

W. B. M. U. Tidings.

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MOTTO FOR THE YEAR

“Lord what wilt thou have me to do.”

Mrs. Morse writes, Feb. 3rd, “I am sure all must be cheered by the news the mail has brought you the past week. There is indeed much interest manifested. As I am writing here in the study, I hear someone in Miss Gray’s room praying. She is having a Bible class with the boarding children.

On the fifth inst there will be thousands of Hindoos come to Binlipatam to wash away their sins in the Bay of Bengal. We will have a grand opportunity of preaching the Gospel to them. This affair only happens once in twelve years. It was thought by some that they should not be allowed to come as there is cholera in the town, but the good religious Hindoos said they must come.

We have been graciously spared from any of these dreadful diseases, On Tuesday last, a boy who had been working on the compound for nearly a year, and who had that very afternoon been playing with baby Marion, said that when he left home at two o’clock his sister was not feeling well, at four o’clock the same afternoon, word came that she had died of cholera. The natives have been beating ton-tons and trying to

drive the cholera away. One would think these sudden deaths would cause the people to flee to the true God, but alas, they flee to their ideal gods, give them fruit and rice, thus trying to win their favor.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS GRAY'S RECENT LETTERS TO THE
COR. SECRETARY.

MY DEAR SISTER.—I want to pour out my heart to you, and ask you to pray for me as never before. The Lord is surely going to give us a blessing very soon, and oh! now I want to be filled with power from on high. I never made a request to you with such an aching, waiting heart, as I do at this moment. Psalm 42 expresses my desire, especially the first verses. The man of whom I last wrote, told me a few days ago he had found the Saviour. He is one of the influential men in the town, but he has not told any one of his change. Pray for him that he may be able to leave all and follow Jesus. For ten months I have been praying for another, and three days ago, I had the assurance that he would be saved. If he should come out the whole town would be shaken, and not only the whole town, but the whole Telugu County from north to South; we never needed your prayers more.

I dare not write this for the papers, for when our papers come out here, the native people might get them out of the office or in some way, and this would upset our work. I feel almost afraid to send this sheet through the office. But I will trust the Lord because we need your prayers. A blessing is near at hand and I am afraid of making some mistake and

thus preventing it. Pray for us! The Lord will surely hear the prayers of faith. The Lord is in our midst and we believe the long looked for blessing is near at hand. We see signs of its approach. Never since I came to India have I been so hopeful regarding our mission. Since I wrote you, one of the men who was under conviction, has found the Saviour and wants to be baptized. Others are seeking the light, and I believe you will soon hear of others being baptized. Six have been baptized this year thus far. Five of these are the boarding girls.

I am expecting great blessings in March, for this reason, our letters will be published in the home papers by that time, and we believe our people will pray as never before for souls among the Telugus.

This year we have agreed to ask the Lord for One Hundred souls to be added to the Binli Church. I have never had faith to ask for one tenth that number before, and yet this is nothing compared with what we may expect if we ask believing.

If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven.— Matt. 18-19.