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busy resting by night, so as to be ready for another day's work on the morrow. The washermen of the town were not thus engaged; but a woman of their caste and community had died that day, and they had ended up the funeral by all getting drunk. The man who went to call them could not find one of them sober enough to walk to the mission house. I need say nothing more about their fiendish religion and their need of the only religion on the face of the earth, that is fit to be called anything but the devil's religion! Darkness! Horrible darkness! Infernal darkness! Darkness that cannot be pictured in any language, sits like a brood of demons upon the body and soul of these hundreds and thousands of men, women and children, whom we see and hear and talk with every day!! There were no coolies to be found at that time of night for love or money; therefore at midnight I started with enough men from our community to haul the empty jinricksha. A lantern was tied underneath, and as the clock was striking twelve I left the trio of missionaries standing on the veranda, started the coolies off with the jinricksha, and followed slowly behind on my wheel. The lantern swayed gently with the see-saw motion of the shafts which the men bobbed up and down, as they jogged along over the rough road. The wheel tracks were relieved from monotony by many a cradle-hill and hollow, like the pitches in a road that runs through a snow-drift. These holes are worn by the long caravans of heavily laden ox carts that pass along every night, carrying the produce of the inland farms to the railroad station at Vizianagram. We have to sheer around these pits and take such a zigzag course that we travel much more than eight furlongs in a mile. It is seven miles before we come to a village where we can get coolies, and it is pretty tedious work pedalling behind this slow coach, especially when you are in a hurry. However, the lantern lighted up the way without shining in my eyes, and the balmy night air was soothing to the spirits, like the peace of God. At the foot of a hill, our road suddenly came to an end on the sandy bank of a dark, flowing river. We could hear the water rippling over the stones, but could not see how deep it was nor how wide. The coolies waded through and carried my bicycle over to the other side, for there was no bridge. Then they came back and pulled the jinricksha over with me inside. Shallow rivers are no obstruction in the path of this bare-footed nation. Indeed the hot and dusty traveller would rejoice if a running brook should cross his route every half mile. In fording the river I considered that the coolies were having the best of the fun after all. The splashing of their feet in the water was a pleasant sound, and I was tempted to take off my shoes and enjoy the luxury of a good wade myself; but there was no time to waste. At length we came to the seven mile village, and the new coolies ran at our call in full force. The bicycle and its rider were both packed into the jinricksha. Then for eight miles we were very busy trying to get a night's sleep, and when the end of the stage was reached the darkness was beginning to flee away before the first streaks of dawn. In the bag which contained my sun-helmet was a good sized paper roll, filled with egg sandwiches and guavas, kindly put up for me by Mrs. Gullison. I sprang out of the car, drew forth this hearty lunch and there, on the roadside, in the cool last watch of the night, I ate it with keen relish and was refreshed for the rest of the trip. The guavas were both meat and drink. Some people do not like them; but that only leaves all the more for those who do care for them. They are a cheap looking article, and we were nearly two years learning to like them. I hope you will try them when you come to India, for they are very wholesome. As Mr. Gullison had picked these with his own hands from trees on the Mission Compound, I devoured them, skins and all, as we boys used to eat apples in the orchard at home. They were the first guavas that I ever had the pleasure of eating in this rustic way, without peeling; for at Bimili we buy them from the natives, and the fruit sellers are a class of people of very unclean habits. Breakfast is over, and the stowing of the rest of my luggage in the baggage car of the bicycle is much simplified thereby. A bottle of water takes up a large share of room; but this must be tolerated, as we are not like the camels which can drink enough at one time to last a long journey. The coolies are paid and sent back to Bobbili with the jinricksha.

All aboard! Farmers may make hay while the sun shines, and the blacksmith may strike while the iron is hot; but the cyclist in India must make his pedals whirl before the sun shines, and before the breeze gets hot. What a fine road! It has just been repaired, and the ox-carts have not had time to wear it out. It is as level as a floor, and as smooth as a pavement. My old wheel never went better. The cool morning air grows cooler, as we speed along, making a zephyr of our own, as good as any punkah can produce. The early coolie, hieing to his task, springs to the green bank of the ditch, and stands fixed in his tracks, to see the mysterious thing go by. If all of life could be as smooth and enjoyable as this,—Click! Click! Clank! Snap!—Here we are far from home with a broken chain! What were we saying about life being smooth? We are sixteen and a half miles south of Bobbili, and thirty-six and a half miles north of Bimili.

