

cemetery, where sleep some of the children of our own missionaries. But it was in a long, plain, drab-colored building bearing the unassuming name of "Stane's Schoolhouse" that your missionaries used to worship. This building was a gift to the town by Mr. Thomas Stane, an English resident and planter, and was used alike as a school-room for the English-speaking children of the place, and a place of worship for those residents and visitors who preferred its simple, spiritual, service to the more formal one of the only other Protestant place of worship.

The congregation which met there on Sunday and for week-night services was certainly unique, during the season at least, composed, as it was, of English and Eurasian residents, missionaries from many countries and of many societies, a sprinkling of Indian Christians and a company of British soldiers from the military station of Wellington, three miles off.

Here, too, were held the meetings of the Annual Convention for the deepening of spiritual life. One's heart burns at the memory of those precious seasons when, forgetful of differences of race and creed, together we "with joy" drew "water from the wells of salvation" opened up through the Word by God's servants. To many it was as Beulah Land, the sweet influence of which was felt long after when hard at work away down "in the dry and thirsty land where no water is."

To those of us whose knowledge of missions, and particularly of Indian missions, was limited almost to the field upon which we worked, this contact with representations of more missionary societies than we knew existed, from the Salvation Army to the Church Mission Society, was an education in itself, and as we learned something of the history and working of these other societies and compared personal experiences, our hearts "flowed together" in holy desire for the coming of the Kingdom of Christ in India.

It was an inspiration to have in our midst those whose hair had grown white in the service. We have met several of such in the hills, and recall with what reverence we used to look upon one of these men, the results of whose "faith and works" have thrilled the missionary world, as we met him being wheeled about in an invalid's chair, prematurely old, and having to be cared for

as a child. A group photo of several of these veterans was taken in Coonoor six years ago. Four of the group—our own Dr. McLaurin, Dr. Clough, Dr. Jared Scudder and Dr. Jacob Chamberlain—have since passed away. All honor to the pioneers! We pity those who have missed knowing them. "Who follows in their train?"

All the time of that first visit in 1896, Coonoor held another saint in the person of one who had been associated in her youth with the Judsons in Burma.

She was a regular attendant at the school-room services and at her advanced age continued to show a deep interest in missions. "Mission boxes" from England and elsewhere containing articles for sale, the proceeds to go to missions, were received and the contents sent out for sale by her. It was her ambition to realize, in this way, ere her death, for the cause of missions, one lac of rupees, or nearly \$3,500. At her death her beautifully kept books showed that her desire had been more than fulfilled.

No account of a holiday in the hills would be complete without reference to the frequent and, at times almost daily visits of the hawkers, who would come so quietly that often the announcement of their arrival would be a glimpse through the door of these grave-faced visitors sitting tailor-fashion on the verandah amid the gay and tempting display of their wares, patiently waiting the appearance of purchasers.

Once they would bring silver or brass work; again, wonderful Singalese or other lace; then beautiful rugs, curtains and other drapes; at another time silks and embroidered goods, or jewelry and beautiful unset stones—moonstones, cornelians, opals, etc., and sometimes ready-made dresses and blouses; while at times a number would come together transforming a most commonplace verandah into a brilliant bazaar. Certainly a diversion if nothing more, and a great temptation to spend time if not money!

Neither did we lack social life. There were social calls which to be correct must be paid at mid-day, fortunately a rule by no means binding, and social teas served on tennis courts—tennis being a popular recreation. There were climbs to Teneriffe, the biggest local peak commanding views of still bigger peaks farther up the range, and picnics to Lamb's Rock, Lady Canning's seat,