

last few days they cared for her in her illness, and she gave precious testimony to her faith in God. Often she would say, "I am going to my Father's house." Her one care was that the jewels and other things had not been handed over yet, but God brought that to pass too, and when she saw this settled she said, "Now I am not going to think any more about this world, do not let any one come talk to me now, I want to think about God." The last night before she died, she called Monakym near and said, "Your God is the Great God, and He is my God, and you are my true son. Thank God He has handed my property to you. Now I may go to God. My son, now give me leave to go to God, my time is done. I will surely leave you tonight. Many, many thanks to you and Ratnama for all your kindness. God will surely bless you for He dwells with you."

After about an hour she called again and asked them to pray, then kissed them and fell asleep in Jesus. When the munsiff of the village was told of her death, he said to bury her where some Christians were buried, and the care of her body and the funeral was the wonder of the villagers. Lydia, one of the Bible women, went out from Tuni to help, taking some flowers with her. And now that piece of ground has been granted for a Christian burial ground, and as it is right on the side of the main road, it will bear testimony for Him. Some day we hope it will be enclosed and, in a simple way, old Papama's grave marked.

FROM MRS. ARMSTRONG

From a private letter written by Mrs. Evelyn Smith Armstrong to an old college friend:

"We had Dr. and Mrs. Joshee in our midst for just one day on the second of September. It was a very busy but happy day. Misses McLaurin and Brothers kept them busy in the forenoon, while Mr. Armstrong and I presided over a three hours' Bible Workers' Examination—written and oral.

Dr. Joshee spoke to the boys for two good full hours from 8.30 a.m. in the morning. He answered all their curious questions about Canada. I was very sorry that I could not

have been present to hear the lads' questions. It must have been an exceedingly interesting meeting.

They had their noon rest in our spare bedroom; and then Dr. Joshee had a heart-to-heart talk with all our pastors, teachers, and evangelists. Mr. Armstrong just went to introduce him and open the meeting, then he slipped away, leaving Dr. Joshee and his fellow-countrymen to have an inspirational fellowship together. Mrs. Joshee spoke to Miss McLaurin's Bible women at 3 p.m.

The boarding boys enjoyed a short programme of sports. It was not until about 4.30 or perhaps later, that the Joshees found time to come and have tea with us.

After tea was over, they had a little chat with us and then some of their Indian personal friends gathered around them. This gave me a chance to slip out and put the finishing touches on the cooking of the various dishes of curry for our share of 75 guests. It was great fun helping in the cooking of various curries—we had mutton curry, fried liver, dry curry, hot pepper, water, soup and dhal curry. Many of the guests assured us it was the most tasty feast they had enjoyed for some time. Poor Muriel Brothers had her hands full superintending and helping with the cooking of the rice for all the guests and the curry for her boarding school tribe of 192 boys plus the teaching staff with their families. Of course there were a great many of the older boys to do the actual heavy work under Muriel's supervision, while I also had five helpers under me to help cut up the meat (although I washed it three times myself) and peel and clean a large quantity of onions, wash the dhal before cooking it, etc.

After the feast was over we tore the Joshees away so they could get a good night's rest. We were awfully sorry to have to let them start out early next morning in the pouring rain, but we just could not keep them. On their return home Mrs. Joshee wrote the sweetest little note of appreciation of her visit in our midst. She is just as charming a body to meet as he is. She is very well educated and must be a great help to him in all his work.