

is necessary for us to be well informed in regard to mission work. We must know what is taking place on our mission fields. We must be brought into closer contact with our workers there. *We must know the need of the hour*, and knowing it, we must put our hearts to the task of meeting it as earnest women should.

Backed by the power of God, India's women and children for Christ. Put Christ into the home life of a nation and the death blow has been struck at heathenism. Therefore the workers at home need our papers. Then our papers are necessary to keep us in closer touch with one another. There is nothing like a loving sympathy in common to keep the hearts warm and the purpose strong. If we read the same papers we will think along the same lines, and our efforts will tend in the same direction. Then the workers on the home, and especially in foreign fields are brought near to us by their letters which appear from time to time in our papers. I do not believe we think enough about these workers who are really bearing the *heat* and the *burden* of the day. If we did, I think we would sometimes write them a letter of love, and of appreciation, and of encouragement to help spur away the feeling of desolate lonesomeness which must sometimes darken the hours of these strangers in a strange and very dark land. There is a bond that unites us. Let us express it sometimes. And I do not know of a better way than by writing them a letter and placing it in our papers.

Now, we cannot all go to stand as living advocates of God in places in our own country where we should plant the standard of truth in His name. We would not, perhaps, if we could, travel the burning sands of India and endure its unhealthy climate for the sake of giving to her people the Gospel of Peace. But here is something we can do. Something so easy. Only to ask your neighbor to take a missionary paper, and often it is not done. Consequently hundreds show an apathy in regard to missions, which can only be excused (if it can be excused at all), on the ground that they do not know the need, and they have forgotten the command "Go ye," and they do not realize that the great commission which the King entrusted to us is yet unfulfilled, and we do not know the day of His coming. The responsibility of circulating missionary information lies with each one present, with each member of the Circles at home.

Let us take up this branch of our work energetically—enthusiastically, and there shall be done what should be done. Our missionary papers will be placed in every family belonging to the Baptist churches in the Province of Ontario. The result will be more money in our treasury, more workers on our our mission fields.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,

And you, ye waters roll,

Till like a sea of glory

It spreads from pole to pole)

And when earnest Christian hearts take up this strain, the Kingdom of our God shall encircle the earth.

MISS SIMPSON'S WORK.

[As told by Miss Annie B. Grant at the Hamilton Convention.]

The story I have to tell regarding myself and my work in India, is a very simple story and it may prove to be a not uninteresting one before I have told it all.

I am as you know, Sara Simpson, your missionary laboring in the Zenanas in Cocanada, India. For the benefit of those

here who do not know me, I will just mention that I went out to India as a professional nurse.

It is now five years since I became a missionary, appointed by your Board—a day never to be forgotten by me, since it opened out paths of usefulness that I had long wished to travel.

Upon my arrival in India, my first work as you know, was to settle down to the study of the language, and the people among whom I was to live, and among whom, as your missionary, it would be an honor to die.

This is not the proper time or place to give an account of my first impressions of India, suffice it to say, that the dream of my girlhood was actually realized; I was in wonderland, everything so strange and everything so new.

I took kindly at once to the habits and customs of the people, and for Christ's sake to the people themselves.

When I acquired some facility in the use of the language, my work was then assigned me, viz., to carry the precious name of Jesus to the souls, and comfort and healing for the body, as far as I knew how, to the women and children so sadly neglected.

My work is varied and so much easier than if it were the same thing all the time.

I live with Miss Baskerville, at the Mission House, in Cocanada. Would you like to accompany me in my daily labor? If so, please rise from your beds a little earlier than usual.

We are generally up at 5.30. At 6 o'clock we have our early tea (or breakfast as you call it). Of course you know we are about fifteen hours ahead of you in Canada; so that when you are taking your breakfast about 7.30 in the morning we are preparing for bed at night. We go to bed there at 10 o'clock. After early tea we have family prayers, from 7 to 7.30. The next two hours in the morning are reserved for any who may come wanting medicine or treatment.

Patients come to us from long distances wanting medicines. Sometimes we have as many as fifteen new patients at a time, besides the old ones. My medical work is increasing to such an extent that my verandahs every morning and evening begin to look like a hospital. Mr. Davis thought I ought to start one as so many have been coming of late.

In this way we have a good chance to speak to the people, of Christ, and many hear who might not otherwise do so. When people come from villages we can get at, we like to follow them back, because sometimes, if we have been able to help them, we are pretty sure of a welcome and a good hearing. Cassie, my Bible woman, always accompanies me in these visits.

At half-past nine I go down to my Caste Girls' School, which was started in July last. It is conducted in an upper room a little way off the Bazaar. There are two teachers in the school and a conductor to bring the girls and take them home again. Of these teachers one is a Brahmin and the other a Christian woman who has been trained in the Girls' Boarding School. Our girls are very changeable, so that our register of attendance varies a good deal. Just now we have about forty girls under instruction. They are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, paper-folding and singing. They are also taught a little catechism and New Testament stories. I am teaching the New Testament stories, for an hour every day. To teach the paper-folding we have a Christian man go