

suitable age, how glorious would be the result in ten years' time! A thousand well-educated, enthusiastic, and independent young missionaries going forth to preach Christ where He is not yet named. And in twenty years' time what fruit of their labour should gladden the heart of the great Husbandman! And in fifty years' time, when the labourers may all have gone in to the harvest home, what self-multiplying native churches in Africa, China, and Japan might be praising God for the lives and deaths of their founders; and in eternity, what multitudes might be added to the white-robed throng redeemed from the earth; and what bright crowns of rejoicing might for ever grace the brows of the sons and daughters thus consecrated by their parents to missionary service!

And if one thousand fathers so acted, the result would soon be that ten thousand would follow their example, for a good example is contagious. Robert Raikes founded one Sabbath-school, and the world is full of them now. Oh, may the day come, when universally and naturally, Christian parents shall regard it as one of their greatest privileges and most solemn duties, to train one or more of their Christian children thus to serve Christ!

What hosts of missionaries would then go forth annually from England and America! What multitudes of precious sheaves might be reaped from the harvest-fields of heathendom! What a broad line of demarcation would distinguish, *as it should*, Christian from worldly families! How many young believers would be preserved from backsliding and bringing reproach on the name of the Lord! How universal and intense would missionary sympathy become! How heartfelt would be the intercession ascending from every hearth at home, for the dear labourers abroad! How holy would seem the gains set apart for that dear one's use! How warm and lively would be our missionary prayer-meetings! What thousands of little family committees would supplement the labours of our great Society committees! Why, the Church would at last be once more what it was at first, and ought ever to have continued, ONE GREAT MISSIONARY SOCIETY. May God hasten the day when it shall be such, and may we hasten it too, as far as in us lies, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?"—Rom. x. 13, 14.—*Miss. Rev.*

Presents Needs in India.

"Sir," said a Brahmin priest to me one day—he had walked in eighty miles to see me—"sir," said he, "Hinduism can not stand the light that you missionaries are letting in upon it. It is not the soul-satisfying system that we vainly imagined it to be. Sir, Hinduism is doomed. It must go by the board. What are you going to give us in its place?" We were seated under a banyan tree while I tried to teach him the pure religion of Jesus Christ, which, I said, we were going to give in the place of Hinduism; and, as I told him that, my voice faltered, my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth, cold sweat came out upon me. I could not speak. Said I to myself: "Am I telling this man true, or am I telling him false? Are we going to give to India, to those teeming and now awakened millions, are we going to give them the religion of our Jesus? Or are we going to waken them, and dissatisfy them with their own system, and leave them to drift out into skepticism or rationalistic deism or agnosticism? That is what they are drifting

to, and that does not interfere with their caste and their Hindu temple. Shall we let them go out into that? Shall the ruins of Hindu temples be built up into temples for Satan, or temples for the Most High God?"

We listen for the reply, and what is it that comes to our ears? what do we hear? "Hold on! You are going too fast! The church at home can't afford to let you advance any farther. Hold what you have got, if you can; but the Church of Christ is too poor to let you go on to the assault for final victory." O merciful Jesus! is it thus that we, redeemed by the precious blood—we, for whom on Calvary thou didst cry in agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—we, bought by the blood-sweat drops in Gethsemane—is it thus that we show the measure of our love to thee?

O Church of the living God, awake! Arouse from your lethargy and spring to the fray! Give your sons and your daughters to this work of the Divine Master. Consecrate to him your silver and your gold. Fill up the mission treasures to the overflow. Let a shout go forth that shall leap over seas and continents, and come to the ears of your waiting hosts in those distant lands. What shall it be? Shall we catch the cry: "March onward! seize every point of vantage! Call upon the enemy to surrender. Re-inforcements are on the way; supplies in abundance are coming. March on and conquer the land for Christ!" Let that word come, and, within the lives of us who are here, we will show you India bowing low at the feet of our Jesus.—*Extract from an address by Dr. Jacob Chamberlain.*

THE WORK ABROAD.

Bobbili.

MY DEAR LINK,—Three months have passed since we returned to our Indian home and work. They have been busy months and have passed very quickly.

I reopened my girl's school in town February 1st, and at the present time there are nearly forty in attendance on week days and at the Sunday school. It takes a good deal of trouble to keep them in school after we get them, but as I consider my school one means of teaching the Word of God to these Telugus, I think it worth the trouble and expense, and look to the Lord for His blessing on this part of my work.

Two zenanas are again opened to me; these I visit every Wednesday afternoon. The other afternoons of the week, except Thursdays and Sundays, when we have meetings on the compound, I have generally spent in company with Liamma, visiting from house to house, singing hymns, telling the way of salvation and praying with the women. I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed some of these afternoons, often returning home after dark.

But I sat down to write you something of a tour we made among the villages between Bobbili and Chicacole in February and March. We were away from home twenty-three days. Three of these were spent very pleasantly with our dear friends the Hutchinsons and Archibalds, at Chicacole, resting and getting supplies, etc. The others were spent in tent or bungalow and in going from village to village sowing the precious seed of the kingdom. Mr. Churchill had his two preachers and colporteurs with him, and I had the wife of one of the preachers, Neila, to accompany me in my visits to the women. It was my first experience of work with Neila and I was very much pleased with her. She frequently said to me in returning to the tent, at or after dark, "O