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W. B. M. A. Tidings.

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No 78

Motto for the Year.—Workers together with Him.

PRAYER TOPIC.

For our Conventions that divine wisdom may be given and such plans made for the extension of Christ's Kingdom as shall bring glory to His name.

Suggested Programme for August.

Singing	blessing on our Convention
Reading 90th Psalm	Payment of dues
Prayer by Leader	Appoint delegates for Convention
Reading Minutes	Doxology
Reading Tidings	Prayer.
Prayer by several for God's	

Dear Sisters :—

Six months in India! Six months within sight and sound of heathenism! It is appalling, but we are rejoicing in the hope of leading some out of the darkness. It is saddening but we have proved the promise "Lo I am with you . . . unto the end of the world." In this my first letter to Tidings I send my loving greetings to each Aid Society. It has been six months of new experiences; as Mrs. Sanford tells me so often, "these are my learning days." The country is strange, the people are different in thought and life, the language is an unknown tongue—in fact nothing looks familiar in this new land, but the sky and the sea.

Sometimes when home seems very far away, I like to go under the Eternal Blue, and see the twinkling faces of the stars that shine on us all. I am glad to be here. Never the hottest day or the most uncomfortable have I had one thing to turn back to our pleasant land.

Yet there have been days of utter loneliness when my heart yearned to mingle my tears with those who were be-

reaved. In the darkness of early morning October second, 1899, my mother gave me her farewell. As with almost breaking heart, I turned to the carriage that must carry me from her, my little Auntie put her arms around the dear form and smiled as she said, "I'll cheer her up," and it brought the sun through the mist on all our faces. She did cheer and comfort. She made joy and music in the home I had left, and her brave helpful letters brought the joy and gladness all the way to my Indian home!

The first of April it grew too hot to stay in Vizianagram. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford went to Coonoor and I came down here to Bimli by the sea, and they gave me a warm welcome in the Mission House. Two days went by and the "home" mail came. You who have sons and daughters far away know the joy these white winged messengers bring. But this time my mother wrote me that the Angels had come suddenly without warning, and had carried Aunt Helen home to Jesus. For her what infinite gain! For us what loneliness! How empty the room we shared, how silent the house without the music of her lovely voice. And the letters come not now!

But sad as it has been to miss one so soon from the home circle, we have again proved that Jesus can comfort as no other. That He is here in India as truly as in the dear Homeland; that he wipes the tears from the eyes of those we cannot reach, whom our hearts yearn to comfort. Oh with God there is no here or there; the Holy Spirit is everywhere and he is the Comforter.

You have heard before this that God wanted our dear Mrs. Hardy in Glory. For four brief months she was the light of a Christian home, an example to all around. In that brief time, she won the respect of all, the loving esteem of her fellow workers.

She had gone to cooler air for rest and refreshment from the dreadful heat of the Plains, but Jesus wanted the frail fair flower to bloom in His gardens and He took her to the heavenly mansions. Our hearts were sore, but we bowed to His will. We had not recovered from the suddenness of Mrs. Hardy's home-going, when the dread fever laid its hand on

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another of our little band. So far from the home country we are, it seems as if we were all in one family circle! As we bowed in prayers for this loved one of ours we felt as if God would hear our intercession for her recovery. It may comfort you to know that everything loving solicitude could suggest, was done for our friends, by those who so faithfully ministered by their bedsides.

But again God's messenger came and Miss Grey's spirit winged its flight. Jesus for whose coming she watched and longed had indeed come, for her. There in the bright mansions above she understands all the mysteries that baffle and try one in the conflict against moral ignorance, degradation and sin.

Almost together they went for the Crown Jesus gives to the faithful ones: she who had last left her native shore and the one who had borne the burden of the struggle against heathenism for many years. Genuine and deep was the sorrow in the hearts of the Christians, and many Hindoos dropped a tear for her who had been so ready to sympathise with their sorrow, and help them in their distress. As we look over our fields teeming with those who have never heard the Gospel story, and those who having heard are indifferent, we can but lift questioning eyes to our Father as we realize He has taken two from our handful of workers! But we remember he knoweth the end from the beginning and we are still. We are quite sure if we could see as God sees, we would thank Him for all the experiences he sends us, but sometimes we forget "He is love"

"When we miss the touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still."

Let us not be anxious! God loves this work of His infinitely more than we can, and believing this we must love His Will.

Let us unite our prayers, that these experiences so sad in themselves may be richly sanctified to us, and that from these lives which were laid down for Jesus in India, may go out an influence which will deepen the interest in every heart and awaken love for missions in the souls hitherto indifferent to Jesus' commission, leading many to take up the

work they have laid down.

To-morrow I expect to go home to Vizianagram. The friends are coming from the Hill this week. The monsoon has broken at Colombo. There were delightful rains here yesterday. How refreshing they are after the hot dry days; What a blessing a good monsoon would be especially in the sadly stricken famine districts and plague sections,

On several of the fields their are interested inquirers Oh for spiritual showers; Oh for a reaping time, a harvest of souls!

Yours for service,
M. Helena Blackadar.

Extracts from Dr Ashnores Address on China at B. Y. P. U Convention Cincinnati.

