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W. B. M. U. TIDINGS.

Vol. 2. Amherst, N. S. November, 1894. No. 1

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.

"Be ye strong therefore and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded."

As I understand, that an article of mine, about the work has recently appeared in "Tidings," I scarcely know how to comply with the request of our Cor. Secretary for something for the November issue. Would it not be nice if some of the good sisters at home would write us a letter through that little sheet Letters are to us more than they possibly can be to you, and we do not get as many from the rank and file of the people as we can read.

Then there is another thing,—the good sisters who have Tidings in hand seldom send us a copy, so we do not know how we look in print, which makes us feel rather shy.

If "Tidings" goes away over to Northumberland Co., N. B., please convey to the friends at Newcastle, at Doaktown, at Ludlow and at several other places our warmest remembrances and good wishes.

About three years ago, we were there, and at one time a pastor loaned us his horse and carriage to drive to our next meeting place. The odour of the thistle blooms is still all about me and the ripple of the brooks is in my ears. At another place, we laughed with others among the cherry trees on a hill side and go in a little late to some of the Association meeting but we never told why, and dont you. Some days after this in another village, while a meeting was in progress, some one came to the platform and said; a boy at the door had a basket of cherries forme.

I often think of that boy and wonder if he knows how that fruit was appreciated. The next morning it was carried on board a very small vessel, how small it will not do to say and was largely disposed of as three of us floated down the smooth shining

the waters of Miramichi. What a sail that was! On the Atlantic in a huge liner was nothing to it. All nature was charming at that time in Northumberland and the kindness of the people refreshed us then and does now. A pleasant memory is like a living spring from which one may always drink. We would be glad to write personal letters and letters to bands if time and strength permitted. Some may say, this is already very personal; to such I make an apolegetic bow and smile pleasantly towards Northumberland.

Perhaps some of you had better come into our home and visit with us today. Over yonder is a lounge, an old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Barss: but as it is not under the punkah you will not find it very comfortable; so take some of the chairs; but do so carefully, or your hair will be brushed the wrong way by the big swinging thing that makes all the breeze there is at present. There is a cane rocker, a gift of M. Shand, and here is another, a regular Yankee chair, you might know by the make. It probably came from Rochester, and perhaps lost its way and got out here, as it looks much too comfortable for India. Over there at the side is a small rattan sofa on which two can sit which plainly shows its Indian manufacture and close by under the punkah where I can lie down on it is another couch, on which are two odourous Canadian cushions, which never lose their charm. That couch has been used altogether too much the last three months; I do not at all approve of the attention it has received; and now that the long hot sultry rainy weather is nearly over hope it may have some rest.

Miss Wright just comes along and says with a sigh, "I wish you could make them under stand this heat: " but that is impossible and I gave it up long ago. Indian heat must be experienced to be understood and there is such a difference in localities, that you may hardly know how to reconcile all the information you get.

This is a large room, but not high in the ceiling hence warmer than many. Here we sometimes have meetings, I have Bible classes and do the larger part of my work. Over in the corner is a table, on which is a bunch of flowers and some hymn books. If you wish a book to read go to the bookcase in another corner where the books are kept from the ravages of insects behind glass doors. We do not allow ourselves the pleasure of seeing a prettily bound book

on the table, as its beauty would soon be gone. Even the book cases are not entirely safe, and one of the things that is now before me is to go over all the books here and in the study, rub off the mould and brush out the insects which if allowed to remain would bore tiny holes from cover to cover.

Over there on the wall is an oil painting, and here is another, but they were not painted in I ndia and how did they get here? Here are two mottoes from friends in the North Church, Halifax, and here are two chromoes from an old home in Andover There are two photographs of family groups and here is a picture of the house of the good Samaritan. Would you not like to know where the house itself is?

There are three doorways between this and the dining room but no doors as we want all the air that comes from every side. There is not much to see there: the walls are nearly bare as they are in the sleeping room at the side. The floors are covered with bamboo matting not very unlike the chair bottoms, the Indians wove in the days of childhood. Just at the doorways where the mats of the two rooms come together are two bits of light colored home workmanship. One is a hooked mat and the other a piece of a carpet which probably covers a floor in Nova Scotia. Were it not for these the edges of the matting would be turning up and catching at our slippers and it would also be worn and unsightly. Sometimes I say, a thought of the donor comes across me whenever my foot touches them which is very often, and in my heart there an ungratified desire to send her a letter. Perhaps if that couch over there gets a rest and too many letters do not have to be written for "Tidings" one may go yet to the home from which these mats came, but which I never saw.

As I looked up just now my eyes fell on a sofa cushion on the rattan settee on which the flowers are blooming almost as freshly as they were three or four years ago in a Windsor home. I see a mother and her little children; the former gives me this cushion with the expressed hope that it may rest me sometimes in India and one of the latter gives a doll, one she loves very dearly to go to some little Telegu girl. I remember the white face of the English donor but do not know what Telegu Brownie got the doll.

It made some one happy here but there are so many

it is difficult to remember everything.

There are three doors, real doors opening on the front verandah, and if you will look behind them all, you will see holes in the wall that I had made some fourteen years ago in which bars were to rest to prevent the doors from being opened from the outside. I was nere alone then and without these poles the doors were very insecure and there were thieves in those days. Step out on the verandah and look at the Indian ferns in large pots one in each corner. are quite fresh and green but the sun is shining in there and it is much hotter than in the room, so you

will not stay long.

But you have been here a long while now and must go home and I must go to work. Some day if you care to return, we will visit around the compound and may see a snake. Miss Wright killed one in her room the other day, and I should be glad to have you call about 6.30 some morning and be present at the Telegu prayers with the servants. For about two months I have been reading to them out of Revelations; and they can tell you where John was and why and many things that he saw and wrote of. We are satisfied that one and perhaps more of the servants are Christians and one said to me one morning "how good this tastes," and at another time "this is food" Yesterday morning we read about that beautiful city and its size and one said in Telugu, that surpasses all English for expression, "how big it is it would reach away down beyond Madras" which is nearly five hundred miles away. He went on to ask "if that town would be full?" I told him of the many Telegus and others who would be there. Then we talked about the gates, which were ever open and some said the Hindus have a festival just after our Christmas during which they say it is a good time to die because the twelve gates of their heaven are always open then and all may enter, who will; but they are shut during the remainder of the year and only opened to admit the really good. Could you understand the Telegu and they not be shy of you, I am sure you would enjoy hearing their remarks and watching their faces.

When you get home please do not forget to pray for them and us and for all the hundreds of thousands of idolators on these fields also the weak Christians who make so much care and work for the missionary.