This is the latitude of the wreck. I think the longitude is about eighty-four degrees east of Greenwich. Now the story is told up to the point where this letter began.

Although bewildered for a moment over the problem of how to reach the desired haven, at the wished for time, my senses soon returned enough for me to remember that I was a Christian, and that the very hairs of my head were all numbered. It became very clear also that the links of my chain, were just as important as the hairs of my head. However small the link might be, and however small the trouble its fracture had caused, it could not escape the notice of my Father, any more than the fall of a sparrow. "All things"—even little things—"work together for good to them that love God, to those who are the called according to his purpose." Our Saviour told Pilate that he could have no power against Him at all, except it were given him from above. Even Satan himself could not go forth to afflict Job, until God had given him permission. And God let him go so far and no farther. He kept his own hand on the reins. To his wicked brothers, who sold him into captivity, Joseph could say, "It was not you that sent me hither; but God!" "You meant it for evil; but God meant it for good!" It was no less sure, therefore, that my chain could not be broken without His permission. Leaning over the saddle, I thanked Him for this interruption of my plans. I was sure that He had some merciful reason in permitting this apparent accident. If Satan and his angels, or my ignorance, or untoward circumstances, had anything to do with it, they no doubt meant it for evil; but God meant it for good. This is one of the wonderful and most gracious things revealed in the Bible, how God overrules all the wickedness of man, and even the ignorance of man, for the good of His children, and the glory of His great name. Does it seem absurd to apply such a big doctrine, to such a little trial. This absurdity is one of the glories of the gospel. Learn this lesson as quickly as you can, and apply the biggest comfort you can get out of the Bible to the smallest troubles of your every day work or play! All these thoughts coursed through my heart, and I was soon glad that my chain was broken, although God only knew what good the accident could possibly do. The cheer which He gave me in this insignificant trial passed over at once into the throbbings of a deeper trial. If my bosom had been a troubled sea, while brooding over the precarious condition of my child; all was now as calm as the hushed lake of Galilee after Jesus had said, "Peace! Be still!" It became clear as the noonday sun that no sickness could have any power against her at all, unless it should receive permission from above. No cobra can bite me, no bolt of lightning can smite me, until permitted by the same voice that called me out of darkness into His marvellous light. I was already repaid a thousand times for the loss of that link that spoiled the chain and crippled the wheel, and brought me this great comfort.

Talk about chainless bicycles! I rode that chainless bicycle that day, all the way home! Two coolies came along the road and I asked them where they were going. They said that they were looking for work. "All right!" I said, "Come along with me!" There was no way in sight, by which they could be of any service; but inside of five minutes, they proved to be just what was needed. One of them tied up the broken chain in a piece of soiled cloth, which he used for a turban or handkerchief or for anything that was demanded by the moment's need. You have seen boys at home run behind a hand-sled, give it a good strong push, and then jump on for a ride. Well, I was light hearted, and simply to make fun of myself, I tried the same plan with the bicycle. Running behind with a hop, skip and jump, I sprang into the saddle and started for home. I laughed at the progress I was making this way and wondered how long it would take at this rate to cover the thirty-six miles. But soon I was laughing in earnest. When the speed of the wheel was nearly spent and it began to reel for its fall, a happy thought came like a flash, and I called out to the nearer coolie to "Push!" He obeyed like a soldier and in an instant was pushing at the back of the saddle. The staggering wheel came into line again, and with my feet upon the foot rests, I was spinning towards the southern cross at the rate of four miles an hour. A shout of victory rends the morning air, as I see my way home, and make what seems, for the moment, to be one of the most important discoveries of the nineteenth century. Others may invent the steam motor and the electric motor bicycle, but I have invented the coolie motor bicycle and render jubilant thanks to God for the timely invention. Why, this is better than a jinricksha; for the rider is all out doors, and gets the benefit of all the breeze. It is light too, and the motor man begins to laugh. Yet he soon complains that his knees are striking against the wheel. I told him to send the other man for a long walking stick. He ran into a mud hut village, which we were just passing, and which was apparently their own village. He returned quickly brandishing a bamboo sapling, about half as long again as a yardstick. One took hold of each end of the stick. Then putting the middle of the stick against the back of the saddle, they ran along, one on each side of the wheel, and we made a fine team. Their feet pattered along the hard road and they laughed at themselves. Now that we are well under way, we may take time to look at our motor men. On my right is the stronger one of the two. He does the most of the talking, and makes it his business to keep the other one straight. He has not found out yet that he is not steering the ship, as well as propelling it. Therefore, when I turn the wheel to any part of the road that does not suit him, he scolds the other fellow and wants to know if he has no more sense than to run the whole thing into the ditch! "Push straight!" he commands, "Push straight!" Then the accused throws back his shoulders, draws in his

