

privations, especially in the matter of something to eat and drink, and "something to wear," and nice and luxurious houses to live in. The missionaries, too, dear souls, in trying to "count the cost," imagine how it would feel to be hungry, and if they could bear *this* for Him who bore even this for them, and who had not a place to lay His head.

But although some missionaries may suffer for something to eat the first year, it is not because they need starve: it is only because they are like the naughty Israelites, lusting after the leeks and onions of Egypt, and longing for the *home* dishes. They are not used to the many new things so really delightful and abundant in the Asiatic markets and in Oriental cooking. However, this is not, for any length of time, any trial at all. There is usually enough to eat, and it is good—sometimes better than what we had at home.

The houses (though in Persia built of mud and destitute of grace and symmetry,—Dr. Perkins appropriately called them the earthly houses of our tabernacle) became to us, working to make them clean and home-like, very precious abodes. And we think that in after years, perhaps, even when we return and are received into habitations in America, there were never any such homes as those. As for something to wear, we always had something, often using the same garments we took out till we came back, they seeming to "wax not old," and we never aware that we were not in the fashion! Oh, happy people, those Persian missionaries!—the tyrant Fashion has no rule whatever over them, who neither think of nor care for latest styles! A ten-year-old bonnet is just as good there as yours fresh from the milliner. Clean and neat and comfortable—pleasant adjectives—and all we aspired to for ourselves and children. We saw the

fashion-plates sometimes, it is true (though never "for the current month"); friends would send them, as we supposed to make us laugh, and we always did laugh, too! not half believing that people could be beguiled into wearing such hideous tortures. Ah, if slaves knew the sweets of liberty, they would envy the free!

But what *are* the trials? What breaks the missionaries down, sending them into premature graves, and bringing them home with that worst of all diseases—which is yet no disease at all—*nervous prostration*? Tell us the burden, and where it presses heaviest. This is it—to live in a land where there is no Christ, among people who have not the fear of God before their eyes; where there are none of the sweet restraints of our holy religion; where there are no sanctuary privileges, *no Sabbath*, no Christian homes, no Christly friendships, no truth, no honesty, no decency, no light shining above the brightness of the sun on eyes, and hearts, and homes, and lives. It is neither a healthy nor a cheerful atmosphere that breathes from the valley of the shadow of death and dry bones; few, indeed, can inhale it long without sickening.

With unspeakable longings we turn at such times to the home friends, churches, and societies that have sent us out, leaning on them, and expecting them to be faithful Aarons and Hurs. And then we read, as we did last October, that "the deficiency of the Board is \$226,000!" And the hands that should have been held up fall down, and the knees are feeble. I ached when I read about that dreadful lack, and I ached the more to think how some would ache more than I—the dear far-away missionaries, leaning on us, and we breaking like good-for-nothing feeble reeds. God help us "to stand!" and "having done all,"