

highest political opportunities when he exchanged the palace of a king for the tents of an ungrateful, undisciplined, and half civilized race escaping from slavery; Paul was an improvident man when he cast away the advantages of his position as a Jewish teacher to become the wandering preacher of a despised and rejected gospel; Luther was a foolhardy man when he left the peace of his cell at Erfurt for the seething turmoil of the Reformation; all men who set the impress of their personality upon history are imprudent men; they defy the precepts of a timid prudence, and throw themselves boldly into the everlasting arms that uphold the universe.

If you are in any kind of temptation in which prudence and policy draw you on one side and principle on the other, risk all for principle; if you are in perplexity or doubt, if past unfaithfulness has involved you in a network of embarrassment and entanglement, take the boldest and shortest way out; God is pledged to help you, and as he guided Abraham, Moses, Paul and Luther, so he will direct your path.—*Christian Union.*

Correspondence.

Letter from Bro. R. B. Neal.

LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Aug. 6, 1883.

Dear Bro. Floyd:

I have been fighting sickness all summer—since May I have been preaching by proxy; have had all my appointments filled by some one else. I am now able to prepare *The Worker* for August. It will soon be out "red-hot for prohibition." As I am the Publishing Co., Editor and Mail Clerk of this prominent journal and do the work and board myself, during my sickness I rested. I trust that soon a long list of temperance men and women as subscribers will enable me "to hire a hand or two." As a number of your readers are subscribers to *The Worker* I state the above that they may understand that *The Worker* is not fashionable enough to take a willing vacation during "the hot season."

I note with pleasure Bro. R. Graham's "Words of Cheer" to your paper. Such is his prestige and influence that if you could get his statement before those not readers it would be much better than a chromo to swell your list. You are giving us a good paper,

and I wish you abundant success. I hand my copy to our senior elder and his wife, two of the best posted and best every way, members of the Reformation, and their reiterated statement that it is "a safe, sound paper, with the gospel ring in its columns indicates the impression it has made."

The best way to advertise a good thing is to send the thing itself. So if you will send a number of copies to me I will put them in the hands of my members, and if it does you no good it may do them some good.

R. B. NEAL.

Letter from Bro. G. W. Richardson.

McCoy, OR, Aug. 14, 1883.
Bro. Floyd:

I wish to say to my friends that on to-morrow I expect to start for Waitsburg, W. T., where we expect to remain for a time indefinite.

Friends will, for the future, address us at the above named place. My health is poor, but have been preaching as much of my time as I could. While at Sodaville we had four meetings. Bro. Doty also had one meeting at Sodaville during our stay of two weeks at that place. Our audiences were said to be the largest ever convened at the school-house in Sodaville. Much interest seemed to be felt on the subject of religion. Our assemblies contained men and women of all sects common in this country who were there for health.

While at Sodaville my wife was taken very ill, and so soon as she was able to travel we started homeward. On our way home we visited many old friends and relatives in the Forks of Santiam, and at Scio preached for Bro. Doty on Lord's day. I felt much like I was taking my leave of them till the great meeting beyond the grave.

Scio is the first church that I ever attempted to organize. In 1852 we began an organization at what was afterwards known as the Hester school-house. It was composed of the members of my father's family including father and mother. Their names were as follows, viz: John G. Richardson and Orpha Richardson his wife, father and mother, L. C. Richardson, W. W. Richardson, G. W. Richardson and Mary Ann Richardson his wife. For that church I labored five years, and then removed to Polk county, where we now live. Four out of the six charter members of

the Scio church have passed away and now know and feel what it is to be beyond the dark river, and I feel like one who has come to the river's brink, and is waiting for the boatman pale to come and take me over. Many may pass over before me, but they will not be greatly in advance of me. I have but one request, and that is, that I may be carried safely over to our Father's house.

During our trip of near four weeks we met many old friends that we will not meet again till the great meeting. God bless all who love our Lord in sincerity and truth.

Yours very truly,

G. W. RICHARDSON.

Letter from India.

A. M. McLEAN,
Cor. Sec. F. C. M. S.

Dear Brother:

From our oriental home among a strange people, I have been wont to watch the weekly line of mail steamers as they leave the far-off Western shores, and through many thousand miles of ever changing seas, bear to us the news from loved ones, and somehow I have not often imagined that those white-winged messengers might be coming clothed in mourning.

The painful news of the death of your cousin and my true yoke-fellow in the gospel—D. C. McKay—was most unexpected, and has produced a peculiar sadness in my heart. I only knew him for two years, but during that time we were often together in the common work of the Master, and I loved him as a brother and confided in him as a true man of God and my personal friend. It does not seem possible that his useful and promising life has ended on earth. About the time of his death I was writing to him about his coming to India to assist us in our mission. The thought almost startles me that in all my correspondence home I may be writing to the dead instead of the living. Though so far away, I feel this loss most keenly, and can but unite with you and his brothers, of whom I heard him speak so often, and all the host of his friends and brethren, in mourning, what seems to us, his untimely death.

Let us, my brethren, press on in our pilgrimage Zionward, though at times we are in sorrow, knowing that "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Our comfort and hope is in

Him "who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The monsoon has come at last, and we are thankful that we can again open our doors and windows and look out upon the refreshed earth. The rainy season was ushered in with storms of wind and dust, accompanied by lightning and thunder, and in many places much hail fell. It rains now nearly every day, and in many places in India as much as nine inches is the rainfall in one day. We are just emerging from our first hot season as well as the eight months' drought, and the change from the dry hot air of the past three months to the damp and sultry weather of the last two weeks does not seem to agree with us very well. Most of the people complain just now of depressed spirits. We are much weakened in body, and have very little energy to work, but we hope in a few weeks to have our usual strength. The hot season has been more intensely hot than the average years, according to the meteorological reports, which may account for our enervation.

None of us has had any continued sickness, though all of us, excepting Mrs. Wharton, have had attacks of some specific disease. Last week I had my first sickness, which consisted of acute inflammation of the stomach (*gastritis*), from which I am now gradually recovering through the skill and nursing of my ever-faithful wife who in much anxiety successfully filled the place of physician and nurse. There is no M. D. in Hurda, and the nearest one at Khandwa, 68 miles away, has no enviable reputation in his profession, so we are left in sickness to our own resources. We have made, and are still making, as good use of our medical works and medicines as our strength and time will permit, and though we often wish we had the help of a good physician, yet in the absence of a skillful practitioner we are thankful for our library and medicine chest. Though deprived of the wisdom and skill of men, we have in much sympathy ministered as best we could to each other in the hours of affliction, and while using the remedies our best judgment prescribed, we have not failed to look to Him "who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction."

Our mission work is opening upon us much faster than we are able to meet the demands. Per-