breath with great resolution and tries to push straight. It is not long however, before the wheel takes another capricious turn to the right, and then the foreman sings out with redoubled indignation, "Did'n't I tell you to push straight? What do you think you are doing? Push straight, I tell you! Push straight!" The left hand man looks very much ashamed of himself, and promises to try to do his best. I thought it hardly fair for this poor fellow to be blamed for my actions any more. Therefore, I explained that it was all my fault, that I had to pick out the best road, and that it was only their business to push, while I would look after the "straightness" of it myself. The criminal drew a sigh of relief and seemed glad to find out that he was not to blame after all. Around his head he had the cloth tied with the chain in it. Through a hole in the cloth, protruded a shaggy lock of hair, that shook as he trotted along, like a horse's tail. Around his neck, was a string of dirty pink beads. The only clothing that adorned his person was a cotton garment, like a ragged towel, yellow with dirt, tied about his loins. Neither his tailor's nor his washerman's bill cost him much. The most of his money is spent for what he can eat and drink and smoke. The right hand man is arrayed in the same airy style. His feet and legs are a dark blue up to his knees. He has been working in an indigo factory, treading down the indigo plants in the steaming vats. See! Here are half a dozen carts, laden with indigo plants, which are being taken to the indigo factory to sell. On the whole we are a merry trio. The teamsters on the ox carts stare at us as we pass. Women and children run out of the villages to see us go by. But the greatest amazement for the coolies was yet to come. When we arrived at the top of a hill at the bottom of which was a bridge across a little brook, the bicycle silently stole away from them, and multiplying its speed as if taking its last chance to escape from their hands, it left them far behind, staring with gaping mouth at their runaway charge.

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, Aug. 26th,

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK).

A Remarkable Sunday School

"Out of and around Bethany School [Philadelphia] has grown, not simply the church and the Union, but a social and industrial cooperative system which reaches several thousand families," writes William Perrine in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "It includes reading clubs, music clubs, clubs for the purchase of coal, an incorporated savings bank with deposits of two hundred and ninety thousand dollars invested under State laws and State supervision; a dispensary, the House of Deaconesses, who look after young women in distress, or in need of employment; a college, in which, at night, languages, music, shorthand, bookkeeping, dressmaking and millinery are taught to several hundred students for a nominal fee; a House of Rest at the seashore for girls, and a uniformed military brigade of stalwart boys. Twelve thousand persons have attended all the various services of the church, the Sunday-school and the Bible Union on a single Sunday. The enrollment of the school is past fifty-two hundred."

"In all the forty years of its existence there has been no superintendent other than the founder, John Wanamaker, and few are the Sundays that he has failed to be at his post. During one half of the year he spends the entire Sunday in Bethany, bringing his luncheon with him, and making himself accessible to any one. When he was the Postmaster-General of the United States he journeyed from Washington to Philadelphia every Saturday night, often preparing his Bible study for the next day on the train."

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Fulfil God's grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my coming too;
For the cause that lacks assistance
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—J. Linnaeus Banks.