

BESIDE THE WELL.

By Margaret E. Sangster.

To the well's broad rim, in the evening dim,
Came the dusky mothers with babes at breast,
And the woman fair, who was waiting there.
Told them the story of love and rest.

She had learned those words, like the songs of birds,
In a sweet far land where Christ was King,
Where the world was bright, in the beautiful light.
Our Saviour came from His heaven to bring.

But they had no clue to the things she knew,
These sad-faced mothers whom care and pain
Had marked their own, in the tropic zone
Where the gods of the heathen sternly reign.

And she vainly tried, till at last supplied
By a tender thought sent from above,
Over and over she said and prayed,
And she gently said it, "God is Love!"

"As you love the son, your precious one,
You hold in your arms in joy and pride,
So God loves *you* with a love that knew
The way to seek o'er the world so wide."

And the gracious tale that can never fail
To win the heart when it enters in,
Brought tears to the eyes, made day-dawn rise
To the women lost in the night of sin.

Oh! sisters of mine, will ye not resign
Some trivial pleasure, that One above
May see you send by the hand of a friend
This word to the desolate, "God is Love!"

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM MISS FOLSOM.

"TIMPANY MEMORIAL SCHOOL, JULY, '03.

" We have had a comfortable hot season, and now are enjoying refreshing showers. Our compound is looking beautiful just now. The grass is green, the bowers are covered with vines bearing white, pink, and purple blossoms, and the drive is bordered with dark green aloe, which have sent up tall spikes of pure white blossoms. In May it looked like a desert, it was so burned up with the heat. Miss Corning spent the hot season here with me in school. From six to ten girls were with us during the seven weeks of the holidays. I spent the time finding work for the girls, house-cleaning, looking after repairs, and making pickles and preserves, and Miss Corning spent it in hard study. She is making good progress in her Telugu. She sent a copy of her courses of study in Acadia and Boston to the Director of Public Instruction, Madras, and the government has recognized her as a Second Grade Collegiate

teacher, equal to a trained F. A., which is all we require for our school, even if it is made a High School. We feel that God's hand has been in it all. The school is increasing in numbers. The year began with eight boarders, and now we have twenty, with twenty-five day pupils; these include three native Christian girls, and two Brahmin girls. At the beginning of the year a heavy debt was hanging over us, now through the kindness of friends here and in Canada, it is entirely wiped out, and we have some funds on hand with which to make some very necessary repairs and purchase articles that are sadly needed.

" . . . Conference has met and all have returned to their fields of labor again. You at home, can scarcely realize what these meetings are to us—spiritually, intellectually and socially. There is such a dearth of anything approaching it at most of our stations, that we look forward with real hunger to these two gatherings each year. The devotional meetings held daily during the Conference are an inspiration; most refreshing and helpful. There are always one or more who seem to have been specially filled by the Holy Spirit for the occasion, and through them a blessing is poured upon the whole Conference.

In one particular this was unique; there was not one child present. We missed the little people.

"Miss-Corning is giving a course of lessons on Bible History and Christian Evidences to a class in school, and the young people are very interested. Some are thinking seriously. Will you not pray, dear friend, that the truth may be made very clear to them, and that they may come out brightly for Christ?

"Our Christian Endeavor meetings are well attended, our young folks have led them acceptably. Mr. Cross teaches a Bible Class on Sunday morning, and the lessons are highly appreciated.

"One of our most prominent members is just removing with his family to Madras. We shall miss them greatly in church and school. These removals keep our resident number small, but we have had the satisfaction of knowing that not a few who have gone out from our little church, (the English Baptist church at Cocanada) have carried spiritual blessing with them to their new homes.

"We are beginning to look forward to the coming of our missionaries, new and old. That sort of thing never gets stale with us. Begging your prayers for us and for our work."