

ent Societies—I have an idea of what questions you would ask.

Perhaps the first would be, "How are all the Missionaries?" I think, generally speaking, we are enjoying better health than last year at this time. The Lord has graciously spared Mrs. Corey to us. Although she is not yet strong, her health has wonderfully improved. We cannot be thankful enough for this. Mrs. Archibald is also feeling better than she did last year. However, the condition of her health, even now, will not warrant her staying on the plains during the hot season. The others, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, are well. The time is drawing near when we must bid these veteran workers farewell. We are sorry that they must go from us. But it is best that they should. We pray that their health may be so restored after a year or two spent in the home land, that they may be enabled to return to us, and their much loved work again.

We have had a delightful cool season; better than has been experienced for years. But now there is a change. The weather is getting very warm. Soon we will be sighing for a good Nova Scotia Breeze. We hope to escape some of the intense heat this year. There is a hill, not far from Parlikimedy, which the missionaries have named "Nova Scotia." Mr. Corey and Mr. Gullison are uniting in erecting a little house there, for a shelter during a few of the hottest weeks of the season. So, if all goes well, by the time this letter reaches you, we will probably not be in need of as much of your sympathy as those who are living 4000 feet below us.

Another question a great many ask, is, "What does India look like?" Well sisters, I have not seen a great deal of the country, not even all of our own field. But what I have seen is pretty. The trees are rich in foliage, even when the ground is parched and dry, and not a green blade of grass is to be seen. The stately palm, the

wide spreading banyan, the shady mango, and many other trees, the names of which I do not know, beautify the land the whole year through. But when the rainy season comes, the country is a charming picture.

The far stretching fields with their varied shades of green; the fresh water, filling the rivers, overflowing the tanks, and flooding the paddy patches; the beautiful flowers and plants; the sharp peaked hills dotting the landscape, are so many touches of the Divine Artist, all uniting to remind us of His love, wisdom and power.

Then again this question comes to us: "How do you like the people?" We can thank the Lord for giving us some love in our hearts for them, although many are very unlovable. Sometimes I think if our feelings were analyzed it would be found that we had more pity than love. The people seem to have so little to live for. The lower classes work hard from morning until night—and if at the beginning and close of the day, they have enough food of the coarsest kind—not rice, for that would be too expensive—to satisfy the pangs of hunger, they lie down on the bare mud floors of their stived up little huts, and sleep until it is time for them to go to work again. Not even one little ray of sunshine, brightens their wretched lives. Oh the God of Grace the Saviour of Love, the Spirit of Comfort, they are woefully ignorant. And the saddest fact is they are willingly ignorant. The great majority seem satisfied with idolatry. They do not want to be disturbed from their sleep of death. Yet Christ died for them. And we believe it to be His will that the comfort of the gospel be unto them, as well as unto us. Oh how it would take away the bitterness from their cheerless lives, if they knew a real, living sympathizing God. It certainly is not God's fault that their life and death is thus hopeless. Dare we say, sisters, it is not ours.

But what are the higher classes like? There is no class of people