China is at this time a subject of most absorbing interest to the civilized world. The Chinese question is a many-sided one. Of ancient history, the political aspect or the industrial aspect, I shall not speak, but specifically of the missionary aspect.

A short time ago the sunshine seemed to smile upon missionary endeavor in China, but now a storm cloud has burst. Who is to blame; what is to be the outcome? Missionary work in China has been marked by three phases: experiment, or exploitation: preparation, or the gathering of the first-fruits; and the great and ripening harvest. This third phase has been brought about by the attitude of the government in encouraging for a little while the free movement of missionaries. These signs provoked fresh missionary zeal and enthusiasm in the Western church. As a result of the labors wrought up to this time we can number 100,000 converts. There are some 5,000 native preachers and some 2500 preaching-places. A great party among the Chinese has been rousing itself and seeking to rescue its native land from its ignorance and superstition. A million Chinese students have become aroused. Hundreds of them signed a petition to the Emperor asking for reforms. The Emperor himself became possessed of this spirit. Two years ago the regeneration of China seemed imminent.

All at once the hope is seemingly dashed. The storm cloud began to lower after the war with Japan. The Emperor,

Kuang Hsu, represented reform; the Empress-Dowager, the extreme conservative. These parties locked in a death grapple. The conservative controlled the army, seized the persons of reformers, crushed the movement.

The Boxers amounted to little until recently. China is full of vast hordes ready at any time to become mobs. The Boxers are untrained, undisciplined, unorganized mobs, great in numbers but not in power. Chinese officials have stood behind them for their own purposes. Mobs do not use Krupps and Creusots. The Empress-Dowager and Prince Tuan have been using imperial troops against the foreigners.

It is absurd to lay the blame upon the missionaries, though it has not been unusual in history for Christians to be so accused. We do not claim that the preaching of Christianity is acceptable to all the Chinese. Many opposed Christ in his day.

China will probably be crippled for fifty years, but the reform movement will be working like leaven during that period and peaceable means should bring about a reconstructed and regenerated China. The missionaries will stay. The Lord did not send 2,800 of them thither on a fool's errand. Let us rest in the assurance of Almighty God that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of his Son Jesus Christ.

Selections.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may obtain justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

To be content to remain ignorant of what God has not thought proper to reveal, forms no inconsiderable part of Christian learning.

No man is born into this world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will.—James Russell Lowell

Never be discouraged by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, he will mend it as many. Perseverance and patience will accomplish wonders.

Make sure that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what they are; and that however slight they may be, you would

better make some patient effort to get quit of them—Ruskin.

The Lord is so merciful that he never disdains our prayer, but mercifully accepts it and corrects its imperfection, provided only that we turn to him sincerely and do not entirely forget him.—Exchange.

That is a great gift, to know how to get the full power out of life's best moments and experiences ; to put our whole nature under their control, and not as we so often do, offer up some isolated instinct of pleasure to their working.—Sunday School Times.

In this world be one with others in mutual love and service ; then not only the angels and saints will be one with you, but even God Himself, here, and still more there in the future world, when God shall "be all in all." Strive, man, by every means to attain to such union, avoiding any spiritual separation through self-love, pride, envy, covetousness, doubt, and little faith—that they "all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." Union is God ; separation is the devil. The separation of the churches was the work of the devil ; heresies dissent, are the work of the devil.—Selected.

There are two spirits of prayer : one that prays to get what it wants, the other to know what God wants it to get.—From "S. S. Times."

Where love is, there is no toil.—S. Bernard.

The service of domestic life is a great discipline of humility, piety, and self-control.—Manning.

"As I have loved you" means love that is sweet and gentle to all men, who have many rudenesses and meanness who are selfish and faulty, who have sharp corners and veiling ways.—J. R. Miller.

What we are in our homes is a test of what we are really. The way we act of those nearest and dearest to us is the true test of our behavior in the great world of men.—The Rev. B. Meyer.

It is for active service soldiers are drilled, and trained and armed, and fed. This is why you and I are in the world—not to prepare to go out of it some day, but to serve God here it now.—Henry Drummond.

A PSALM which cultivates the spirit of gratitude is a psalm which we ought often read. If we were more grateful, both our joy and our strength would be increased. Gratitude is born in hearts which take the time to count up past mercies.
—*The Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D. D.*

OH, what centuries of gloom, of misery, of oppression, of wandering as outcasts upon the death, of untold agony and despair, it meant for Israel not to receive Jesus! And what an eternity of despair and ignominy and shame unutterable it means for us if we received him not!—*C. I. Scofield.*

A MAN'S happiness consists in infinitely more in admiration of the faculties of others than in confidence of his own. The reverent admiration is the perfect human gift in him Increase such reverence in human beings, and you increase daily their happiness, peace and dignity; take it away, and you make them wretched as well as vile.—*Ruskin*

No man is ever satisfied with his life. This does not mean that a man is thereby necessarily restless or inordinately ambitious. But as every man grows, his life broadens and deepens, and his needs broaden proportionately. Every step of progress we make in this world simply opens up other and further regions of thought to the healthy mind, and in this way men grow and develop. Right living is ever progressive living, and if a man stops learning he ceases to progress. When a man is satisfied with his life or his work it is an indication that the joy of living has ceased with him. Since nothing in this world is altogether complete, nothing can completely satisfy.

Rev.

God