

Breadalbane, Vankleek Hill, Winchester, Osna-bruck Centre and Cornwall the Lord was with me as, evening after evening, I stood before audiences, varying in size but scarcely in sympathy and interest, witnessing to the power of the gospel to save the heathen and to the blessedness of obedience to Christ's last commandment, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

The attention of the children was encouraging and that of two little girls in Cornwall helped to lengthen our meeting considerably.

It was a great privilege to visit this association which God has so honored in the past, from which He has called so many laborers and in which there are spots, as Breadalbane, Dominionville and others, sacred as the meeting place of God with souls during the great "seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" which have visited them. Here I found the memory of Daniel McPhail and of other pioneers, who "endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ" in early days, much cherished.

The presence of the venerable Rev. Dr. Anderson at our meeting in Vankleek Hill was indeed a benediction. Here also I met the friends, and relations of our own Dr. John McLaurin, of Miss Frith and of Mr. Laflamme, in whose old home I stayed during my visit to Winchester. Among the churches there are many indications that the missionary spirit of the past still exists.

From Cornwall I went on to the Eastern Townships where I visited Sherbrooke, Sawyer-ville, Bulwer, Moes River, Dixville, Coaticook, Barnston, Beebe Plain, Clarenceville and Abbott's Corner. Here again I was received as a "servant of the Lord" and found earnest workers possessing the true spirit of missions, from whom I gleaned much as to the condition of the work at home. I rejoiced to hear of the need of pastorless churches having been supplied, of the faithfulness of church members while without pastors, of awakened souls and conversions and, from Miss Chandler the earnest Directress of Circles, of a deepening interest in missions among women evinced by the increased giving of the last year, the best financially in the history of the work in these parts. Truly all this is encouraging. While away up in the mountains at Abbott's corner, the native place of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Ayer, of Montreal, I visited a church which for the last one hundred and four years has been

shining for Christ even unto "the regions beyond." Here was born and here lie the remains of the Rev. Charles Hibbard for fourteen years missionary in Burma. Surely this church is of the Lord's own planting not to be rooted up. "Beautiful for situation" at the top of "Joy Hill" may it ever be a source of joy and blessing. If the missionary spirit of the past be maintained, how can it be otherwise?

During the tour among the churches mentioned we were cheered by a specially good attendance of young men and boys. In one meeting the boy who volunteered to be dressed in the Hindu costume was a French Roman Catholic, in another a student from Grande Ligne. May the call of the Lord of the harvest to the boys and girls, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest and he that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruit unto life eternal," not have been in vain. Nor may I close without a tribute to the cheering presence in several instances of Miss Rue Parker, an ardent lover of missions.

Thus endeth a meagre account of what has proved one of the richest experiences of my furlough and the results of which, I trust, may be very far-reaching bringing light and life to many benighted ones and satisfaction to the heart of Christ. Time and space forbid mention of the many kindnesses received. A little excursion up the Ottawa River to see its beauties in company with Rev. and Mrs. W. W. McMaster, a visit to the Parliament Buildings and other points of interest in Ottawa with "Sister Belle," and similar treats in other places were much enjoyed. To one and all, dear Link, please convey my thanks.

Above all would I make mention of the loving kindness of the Lord, for it is written—"A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven"—and again—"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of lights with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning."

Yours faithfully

ANNIE C. MURRAY.

Arkona, Ont., Sept. 4. 1903.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
And grow forever and forever.

—Tennyson.