

In her grief and loneliness, her heart doubtless yearned for the soothing sympathy of her kindred and friends in her native land. Who would have censured her, if in view of what had been achieved among the natives since their coming to Tavoy, and of all the trials and toils and dangers of her Indian life, it had seemed to her that her work was accomplished; and that it would then be no desertion of duty for her, with her little boy to educate, to return to America? If, during the first sad days of her bereavement, such thoughts flitted through her mind, they did not long find lodgment there. Soon the native converts began to come to her, as of old, with their difficulties and perplexities, and inquiries for instruction. The duty of responding to these appeals forbade the indulgence of engrossing sorrow, and caused her to realize that, when work for the Master was pressing on every hand, and one of the laborers had fallen in the field, his fellow-laborers,