

## MISS DRAKE'S REMARKABLE MISSIONS IN INDIA.

The days of heroism in the name and strength of Jesus are not over. Miss Lucy R. Drake has done a very brave though quiet thing. She is young and delicate; has been twice raised up in answer to prayer from the border of death, but has been wonderfully useful in connection with the various faith-works under Dr. Cullis, of Boston.

About two years ago, while laid aside by illness, from which there seemed little prospect of recovery, the Lord gave her **phen**, upon her bed, such vivid views of the real condition of the heathen, and **tespecially** in India, that the desire to go to their rescue became an unquenchable flame in her spirit. Dr. Cullis consented; God raised her up. Unsolicited contributions in money and outfit came in. She started alone. The sea was friendly this time, though in former voyages she had suffered from it very much. She reached Bombay with improved health and strength. At Elichpoore the Lord gave her a home in the family of Rev. Mr. Norton, a missionary, living, like Miss Drake, by faith. The year passed quickly in intense but delightful study of the Hindustani and Mhratti languages, and in successful work among the Europeans, especially the young.

She heard of a community in West Berar, of which Bassin is the center—260 miles away—of three millions who had never heard of Jesus. She went to see, and returned. The idea of opening a mission, a home for missionaries, and a centre for missionary operations, came to her. She put it before the Lord, and He made her to know that He would have her carry it out. Yet how? She was alone; had no money; no conveyance; there was no railway. Bullocks and carts over rough roads, in a wild country, with no inns by the way, were the only locomotive power possible. She could not wait for means from

home, or the only house available would be gone. But after making sure that she was acting in the will of God, she decided to go at once. Furniture was given her. Money was sent in from perfectly unanticipated sources. A young lady, soon to be married, acquainted with the languages, offered to accompany her. Bullocks and carts were engaged. The cavalcade of five carts driven by natives set off. After a journey which, in its various adventures and vicissitudes by night and by day, put their courage and tact and strength to the fullest test, they arrived at Bassin after many days, all safe and full of joy in the Lord. The house was secured through the kindness of a stranger. Friends were raised up. A car, and bullocks were hired for them—a thing unheard of before. She could not have bought them, for she had no money, and she must have them to get about with, or be overborne by heat and fatigue.

Bassin is a great Hindu center with a very large temple. The people are Hindoos and Mohammedans. A woman speaking to them promiscuously was an unheard-of thing. How should she begin? With cart and oxen driven by a native, she, with her friend, went to the bazar, trusting the Lord to open a door for His own work. She told the men that she would like to visit their wives if they wished, but there was no response. At last, however, a boy came up and said that there was a woman who would like to see them. Led by him, they went to the house, and were received by the woman. After a friendly talk, they were begged to come again, "and stay all day." They went and found her, Cornelius-like, with her house full of friends gathered to hear; and Peter-like, Miss Drake told them "the old, old story," all so new to them, of Jesus and His love. Begged to come again, they went.

Then another day to another house, where the people gathered outside to