

Hark, they are singing now, "A prem je be nelo mukta holo ar nae upai," i.e., "Whoever accepts this Love becomes sived, there is no other way." The loungers come up to see what is going on; the traveler stops to listen; those men that were making a trade now stop to listen, then go on with their business. A motley crowd, clothed and naked, clean and filthy, sick and well; scoffers, indifferent, naked children playing tag, lepers begging, college students come to air their English, with here and there one that seems thoughtful and interested in the message of a Love that has provided a way of salvation for lost men. They come and go, so that one might repeat himself every fifteen minutes, as his congregation would change about that often. One after another has delivered his message; night has come on; the splendid eastern moon has risen over the thatched roofs, both revealing and concealing. It shows the road to perfection, outlines of houses, shops, and temples stand out but details are suppressed. As our wheels take us silently homeward, the star decked sky, that azure sea in which the pale moon floats, the rustling peepul and the graceful bamboo, and the soft wind that is like a mother's hand upon a fevered brow—these all speak of Him whose we are and whom we serve. This is our respite from the cares of a day that have at every turn reminded us of the vileness of man. See there in the bungalow! The children are playing on the veranda, the good wife smiles a welcome. Home! Here is our refuge. Here is our effective pulpit, whence we may show to a people whose language has not the word "home" the superiority of the Bible to the Vedas, of Christ to Krishna. Home! Where Jesus is, why, that is heaven. "I am the light of the world." "The Lamb is the light thereof." Here or there, with him, is home. But, O the homeless ones all about! "Them also must I bring," said our Lord. "Go ye," he also said. "The night is thine." We sleep, dear Lord, while the keeper of Israel keeps watch. If our eyes open to behold a new day we will gladly go forth to bear our sweet burdens, to perform our blessed tasks. "The day is thine," and lo, thou art with us by day as well as by night. We thank thee, dear Lord, for thy presence! We thank thee for the burdens! For as thou dost become our Burden-bearer we hold sweet converse with thee. We thank thee for the tears, for we learn how thou didst feel as thou didst weep over Jerusalem, and we become more tender toward those for whom thou didst die. We thank thee for everything, because "all things work together for good" to us. If such joy is given to us here, what will be the joy of thy presence! We hear thee say, "Surely I come quickly," and we respond, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—*Missionary Helper*.

I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.—*Heb. XIII: 5*.

Work Abroad.

LIFE AND DEATH IN INDIA.

Nothing so impresses me with the sadness of India as the absence of old people. Last Sunday morning my heart melted in the service at the Telugu chapel when my eyes fell upon two venerable looking persons whose heads wore the white crown of old age. I looked about for others. The number of grizzled beards and iron grey heads is considerable, but the heads tipped with the white cloud of the dawn of that other world were not there. Life expectancy in this land of regrets is represented by the insignificantly small number of twenty five years. The tremendous struggle for existence is intensified by a large number of factors. The land yields an easy and abundant sustenance. The slightest scratching of the soil with ploughs that do no more effective work than a garden rake in the hands of a sturdy day laborer at home will yield three and sometimes four crops in the year. There are, as you well know, 640 acres in a square mile. In some of the richer river beds of India the population is packed to the number of over 1,200 to the square mile. In this very delta where the bulk of our population live there are close on to 500 to the square mile. Deducting the waste land, the water tanks, the roads and the river and canal beds, the village sites, and you can form some idea as to the fertility of a soil that will support so dense a population. The marvel of it is multiplied when we remember that the large bulk of them are supported by the soil. The agriculturalists in this part of India, as throughout the land, stand in the proportion of five out of every six people in the country. That is just one of our difficulties. All India's eggs are in one basket and when that falls through a failure of the rains the land is thrust into the dread clutches of a desolating famine without any hope of survival if outside help is not summoned by the clarion call of Christian charity. We realize the calamity of another extensive famine on the west side this year again. There is no adaptability, no elasticity in the life of the people. This I attribute to several causes. One and the chief is the caste system. That will suggest a large field of cause to your thought. Hand in hand with this and the Hindu system goes the fatalism of the people. Their endurance of physical hardship is amazing. A man will carry a load weighing seventy pounds 35 miles a day and not murmur and do that as his daily occupation through a long life, and yet some day when things do not go to suit him he will lie down by the side of his bundle and die just because he does not will to live. A ship's doctor informed me that when he was engaged in the West India coolie traffic he had men under him who would lie down and tell