

lawn is velvet to the foot; but the blackened ruins, the inscriptions on the houses where the fight was hottest and brave men fell, the dint of bullet, and the rent of cannon-ball tell the story as freshly as though it were yesterday, and not forty years ago, that Sir Henry Havelock (when the safety of the fugitives was assured), at Alum Bagh, five miles from here, worn out by watchings, labours, anxiety, and dysentery, called his eldest son to his side, saying, "Come, see how a Christian man can die!"

We spoke a few words with the old soldier who passed through the siege, attached to the person of Sir Henry Havelock, and who fights again the battle, living more in the past than the present; then crossed the lawn to the cemetery with reverend and chastened hearts. It is not far from the ruined Residency, and was, of course, within the original enclosure. It is beautiful with flowers and feathery bamboos.

But ah, how great is the contrast presented to the calm beauty of nature by the gravestones, with their touching inscriptions! Each commemorates some incident in the story of the defence and relief of Lucknow. Here are buried the chaplain and his only child; here women and children, struck down by the fiery hail; here a brother officer erects a memorial to his friend; here is the spot where the body of General Neill was laid; and here Henry Lawrence rests well. It was through a mist of tears that I read the inscription, which he himself suggested, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." During his last moments, when they asked him where he would like to be interred, and what should be engraved on the memorial tablet, he said: "Let me lie with my men; make as little parade and show as possible; and put on my grave that 'I tried to do my duty.'" Who is there that would not wish for a similar epitaph? but few can dare to claim even this. One sometimes fears that one dare not claim to have done, or even tried to do, one's duty, so full does life seem of failure, shortcoming, and

THE IDOLATRY OF SELF.

We tear ourselves from the sacred spot, and drive through the old harem of the kings of Oudh, a vast yellow-colored quadrangle with apartments for 500 wives, a memorial of the degradation of women, save where the religion of Jesus Christ has emancipated her from her chains, and raised her to share with man, on equal terms, a common home and life.

So to the hospitable home and welcome of Miss Thoburn, where a great assemblage of missionaries and others await us. Here is General Waller, who, though at liberty to enjoy retirement and leisure after a long life of military service, has returned to work among the soldiers. Here is Mary Reed, who has consecrated her life to the lepers, and who has just been recovered from leprosy in answer to prayer. Here are the representatives of the O. M. S., American Presbyterians, and American Methodists, ladies of the Indian Female Normal School Society, missionaries and their wives of all societies, from a wide area, and a great company of Miss Thoburn's teachers and workers—all one in Christ, greeting each other lovingly, and chatting of each other's work. Then for half an hour I speak of the best things; my heart yearns over this great wealth of life and power. Three is force enough here, if it be energised by the Holy Spirit, to shake the whole of the North-West.

It is pitiful that Miss Thoburn is obliged to leave her

great work here in order to visit the United States to raise £3,000 needed for the completion of her premises. Heavy expenditure has been incurred through the sinking of foundations and the inevitable extension which her success has necessitated. God has indeed honoured her, and it is a great privilege to sit beside her at meals and hear her matured views on methods of Christian work.

WE HAVE HAD GREAT BLESSING

on the meetings at Lahore, Agra, and Cawnpore. Writing from Lahore, a well-known missionary says: "The Conference has indeed been a time of refreshment to us all; and I think, with many, it is to be truly not the goal, but the starting-point." At Agra, several said that the meetings would be the beginning of a new life. To God be all the glory!

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance and benefit of a tour like this, in the insight which it gives to methods of missionary enterprise. I cannot be thankful enough for the friendships which are being made, and the invaluable information being gained, to say nothing of the help one is permitted to afford to many of God's choice servants.

Lucknow, January 14.

Young People's Department.

MISSION BAND LESSON.

OCCANADA.—SECOND PART.

Leader.—Let us go to-day to Occanada and visit the different places of interest. Making our way to the northern part of the city, we come to a gateway bearing the inscription in English and Telugu letters, "*Canadian Telugu Mission*," and passing through we see the Mission, with a pretty garden in front. Mr. Lafamme is the missionary in charge at present, and as we go through the rooms, we cannot but think of the beautiful souls that lived and toiled here. It was the home of Mr. and Mr. McLaurin for many years. Here Mr. Timpany and Mr. Currie spent their last days on earth, Miss Frith lived while in India, and Mr. Craig and others had their first lessons in Telugu and first experiences of Foreign service. What is that building to the right, as we stand on the veranda?

Ans.—It is the Chapel, which is 60 feet long and 22 feet wide, beside the veranda which is 9 feet wide. It was built by Mr. Timpany on his return from Canada and was paid for by the W. F. Miss. Society of Ontario. The church meeting here has been under the care of Josiah and Jonathan Burder. Not far off is the Baptistery.

Leader.—The other buildings are the Zenana House and the Rest House, which were built in 1887, when there was need of more accommodation for the new missionaries. The Girls' Boarding School used to be here, and the building was built with the first money sent by