

The Woman's Missionary Society

[This Department is in the interests of the W. M. Society. All communications for it should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

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India Letter from Mrs. J. L. Phillips.

JELASORE, Orissa, India,
October 25, 1904.

My Dear Sisters,—

Indeed you have a right to disown me and leave me to my folly for so long neglecting to write to you. "Why this unpardonable delay?" You have a right to ask it. I was so disappointed when I found that the coveted \$100 was not coming for my special work, though you had so kindly and generously sent it, that I couldn't bear to write you about it. I was utterly at sea as to how I could tell you it had all gone into the general treasury, and still not reflect by any single thought or word on our overburdened blessed treasurer (always at his wit's end) and the Home Board.

Second, I was under a mild kind of conviction that there are at least two sides to giving and receiving specials. Mine was a special gift from special friends for a very special work, and I did want it so much. I found it very difficult to see why my "special" should lose its speciality, and I couldn't see any way to make you feel reconciled to the transfer while I was so unresigned myself. But thank the Lord I am perfectly resigned to day, and most thankful to dear Mrs. Sunder too. In some way her letter which came in today has roused me and put new life into my dear old pen, and it is telling you as best it can "all about it."

I do hope that, with me, you will all be very grateful that all the missionaries have been unconsciously blessed and helped by your generous gift, and that is surely better than just helping me and my work. God only knows what struggles and trials our beloved Home Secretary, Dr. Given, has endured. I can quite believe your hundred dollars came just the moment he was praying for that amount to make up the Indian Budget. We, meantime, have gone straight on trusting the Lord and trying hard to do what we could, and though our pet plans have not matured altogether, God's, which are infinitely better, have. Hence, let us take courage and press on. Just here let me thank you in all sincerity for so promptly responding to my call for help. The response itself tided me over many a hard day and I should have told you long ago. Do forgive me this time. I'll do better next. See if I don't.

Now about the \$75 apportioned for my work next year. If it has gone to the secretary it has doubtless gone into the general treasury and other workers may

use it to better advantage in the great family (our family) you know. It is very easy for missionaries to be selfish, too, and think "my work" must be carried on at all costs. Again, the Board's wish to ignore specials is being more strictly carried out.

I must tell you that one of your number in Africa sent a helpful surprise direct by money order to me at a time when I was wondering where the next pice could come from.

You will be glad to know that God is especially blessing us here, and we have some blessed workers right here in our little village and church. Our industrial work is prospering, too. Some sweet day I would like to send you a real Santipore rug or table cover of our own make.

I am so glad that dear Miss Gaunce is coming back; the sooner the better.

I will write you again soon if I may be forgiven this time.

Lovingly,

MARY R. PHILLIPS.

P. S.—I expect to be sent to Bhadrachalam, Balasore District, Orissa, soon.

♦ ♦ ♦

Dear Sisters,—

We wondered at Conference why we had not heard from Mrs. Phillips. Her reasons she gives you. The Home Board in great straits for money to carry on the absolutely necessary work could not recognize "specials," and the money went into the general fund. I have been there when not enough came out to pay salaries, and I suppose the best we can do is to accept things in the same sweet spirit Mrs. Phillips does. Her letter did not come until after Mrs. Vince had sent the \$75, but perhaps we can do as our sister in Africa did and send her a "helpful surprise" by money order.

CLARA J. SUNDER.

REV. J. N. BARNES' REPORT

To the Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Mission Society,—

Dear Sister,—My work was much hindered during December. We expected to have been at Grand Manan two weeks sooner than we did get there, and but for Mrs. Barnes' sickness we doubtless would have carried out the plan. I made the best use of the time I could in visiting the churches and Bands. I spent one week, or the most of it, in the First District—Lower Perth, Upper Kent and Bath. While in Fredericton I visited Marysville and Gibson, and later I went to Lower Queensbury and Keswick to look after the interests of the Bands. As soon as possible we went to St. John, where we remained two days, and then took the boat for the Island. I am pleased to say that Mrs. Barnes stood the trip very well. We landed on the Island on Friday evening, the 30th, and reached White Head in time for the evening meeting.

Summary of work for the month:—Families visited, 18; Meetings attended, 11; Miles travelled, 337. Cash collected, \$11.70.

J. N. BARNES.

White Head, Grand Manan,

January 4, 1905.

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"MY PLACE."

For several days past I had been discontented. This morning I was especially uneasy, telling over to myself my grievances. I could not go to missionary meeting nor to prayer-meeting, nor did I hardly find an opportunity to run into a neighbor's. For five years now, I had been "tied" at home, with babies to care for, to say nothing of my Fred's old decrepit mother to wait upon and read to.

"My life is one continual round of homely duties," grumbled I, and the frettings of my heart hid just then even the brightness of duties well done.

"It is hard, hard!" said I. "I wish I could get out into the world—into the church, where my place surely is." I fretted until the cloudiness of my face was but a reflection of the shadow on my heart.

As I glanced from the window I saw the postman coming up the walk, and in a moment I held in my hand a package from a dear invalid friend who had but recently gone home.

Her's had been a singularly hemmed-in life, even denied the blessed comfort of a father's and mother's love and care since a young child. Helpless, she was dependent up on strangers (in a sense), being cared for in turn by the different members of our church, yet she was one of the blightest little bodies I had ever met. She had been a constant inspiration to me; and, because I was her dearest friend, her meagre belongings had fallen to me.

I undid the package eagerly. On the top were papers. I opened the first I touched. How the familiar handwriting touched my heart! Through fast-filling eyes I read these words written in my friend's dear hand:

"Yesterday, in a somewhat despondent mood, I wished I could cast off this infirmity of the flesh, go out into the world and claim my place among the workers. Suddenly this thought came with almost startling distinctness: Why you have no 'place' out in the world. This is your place, just where the Lord has put you; and even if it were possible for you to leave it and seek to fill another, it would not be one of the Lord's ordering, and you could not expect his blessing to attend you. You do not wish to be in a place of your own choosing. No, no! my heart responded. If this is the place where the

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Lord wants me to be, it is just the place where I truly wish to be. Since I am here, it must be the place and the only place where I can do the work he has given into my hands. 'What is my work?' I sadly questioned. 'I see no fruit.' 'Loving is serving,' came the renewed heart's answer. Be receptive of all good influences; filled with the Spirit; and the overflow of your soul's riches will bless all who come near.

"Being dead, she yet speaketh," I sobbed, and I thanked God for my lesson—and my place—and took courage.

STILL BARRED.

In spite of the pleasing pictures brought before the eyes by proofs of the extension of the kingdom in China, some parts of the country still bar out Christian teachers as carefully as Tibet. A Baptist missionary in Bengal writes that five men, rulers of an many petty native states in the southwest of that province, are still preventing their 500,000 people from hearing the gospel. No missionary is tolerated within their territory, and the British government consents to this discrimination against Christians!

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