

CHICACOLE, INDIA, JULY 9, 1901.

what it has been and is to keep going when every nerve tingles." After being asked repeatedly to address a meeting she writes, "I said, I'd try. Better to fall in the harness than to put it off." Again after a busy day she says, "This is one of my off days. Every nerve in my back tingles and aches," but brightly ends with a "good night dear, the Lord's hand is not shortened although ours may be."

Will you pardon a few personalities? During twelve years of close fellowship and work which has tested and tried friendship, she has been the loving, strong, true friend, and the words of Solomon have proved true, "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of a friend by hearty counsel." The beauty of her character was such, that after these years in taking a retrospective no unkind word can be remembered, or unkind feeling lingers. I see her now, as I first remember her, in the vestry of the former Presbyterian Church, Amherst, at our Annual Meeting, leaning against a post, in her hand her large Bible, and talking of the work. I admired her then, and the close acquaintanceship of years, has only caused that admiration to ripen. I thank God for the privilege of knowing her, mine should be a better, stronger life, for having known hers. The last words she ever wrote me, were, "If the Lord wants me He will give me strength," written two weeks before she passed over, even then planning for Association work.

The following, written by Mrs. Mary B. Wingate, and composed upon the last words spoken by Mr. Moody, are appropriate to our dear sister, and have become her experience :

"God is calling, heaven is opening,
Oh what visions greet my eyes,
Souls redeemed—a countless number—
Smile and beckon to the skies.
God is calling—He who led me,
And upheld me by His grace;
Oh! we've had such sweet communion—
And I'll see Him face to face!"

The last verse of this poem, which contains her wish, let it become our prayer, and may it be answered by many of our young people arising for service.

"God is calling, loudly calling,
To the harvest fields away!
For the mighty reaper fallen,
Let ten thousand rise to-day.
Let the mantle of Elijah,
On the young Elishas fall;
When they hear the Master calling,
May they answer to the call."

MISS PRIEST,

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My dear Friends:—How oppressive the air is today! The monsoon should have broken ere this, but thus far we have only had a few slight showers. The prospect for the farmers is not very bright.

Miss Clark returned from the hills a few days ago, looking quite invigorated by a stay in that picturesque and healthful clime. We were also pleased to greet Miss Bessie Churchill, who had not visited Chicacole since she was six years of age.

At the beginning of April I looked forward with dread to the coming hot season but the Lord gave special strength and the heat was easily endured. How precious have been the words, "Fear not, for I am with thee. Lo! I am with you always."—In loneliness, our companion; in weakness, our strength; in trial, our comfort.

The three hot months were crowded with various duties. The coolies, with sticks frayed out at the ends, white or blue washed all the buildings on the compound. This work required careful oversight as it is usual for the Hindu contractor to seek to cheat as much as possible.

The tri-weekly classes for spiritual benefit and "to learn how to teach" gave encouragement. The nine young men who attended took an earnest interest and a book was given to the one who made the most improvement in teaching Bible stories to the children.

During the moonlight evenings we visited the streets, where we have Sunday Schools. This work is full of promise.

During Miss Clark's absence we conducted the daily Gospel services in the Hospital. How interested you would have been in the thirty or forty women of various castes with varied diseases who seated themselves on the mat and eagerly listened as long as we could talk to them of the Saviour's love. Miss D'Silva, the lady doctor, is now learning to read Telugu and she will soon be able to help with words as well as sympathy. Julia, the nurse, and Pitchanna, the compounder, seek to improve the opportunities of telling about the soul's physician. The patients very often invite us to their homes and a hearty welcome we receive. The other evening I found it hard to get home. One woman called out: "Come and sing for us. I heard good words when I was being treated in your Hospital for dropsy." Another says: "Come to my house. See my foot is quite well, but the doctor had to take out one of my toes. I was carrying water and the heavy brass pot fell on my foot."

Several high caste patients call often at the Mission House and are learning the hymns and "Life of Christ." This work too is full of promise and our hearts glow with happiness for the privilege of coming into close touch with these our Hindu sisters who "sit in darkness and the shadow of death."