesting report did space permit.

GOD'S WAY, NOT OURS.

I.

The tears would come. Poor Mary could not help it. Here lay a complete wreck of all her long-cherished hopes and plans. "I may be a fool for crying," she went on talking to herself, "but I've counted so much on that convention. Father always wished I could go like other women," and her voice grew tender, "but I never had the heart to leave the dear sufferer. Now he's better off; I thought I could go since I have no longer either home loves or home cares. But there, grumbler, is not silence golden? Are not your times in His hands? Perhaps God wants the money instead for

the heathen!" Then lonely Mary Ellis lay back on the sofa nursing her grievances and her sprained ankle. The sprained ankle, well, it would take more than the whole of convention week to cure that, but the blessed Comforter Himself came in to take away the grievances. "Why, dear me, I'm not the only person who cannot do what I want to. Others long for a glance at real missionaries' faces; others long for companionship with the workers from other places, and they cannot go." Mary even smiled as she thought of the busy women about her, whose tied hands made a convention as foreign to their thoughts as a visit to Mars. At last the smile burst into a laugh as she said: "I know what I'll do. My convention money is almost sacred with the work and hopes and prayers it represents. I shall send somebody else to the convention, so I shall! and the day she goes all the women shall come to my room. I'll sympathise with them and they shall sympathise with me. If we want to cry because we cannot go, we'll do it, and if we want to laugh because someone else can, we'll do that, and we'll have an informal convention here all to ourselves. We'll finish off with some of Susie's lemonade and cake." The action which followed showed Mary's thought to be decisive.

Life as lived at the parsonage was not an uncommon story among village pastors. There was a small salary and a large family, a constant struggle to clothe, feed and educate the fast-growing girls and boys. Nellie was deeply disappointed when she felt compelled to give up her college course to help in the home work which was all too heavy for the delicate mother. In the church she was devoted to the Mission Band which she led with great efficiency. It was to Nellie that the funniest little note found its way and knit her brow in puzzled wrinkles: "Look, father, isn't this queer? Mary Ellis has sprained her ankle severely, yet she invites me to become herself for a few days. I do not envy her her present position, I'm sure. However, I'm to go right over to find out all about it." So it came to pass that the little box of "convention savings" was emptied into Nellie's lap, and she started on an eventful five-hundred mile journey with Mary's billet in her pocket. On that same day a group of stay-at-home women met about Mary's arm-chair. They were earnest women; they talked of the great world field and its needs, they chatted about their church work, and they prayed—prayed for the convention in the distant city, and prayed for the bright young girl who was their delegate. They prayed until Mary's face shone with an inward peace and the assurance "none of his steps shall slide" came to her with new sweetness. "It must be the Father's way," she said, "my girlhood days have long since gone and Nellie may serve my Lord years after I lie asleep." How little she knew what this meeting meant to Nellie's life! The girl's heart burned within her as she listened to