

whiteness. Now for a rest, it is dark inside and quiet out; all but for those impudent crows, who never rest, but now that the red turbans and bare feet have all disappeared, hops around the veranda, upon the table, upon the top of the filter and knock down the tin dipper, upon the hot-box and knock down the toasting fork, while with their hoarse "caw, caw," they seem to be saying, "O dear, where is the cook? he said we could not come on the veranda, and here we are sitting on the table." "Caw, caw, so this is the filter? no one must touch it, and here we are sitting on top. O dear! where can the water boy be? caw, caw, caw;" and they flap their wings and a lot more crows come and they have a have a concert, whose rude sounds soon soften to the ear of the sleeper, or mayhap come but as the sweet Sabbath chime of that familiar, though now far away city cathedral.

2 p.m. The school bell is ringing, while there is the sound of bracelets jingling just outside the window, the Bible-women are come, they are ready to go to the town, a little talk and prayer and they are gone. After the sewing class, other things crowd in and fill up the afternoon.

4.30 p.m. is here and so is dinner; after dinner the cooley, with the week's bread, potatoes, etc., arrives; but this is the evening we promised to see that woman in the Malapilly, so we hurry down town as the sun's long rays stretch to us across the fields. We reach the house and stoop to enter the low door, it is dark inside but here they all are, the old lady, her widowed daughter stretched on the bed sick with fever, and just behind the door her very tall young son, who stays there all the time for very shyness. The mother has such a wise face and listens well; we go to the door to see better, the sick daughter follows and we talk with her. But the crowd about the door is darkening everything.

We are home again just as the last touch of red fades behind the hill, and "the day is done."

MAGGIE GABSIDE.

Tuni, Nov. 23, '89.

### Extracts from Missionaries' Letters.

Miss Rogers was expected to arrive in Cocanada on the 5th of December. She arrived at Madras on the 29th of November, where she had to wait a few days for a steamer to Cocanada. She writes of the pleasure she felt in seeing Dr. Rand in London, also the Walkers and Browns, and says, "My twelve days in London were busily spent in shopping, sight-seeing, and visiting some of my friends, and passed very quickly. One Sabbath I spent in visiting missions in the East End of London. Commenced with a free breakfast for tramps; there were about 200, I should judge—London's worst characters; they were bad enough, certainly. They were given a large piece of bread and a mug of coffee; nothing that would tempt them if they were not really hungry; there was a service, to which they all remained. From what I saw and heard of this mission work in the East End of London, I think that every one might hear the Gospel if they would.

We sailed on the P. & O. Line on the 31st, second cabin. We find it very comfortable, and by getting fruit at the different stopping places, we got on nicely. There are eight missionaries besides ourselves in this saloon, but I am the only Baptist. They are all for different parts of India.

We have Bible readings in the afternoon; some of the passengers join us, and we are hoping and praying for

conversions before we leave the ship. If we are abiding in Christ, there certainly ought to be some fruit from a three weeks' voyage.

Miss Sherman, from the American Presbyterian, and Misses Harris and Jamieson, from the Canadian Presbyterian Board, and myself, occupy the same cabin; we are rather crowded, but we are of one mind, and have pleasant times and communion with each other and the Lord, and when the time of separation comes I shall feel as if I were parting from very old friends.

After reaching Madras she writes from Mrs. Drake's home:

Mrs. Drake has three German missionaries staying in the house; two of them know very little English, so they talk German. The language of the house is Telugu; that, with the Oriental houses and palm trees, remind me continually that I am in a strange land, but I am so glad that God has given me the privilege of coming, and I am sure that I shall grow very fond of these dark faces. I know that I shall have to work hard to master the language, but I know that the Lord will help, and it is such a strength to know that you will be bearing me up in prayer.

Mrs. Craig writes from Akidu, Dec. 5th: "Just now, while we (Miss Stovel and I) are so puzzled over five patients, will be a good time to begin a letter to you, for I may be able to plead our cause more earnestly than when there are no sick ones in the compound." Then she tells of three of the school girls who are very sick, of Deborah, a Bible woman, whose case is very critical; of her own dear little baby, who is suffering, and they do not know just what to do for her, and mentions many other cases, and continues, "I think the Lord does wonderfully bless the medicine given sometimes, for we are all so inexperienced and know so little what to do." There is a native dresser nine miles distant, but we do not think he knows any more than we do, so, of course, he is of little use to us. Our nearest doctor is 35 miles away, I think, but I have never seen him. A medical young lady could have all the work she could do without leaving the compound, for the people would come from far and near as soon as they heard she was here. A nice looking young man came 25 miles not long ago to be cured of leprosy. He had heard that the *doragam* in Akidu had some kind of medicine for it, so came to see. Mr. Craig was away from home on a tour, and we did not know what to tell him, but Miss Stovel talked to him for a long time of Him who could heal the leprosy of sin. Of course, Mr. Craig could not cure him, but there is an oil that alleviates their sufferings considerably if they use it faithfully.

Miss Stovel attends to a great many who come, and, of course, Mr. Craig does when he is at home. It would not take a Doctor half the time that it does us, for we so often have to sit down and look through our books before we know what to do. At present Miss S. is trying to find out what is the matter with a boy 7 or 8 years of age, who has been badly afflicted for the past two years.

And now, my dear Miss Buchan, I am sure you will know how much we are longing for an M.D., and how much we really need one, and you will do your best to send us one next year. Of course, it will mean a good deal of expense, for another house would have to be built in time, but we are sure our Board will be quite willing when they understand our needs."

Friday evening.—Our meeting of the King's Daughters was this evening. All the school girls and women in the compound belonged to it, and the meeting was quite enjoyable.