

schools in India, but I fancy it would be successful here as it is at home.

My rest at Simla has done me a world of good. I returned two weeks ago and am feeling fresh and strong in spite of the very trying weather we are having. The monsoon has not broken yet, and all are longing for the rains, especially those of us who did not escape the scorching heat of the past hot season.

I am writing this in the boarding school. The sound of voices comes from the adjoining room. The girls are sewing and singing as they sew. I wish the ladies at home could see the beautiful, comfortable and commodious building they have provided for this work. I trust the work done in it may be done to His glory and for the furtherance of the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Lights and Shadows of Mission Life.

FROM MISS BLACKADDAR.

TACARIGUA, *July 27, 1892.*

It is long since I have heard from dear Toronto friends, but the fault is mine, not theirs. But really when school is over, I am so worn out in body and spirit, that I can hardly drag myself about, much less sit down and compose a bright, interesting letter, such as the dear friends desire.

This afternoon I went into one of the Estate Hospitals to see a boy who had been badly injured by being thrown from a cart. He ran away from school that day, and was found dreadfully hurt, but as I was speaking to the boy, the negro nurse got very angry, and nearly ordered me out of the house, or rather hospital.

I find the school work very wearing; when you tell a child nineteen times that m-e-a-d-o-w spells meadow, and when you