

This example is all the more inspiring because of the special difficulties that beset the glorious position which you hold in the hottest part of the furnace wherein the Christian Church is being tried.

Accept our profound and loving sympathy, and be assured of our confident hope that God will bring you out of your fiery trial as a finely-tempered weapon which can accomplish His work in the conversion of your fellow-countrymen. It is you alone who can ultimately finish this work: the word that under God convinces your own people must be your word; and the life which will win them for Christ must be the life of holiness and moral power, as set forth by you who are men of their own race. But we rejoice to be fellow-helpers with you in the work, and to know that you are being more empowered by God's grace to take the burden of it upon your own shoulders. Take up that responsibility with increasing eagerness, dear brethren, and secure from God the power to carry through the task; then we may see great marvels wrought beneath our own eyes.

Meanwhile we rejoice also to be learning much ourselves from the great peoples whom our Lord is now drawing to Himself; and we look for a richer faith to result for all from the gathering of the nations in Him.

There is much else in our hearts that we should be glad to say, but we must confine ourselves to one further matter, and that the most vital of all.

A strong co-operation in prayer binds together in one all the Empire of Christ. Pray, therefore, for us, the Christian communities in home-lands, as we pray for you: remember our difficulties before God as we remember yours, that He may grant to each of us the help that we need, and to both of us together that fellowship in the Body of Christ which is according to His blessed Will.

A VISIT TO BENARES.

Mrs. John Firstbrook.

One sunny afternoon we found ourselves in Benares, the most sacred city, to the Hindus, in India. We were taken to Clarke's Hotel, not a large place, but clean and well managed by a woman. After a short rest we started off to see the sights. First, we visited the Monkey Temple. At the entrance we bought parched corn and some white candy that is always to be had at the temple gates. Whether it has any religious virtue or not I cannot tell.

As soon as we were within the grounds we were almost deafened by the chattering of thousands of monkeys. One old papa monkey led the troupe and came close up to us, peered into our faces, making strangely human gestures; of course we were not allowed to enter the temple but could stand at the door and look in. The monkeys, however, frisked through the sacred edifice munching the parched corn and chuckling over the candy. An old priest stood at the altar sounding a large gong at which the monkeys set up a loud yell of comic derision and swinging by their tails, from the rafters looked wisely at the priests for a moment and then capered about, embracing each other in chattering joy as they threw the parched corn about and made a perfect babel of hideous noises. I cannot say their antics tended to make us very devout, but they were certainly amusing and we lingered some time looking at the strange doings of these funny animals. We were told that there were three thousand monkeys at this temple. One poor monkey was at the point of death. He sat moaning in a corner and the other monkeys seemed to be tormenting him, but as life is sacred no one would put the poor creature out of misery.

At last we tore ourselves away from